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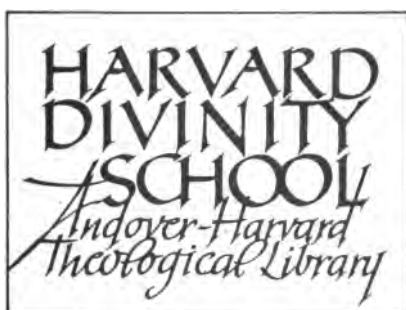
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1

HYMNS AND POEMS

DANIEL HERBERT.



HYMNS AND POEMS,

Doctrinal and Experimental,


ON A

VARIETY OF SUBJECTS,

**DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO KNOW THE
PLAGUE OF THEIR OWN HEART,**

And are fully persuaded that

SALVATION IS ENTIRELY OF GRACE.


In Two Volumes.


BY DANIEL HERBERT.


Vol. II.


God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are.

1 Corinthians, i. 27, 28.


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PREFACE.

Courteous Reader,

As nothing is more common, than when we take up a new Publication, to cast our first glance to the Preface; so, by entering into the porch, we may form some idea of what we may expect in-doors. But, that my reader may not be disappointed, I take the liberty to say, that in this little work you will find no display of poetic genius, or flights of scholastic erudition; but a few plain unadorned verses, founded upon a Bible foundation, and such as, I trust, will be found evangelical, experimental, and congenial to the feelings of every poor self-emptying sinner, who feels the plague of his own heart.

But if this book should fall into the hands of a self-conceited, self-saving, self-important pharisee, I am persuaded he will throw it down with disdain: but I entertain no doubt but this my second attempt will meet a cordial reception by the poor distressed sinner; for those precious truths that are a savour of life unto life to some, are a savour of death unto death to others; and that precious gospel, the best news that ever reached the ears of sinful man, is accounted foolishness, to them that perish; but to every one who is quickened by the Holy Ghost, and led to see their ruined state by nature, to such it is the power of God and the wisdom of God, to their everlasting salvation.

Probably my reader may enquire how I came to send a second volume abroad, while my first is in great request? One reason is, because I feel so firmly persuaded that they will be blessed to some of the Lord's distressed and tried people: I have had many sweet encouraging testimonies from all parts of the kingdom, from many of the Lord's children, to whom my first book has been made useful, and often been made a prop to the sinking soul. And if you, my dear reader, have ever read my first book, and found it congenial with your views and experience, then you will read on,

and, I flatter myself, will equally welcome this my second; this, as well as that, contains the effusions of a heart often oppressed with sorrow, and a soul overwhelmed with grief.

But methinks my reader may feel inclined to ask, Who am I, and, What am I? To which I would answer, that I am no stranger to the sorrows and vicissitudes of a wilderness state, and have been often, like poor mistaken Jacob, ready to say, "All things are against me!" I take the liberty, therefore, to inform my reader, that a few years ago I foolishly imagined my mountain stood strong, (as to worldly concerns,) as I was then prosperous in business; but God, in his wise unerring providence was pleased to tumble my mountain over my ears, and lay all my flattering prospects in the dust; and through accumulated losses I was brought very low: yet, blessed be my God, I have never wanted breath, though I have often wanted faith, but having obtained help from God, I continue to this day, still looking and expecting the sun again to shine: but, upon the whole, I trust I can, when I do, and in my right mind, bless God more fervently for my trials than ever I did for my prosperity; for now I can see the hand that gives, and bless the Giver;—now I can live upon my God, who many years ago blessed that sweet promise to my soul, though at the time hardly knew what it meant, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be;" and hitherto the Lord has helped me.

As to what I am; I own to my reader, I am what the proud good-hearted, self-conceited, self-saving pharisee calls an Antinomian: but, blessed be my God, I can defy the charge; neither is there a man can be found to prove it. That I am no free-will no Arminian, no work-monger, I readily grant; but I am a poor sinner, who is entirely divested of all hopes of salvation, but from the everlasting love of God, flowing through the atonement, finished; and eternally complete for all the royal seed. If this is to be an Antinomian, then I am one, and I wish to live one and no other: but as for my maintaining Antinomian principles, I trust my conduct, in every respect, contradicts; and to that odious, and that damnable opinion, of doing ill that good may come, or sinning that grace may abound, I can say from my heart, God forbid! for, although I put not the least trust in any of

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external works, or duties as some call them, being fully persuaded that my works, my repentance, my act of faith, or any thing I can have or may do, have nothing to do in my salvation, as the procuring cause: nevertheless, as to my outward walk, life, and conversation, I have no objection to jump into the scale with any of my calumniators, who feel themselves gratified in fixing a charge that best becomes themselves, as I have no doubt I am enabled to work harder, *from* life, than these poor Arminians do *for* life; but while they are from year's end to year's end boasting of their duties and their doings, I would be ever making my boast of a precious Christ, as the way, and the only way, as the truth, the sum of truth, as the life, and the only source of life, to a poor dead sinner: and whoever are quickened by the eternal Spirit and made to live to God, it is because their life was hid with Christ in God.

I am well aware it would be much more to my advantage, and that I should be much more esteemed by the professing world, if I could but halve it and go between, and hold with those who maintain, or rather attempt to maintain, that Christ died for all the world equally alike; but, I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, because I trust I have felt its power, therefore I cannot help declaring what little I do know, and I would testify to the world what I have tasted and handled of the word of God; but to say Christ died for all, is to say, he died for Judas, as well as for Peter or Paul: if Christ died for all, why are not all saved?—is God too weak, and man too strong? or, is God willing, but the perverseness of man's will frustrates Jehovah's designs?

Some say the death of Christ has placed every man in a salvable state, but that their being eternally saved depends upon their acceptance of the offered mercy and complying with the terms of it; which acceptance and terms, some say, is not the result of God's eternal purpose and grace, but of man's free will and choice. But the poor writer of these lines is fully convinced that man's salvation flows entirely from God's eternal mind; for, as the apostle argues, even so now, in this day of apostasy, there is a remnant according to election of grace; and if it be by grace, why then it cannot be of works; and if it be of works, why then it cannot be of grace: but that doctrine that gives so much room for

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the creature to boast, and to which our pious Arminians attached, and by which they put in for so great a share of glory of their salvation, cannot be of God: For I am Jehovah, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour, I am Jehovah, my name, and my glory will I not give unto another. And nothing can be more contrary to the gospel, which pulls down pride of man and takes away all boasting from the creature as the prophet speaks, the loftiness of man shall be bowed and the haughtiness of man shall be brought low, and thou alone shall be exalted, in the salvation of his people. **R 89th Psalm**,—and almost in every leaf of the New Testament a free, full; and finished salvation, through the sacrifice of may be found; and for my own part, I cannot help thinking where the doctrine of God's free and eternal election, an everlasting love, and his eternal choice of his people to eternal life, as completely justified through the righteousness of the late Jesus, is not maintained, it cannot be the gospel: many as God had fore-ordained, believed; and, because sons, God sends forth the Spirit of his Son into their hearts saying Abba, Father; and because they were sanctified, or saved by God the Father, and united to God the Son, they are clothed with the power of God the Holy Ghost, and so made to reject the flesh, they are made partakers of those blessings God had predestinated them unto: for, as Jehovah speaks, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure. And what is Jehovah's pleasure, that his chosen people should be saved from deserved condemnation, and saved in a way honourable to his own perfections, and secure the glory to himself?

For my part, I think we cannot conceive of the glories and perfections, if we give up the doctrine of free election; the glories and excellency of his divine nature appears in its fullest lustre,—here we see Jehovah's sovereignty and supremacy, who has a right to dispose of his creatures as he please. If the high and noble doctrines of the gospel are concerned, What will become of the glorious doctrine of redemption, the Father and the Son, in the counsels of old, which we find in almost every part of the Bible? there we may read of *all things created, ordered* in all things and sure,—an everlasting c

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founded in divine love, established in divine mercy, and secured in everlasting faithfulness. O how delightful is this covenant in the eyes of a poor, ruined, self-emptied, perishing sinner, who is led also to see and believe that God, who has made the covenant, engages for its full accomplishment: such as these can say, as well as Paul, Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us, (not who may bless us, but hath blessed us), with all spiritual, covenant, and eternal blessings, according as he hath chosen us in him, before the foundation of the world, that we might be holy, as united to him, and without blame before him, having Christ's righteousness imputed to us: and what is the language of those happy chosen and called people? is it to the praise of my free will, my exertions, my repentance, my obedience, my faithfulness, my piety, my prayers, my good works? No, no, no such language, from a heaven-taught soul; but all those who are enlightened by the Spirit of God will say, to the praise of God's glorious, free, unmerited, efficacious, and discriminating grace, that made us accepted in the Beloved, in whom we have redemption, who hath saved us and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works or deservings, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in him, before the birth of time.

This is the Rock on which I stand,
And who shall pluck me from his hand?

That the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent are and ever will be hostile to each other, is certain: may God give me grace, and my reader too, to stand our ground and manifest ourselves as much alive to the cause of our adorable Jesus, as our enemies are in their fruitless attempts to overthrow the foundation on which all God's elected people stand;—a foundation, the gates of hell shall not prevail against: for, if the foundation could be removed, what would the righteous do?

I often think, what a poor, miserable, deplorable creature, must he be, who ministers in divine things only with a scholastic head, but with an uninfluenced heart: but, blessed be our eternal God, whatever men may preach or say, God's people are eternally safe, folded in the arms of everlasting security, in the bosom of their good Shepherd, where they shall be safe through all the

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eventful periods of this world's vicissitudes ; for Jesus is the yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and his promise, like his who gives unto his people eternal life, and they shall never per-
neither shall any pluck them from his hands, unworthy, il-
hell deserving as they are in themselves ; and, as I observed
former preface, I rejoice still in the same opinion, that God
his people before time, loves them through time, and will
them to all eternity, and that it was everlasting love that de-
their everlasting salvation ; it was love that provided the Rans-
it was love that moved the co-equal Son of Jehovah to assum-
nature, to live for sinners and die for sin, that God might sa-
beloved people, in a way in which both law and justice becom-
sinner's friend.

If you, my dear reader, are one who knows something of
ture's depravity, and are sometimes smarting under the plag-
your own heart, then you will read, with some degree of plea-
and profit, I trust, what will be treated with contempt by the
in their own conceit : but, to all the lovers of Jesus, who know
that salvation is entirely and unconditionally free to the poor-
ner, without money or price, to such I subscribe myself,

Their willing and obedient Servant,

For Christ's sake,

DANIEL HERB

*Sudbury,
February, 1819.*

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CAN this be my dear Anna groaning here?
 Come hither, I'll tell you the love of my God,
 Come Jesus, come, no longer stay,
 Come, my Lord, thy love reveal,
 Come, O my soul, I'll go to God,
 Come, O my soul, what is this for?
 Come, poor, distressed, troubled soul,
 Come precious Jesus, come again,
 Come sinners, hail with me this blessed morn,
 Come, thirsty soul, the waters flow,

DEAR Jesus, smile on this my feeble aim,
 Dear Lord, give me faith to believe
 Dismiss us, dear Lord,

FEAR not, my soul, why should I fear,

GOD is my Director
 God never will forsake
 Go, little fugitive, and seek a place

How charming is the place,
 How many things, alas! beguile;
 How pleasant is the house of pray'r
 How strange it is, although I feel
 How strange the way Jehovah takes,
 How sweet are the moments
 How sweet are the moments when Jesus is near.

I CRIED unto God in deep distress;
 If but one sinner could be found,
 If I have but Jesus,
 If Jesus can save me, I must then be sav'd,
 If Jesus is with us, all things will go well,
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Now sixty years and more have run their round,

O BLESSED words the Lord declares,
 O come thou Source of all that's good,
 O could I always trust,
 O could I but always believe,
 O could I but believe
 O glorious, blessed, charming plan!
 O God the Spirit, come to-day!
 O Lord, dismiss us with thy love,
 One sabbath more is gone, and gone for ever,
 One thing I know, I once was blind,
 O sweet little spot, that to me is so dear,
 O this poor restless heart of mine,
 O this sad heart, this lump of lead!
 Our God is almighty,
 Out of the depths I've often cried,
 O what a dreadful awful day
 O what a dreadful awful scene!
 O what a world of wretchedness

SALVATION then is finish'd and complete,
 Shall I, a saved sinner, flee,
 Should kingdoms shake and empires fall,
 Since Jesus is mine, what can I want more?

THAT soul that's thirsting for the stream,
 The blessings we have had to-day,
 The day is coming, O my soul,
 The heart of man, what is it like?
 The Lord is good, but ah! how good,
 The Lord is near to those that cry;
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 The man that's built upon the Rock,
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HYMNS AND POEMS.

Prolepsis.

- 1 **GO**, little fugitive, and seek a place
Amongst the people sav'd by sov'reign grace :
But if you meet a moderniz'd professor,
He'll jeer at you, and throw you on the dresser.
- 2 But when you find a broken-hearted man,
That glories in redemption's blessed plan,
That has no hope from any thing of self,
He won't despise and throw you on the shelf.
- 3 He'll say, All hail ! because you suit his case :
You'll do for none but those who prize free grace,
And know and feel the ruins of the fall,
And crown Jehovah Jesus Lord of all.
- 4 The author of this book is well aware
That what is written will make some almost swear :
That's no uncommon thing ; nay, some there are,
Who swear six days ; on Sundays mimic pray'r.
- 5 My little book, you must not call on them,
Because my creed they utterly condemn :
Go you amongst the needy and the poor ;
They will not frown and spurn you from their door.
- 6 And when you meet a man bow'd down with sin,
Stop there a while, and he'll invite you in :
The man that mourns the burthen of his guilt,
Go, tell that man Christ's blood for him was spilt.
- 7 Go, tell blind Pharisees their sad mistake :
We read that some will cry Lord ! Lord ! too late :
I never knew you, the Lord will then declare ;
Then pharisees will sink in dark despair.

- 8 But tell the man that mourns because of sin,
 (A thousand foes without, and more within)
 Go, tell that man, I often mourn my case;
 But tell him I'm a sinner sav'd by grace.
- 9 Some men are pleas'd to call me Antinomian:
 And why? Because I'll pin my faith to no man:
 The Bible tells me Jesus is the way;
 I'll trust in him, whatever others say.
- 10 Some too, will tell us, *we* must conquer sin:
 Whoever say so, feel not the plague within:
 And thousands that are cleans'd but never heal'd;
 'Tis wounded souls to whom Christ is reveal'd.
- 11 Go, little book, on such I'd have you call;
 They'll take you in who are the friends of Paul,
 Who preach'd salvation absolutely free,
 Belov'd of God from all eternity.
- 12 There's none but such will give you any credit;
 Amongst Arminians you will gain no merit;
 The proud Free-willer, and Socinians too,
 Will hate your free-grace schemes, where'er you go.
- 13 The moderniz'd professors of the day,
 Who seek salvation quite another way,
 Have never, never felt the plague of sin,
 Nor ever saw their rottenness within.
- 14 Go, little book, and where you find your brother,
 Go, tell them you are come just such another:
 As thousands have approv'd my first attempt,
 Of this, my second, I trust I shan't repent.
- 15 The poor and needy outcasts of the day,
 That can't believe what all the preachers say,
 Who feel themselves so miserably poor,
 Go, little book, and stop at that man's door.
- 16 Whoever take you in or turn you out,
 You will be bless'd to some, I have no doubt:
 Go, little book, may you be bless'd to many,
 And I'll be satisfy'd without a penny.

- 7 But you that frown, (as many will, no doubt)
 Pray read me through before you throw me out;
 And if you disapprove of what I say,
 Give me a friendly call if e'er you come my way.
- 18 I live at Sudbury, that dirty place,
 Where are a few poor sinners sav'd by grace:
 If you, dear reader, love such men as these,
 I think my little book will not displease.

New-Year's Day Morning, 1818.

- 1 ANOTHER year has slipt away;
 The new one just appears!
 How rapidly our days tell off;
 What little things are years!
- 2 Nay even three score years and ten,
 What are they but a bubble?
 Each look'd-for, long'd-for, wish'd-for day,
 Is sure to bring some trouble.
- 3 The Lord has brought me thro' the last,
 But how, I cannot tell:
 I dare not raise a murmur'ing word,
 For I am out of hell.
- 4 Each day has prov'd my Father's care,
 Each night he watch'd my bed;
 Sometimes I thought my God was gone,
 And all my comforts dead.
- 5 Sometimes I've thought my Father frown'd,
 And left me in the dark;
 Then, like the dove, I found no rest
 Until I found the ark.
- 6 Sometimes could acquiesce in all,
 And ev'ry thing was right:
 Sometimes I've fretted all the day,
 And mourn'd throughout the night.
- 7 Sometimes my way was hedg'd with thorns,
 And Providence wore a scowl;

Then unbelief would pull me down,
And rob my very soul.

8 This is the chequer'd path I've trod
Throughout another year;
Sometimes upon the mount of hope,
Sometimes bow'd down with fear,

9 O, what a phantom is the world!
But trifling things can give:
Whoever hath his portion here,
Cannot be said to live.

10 Anticipation bears me up;
It often checks our sorrow:
Although we mourn and weep to-day,
We hope to sing to-morrow.

11 And thus from year to year we go;
To-morrow, yes, to-morrow:
Although we never had a day
Completely free from sorrow.

12 No, time must die, ere joys begin;
They grow not on this land:
Our father poison'd all the ground;
He stood, but could not stand.

13 Let not the new year, just begun,
Pass over like the rest;
Lord, smile upon this new-born year,
O let this year be blest.

14 And may I lean upon that arm
That's held me up till now:
My heart has been so often broke,
That none can heal but thou.

15 I would not trust the puny arm,
I dare not trust the creature;
Their smiles so often turn to frowns:
Not so my great Creator.

16 I'll trust the God of Providence;
I'll trust my God of Grace;

- Because he has at his right hand
Assign'd my soul a place.
- 17 Then let the wheels of time go round,
Could they go faster still;
There's not a single wheel goes wrong,
His purpose to fulfil.
- 18 I hail the birth of this new year,
With joy I see the sun;
O may I have to say this year,
My joys are just begun.
- 19 May frowning fortune turn her face,
(But she's a fickle dame)
Although she's frown'd on me for years,
My God remains the same.
- 20 Suppose he takes my goard away,
Shall I be angry then?
O Lord, thy creatures are but dust;
Thou know'st thy creature man.
- 21 A poor and helpless lump of clay,
Here all are on a level;
If not upheld by special grace,
Led captive by the devil.
- 22 Thrice happy those who have a friend
Who reigns above the sky;
Such men are happy while they live,
And happy when they die.
- 23 Good-bye, old year: since thou art gone,
I freely with thee part;
Thou'st brought me many gloomy scenes
That almost broke my heart.
- 24 I'm glad thou'rt gone; may this turn out
A more propitious one;
Lord, carry on with mighty pow'r
The work thou hast begun.
- 25 Let others do, and think, and say,
And act, just as they please;

- O let me see my whole concerns
Mark'd out in thy decrees.
- 26 Let Jesus smile upon my soul,
Then I can bear a frown;
But when my Jesus hides his face,
My head goes hanging down.
- 27 But as the Lord has brought me on
Thus far, from year to year,
Alas! what cause have I to doubt?
What cause have I to fear?
- 28 Ten thousand times he's made me glad,
When I beheld his face;
Ten thousand times he's cheer'd my soul
With tokens of his grace.
- 29 All those I had the last old year,
(I have them still in view):
The God that bless'd me thro' the old,
Will bless me thro' the new.
- 30 Lord, guide and guard, and keep me safe,
Throughout this year begun;
Since none can ever ask too much,
Who ask thro' God the Son.
- 31 I have no other plea to make;
I want no other plea;
Because my Jesus paid my debts
Upon the accursed tree.
- 32 O may this news spread far and wide,
Be heard from shore to shore;
And may ten thousand beggars come
And knock at mercy's door.
- 33 Alas! alas! what are our days!
What is the life of man!
God's word compares it to a dream,
Nay but a little span.
- 34 Our days, and weeks, and months, and year
How swift they slip away;

- And yet we grasp at something still,
And hope 't will come to-day.
- 35 Next week, next month, we still look on,
For some expected good ;
Which no one ever yet could find,
Until he found his God.
- 36 My poor and disappointed soul
Has found this is the case ;
To seek for joys below the skies
Is but a mad man's chase.
- 37 And yet sometimes I'd gladly grasp
These perishable things,
Although there is no joy below
For beggars nor for kings.
- 38 Where will you find a happy man ?
O I can tell you where ;
Look for a man that trusts in God,
And you will find him there.
- 39 And if you ask the reason why ;
The reason must be this,
He knows Christ died to save his soul ;
Eternal life is his.
- 40 O may this happiness be mine
Throughout this new-born year,
And may I feel a rising hope
To silence ev'ry fear.
- 41 A few more days, a few more weeks,
At most a few more years,
And I shall get beyond all hope,
And bid adieu to fears.
- 42 There shall I see that happy face
That once was smear'd with blood ;
The Child once born, the Son once giv'n,
The saved sinner's God.
- 43 What shall I sing when I get there ?
Salvation full and free ;

- Or else the Lord had never sav'd
 So vile a wretch as me.
- 44 I'd sing his praises here below,
 Could I but touch the string;
 But sin and satan plague my soul:
 I would but cannot sing.
- 45 Sometimes I get upon the mount,
 And view the wish'd-for land;
 Then I defy the pow'rs of hell:
 Upheld by God I stand.
- 46 From thence I would come down no more;
 Like Peter I would stay;
 I'd build my tabernacle there;
 But this is not the way.
- 47 No sooner Jesus hides his face,
 And I am left alone,
 Than I forget my mountain song,
 My pleasure is to mourn.
- 48 Ah! what are frames and feelings here?
 A poor criterion these;
 Old satan often blows them up,
 Our vanity to please.
- 49 The word of God remains the same,
 His promise and decree;
 I would adore his precious name,
 For he has chosen me.
- 50 His name is Jesus: blessed name!
 My hope, my way, my all;
 Yes, I will triumph in my God,
 Who hears me when I call.
- 51 Lord, be my portion thro' this year,
 My help in ev'ry trouble;
 Thou know'st, dear Lord, the world to me
 Is but an empty bubble.
- 52 This world has nothing to bestow;
 O what an empty place!

What should I do in this sad world
 Without thy special grace?
 53 Lord, if I live throughout this year,
 O let me live to thee;
 And deign to smile upon my soul,
 Then I shall happy be.

Christ the Christian's Bank.

- 1 SINCE Jesus is mine, what can I want more?
 With such a rich treasure, how can I be poor?
 And all this rich store is in Jesus, my bank;
 But unbelief sometimes tells me 'tis all a blank.
- 2 I draw on my Bank for my daily supply,
 And never a bill did my Banker deny;
 Sometimes I'm alarm'd when the post seems to tarry,
 I then think my letter must surely miscarry.
- 3 I post off my letters again and again;
 Sometimes I wait long, and no answer obtain;
 I tremble and fear lest my bills are rejected;
 Sometimes I send such as were never accepted.
- 4 Sometimes I send others of such long date;
 Sometimes I'm so lazy I send them too late;
 Sometimes I'm quite destitute, wretched, and poor;
 Sometimes I feel backward to draw any more.
- 5 But sometimes the post, unexpected, will bring
 A note from my banker: ah! then I can sing;
 And while I've these bank notes to look on and tell,
 I can trust to my banker and do very well.
- 6 But when all is spent, such a poor fool am I,
 I fear then to draw, lest my Bank should deny;
 Because of myself I'm so wretchedly poor,
 I fear such a beggar he'll turn from his door.
- 7 But this is debasing my Banker and Friend,
 Whose goodness, and riches, and love, never end:
 O could I but draw for ten thousand times more,
 'Tis a shame that the son of a King should be poor.

- 8 I can't draw a bill that's too large in amount,
 Since Christ and his riches stand in my account;
 'Tis writ in the book, with my Father's engage-
 That the whole shall be mine, soon as I come of age
- 9 I'll draw, then, again, for my Banker will pay;
 He never will turn a poor beggar away;
 For tho' he was rich, yet for me he became poor;
 His riches are mine, and I'll still draw for more.
- 10 I need not fear I shall draw my Bank dry,
 Nor entertain fears that my Bank will deny,
 Unless I send bills which I own to my shame,
 Indeed I've sent many, without any name.
- 11 All such will come back, and indeed that's no wonder
 Yet my poor stupid soul often makes such a blunder
 I rest on some good deeds, and make them my bank
 If I draw for ten thousand, it is all a blank.
- 12 But when all is gone, and I'm wretchedly poor,
 I run with my bills, and I knock at the door,
 I hand in my cheque, which is written with blood,
 I then get my cash, and the smiles of my God.
- 13 Ah! this is the Banker that ne'er did refuse!
 And yet how his goodness I often abuse:
 There's enough in his hands all my wants to supply
 He bids me draw freely, and he'll not deny.
- 14 Then why, O my soul, should you sink in despair
 Since Jesus has riches enough and to spare;
 I'll draw on my Bank for a much larger sum;
 For, altho' I'm a beggar, I am a King's son.
- 15 I shall soon be of age, and then, O what a sum
 My Banker has laid up for me in his Son!
 No eye ever saw, and no ear ever heard,
 What God, my dear Banker, for me has prepar'd.

Jesus All and in All.

- 1 **WHATEVER** man may think or say,
 Tho' some may preach and others pray,
 To heaven there is no other way
 Than Jesus.
- 2 For if the word of God be true,
 There are but very, very few,
 That seek salvation with a view
 To Jesus.
- 3 There's thousands seek that never find :
 How can the man that's deaf and blind
 Seek that for which he has no mind ?
 That's Jesus.
- 4 A man may seek a thousand ways,
 A man may pray, a man may praise,
 And yet one thought may never raise
 To Jesus.
- 5 Who is the man that seeks aright ?
 The man that keeps the cross in sight,
 And knows Christ has done all things right,
 His Jesus.
- 6 And when he seems to lose his way,
 He would, but ah ! he cannot pray
 To him who did the law obey,
 That's Jesus.
- 7 No man did ever yet obtain,
 But all he sought he sought in vain,
 Until he found the greatest gain,
 That's Jesus.
- 8 In him he finds a constant friend,
 Whose care and goodness never end ;
 Ah ! this is he I'd recommend,
 'Tis Jesus.

- 9 Go, seek him on mount Calv'ry's tree ;
 'Tis he that sets poor captives free,
 And died for such a wretch as me ;
 'Twas Je
- 10 Who was it paid the dreadful score ?
 Who saves the ruin'd and the poor ?
 That Moses might condemn no more ;
 'Tis Je
- 11 'Twas God Jehovah laid the scheme ;
 But who was mighty to redeem ?
 However strange to man it seem,
 'Twas Je
- 12 Who was it lay in Mary's womb ?-
 The same that laid in Joseph's tomb,
 And rose to bring his ransom'd home ;
 'Twas Je
- 13 Who was it made the world on high ?
 Who was it form'd the starry sky ?
 Who did ordain for man to die ?
 'Twas Je
- 14 And this was God Jehovah's plan,
 Who saw the state of fallen man,
 That none could save them but the L
 Ev'n Je
- 15 Who is it makes the dead to live ?
 Who is't can pardon and forgive ?
 Who is it makes a man believe ?
 'Tis Je
- 16 Who is it melts the frozen heart ?
 Who is it sends conviction's dart ?
 Who is it took the sinner's part ?
 'Tis Je
- 17 Who is it heals the wounded mind ?
 Who can to wretched man be kind ?
 Why all must own that are not blind,
 'Tis Je

- 18 Who was it paid thy mighty score,
That justice might condemn no more?
Who saves the helpless and the poor?
'Tis Jesus.
- 19 Who was it took my guilt away?
Who was it taught my soul to pray?
Who was it turn'd my night to day?
'Twas Jesus.
- 20 Who was it died on Calv'ry's tree?
Who is it sets the captives free?
Who was it died for such as me?
'Twas Jesus.

Am I a Believer?

- 1 **AM** I a believer? How came that about?
I once was in Egypt: then who brought me out?
I must have staid there till I dropt in the grave,
Had not the Lord Jesus determin'd to save.
- 2 Am I a believer? Why surely 'tis so;
It was not the case indeed some years ago,
For then I was dead in my sin and my blood:
Then if I believe now, it must be of God.
- 3 Am I a believer? What do I believe?
There's thousands and thousands satan does deceive,
Who think they believe, and take upon trust,
Who never as sinners were laid in the dust.
- 4 Am I a believer? If that be the case,
It surely must be then entirely of grace;
I never had sought for salvation at all,
Had I not been redeem'd by Christ from the fall.
- 5 Am I a believer? I do think I am?
For I can rejoice in redemption's sweet plan,
Salvation thro' Jesus, and no other way;
This just suits the man that has nothing to pay.
- 6 Am I a believer? Then who made me so?
To Jesus for pardon how came I to go?

- Jehovah pass'd by me and bid me to live,
 And said, Thy transgressions I freely forgive.
- 7 Am I a believer? When did I begin
 To make myself holy and leave off to sin?
 When God's time was come I was born from the dead,
 Because I was chosen in Jesus my head.
- 8 Am I a believer? Then this is the reason,
 (Arminians may cavil, and call it high treason)
 'Twas all of free grace from the first to the last;
 Christ took all my sins, future, present, and past.
- 9 Am I a believer? 'Twas ordain'd so to be,
 Jehovah had plan'd it that I might go free:
 O let this then silence the Arminian strife,
 For my name was put down in the Lamb's book of life.
- 10 Am I a believer? Why sure it must be,
 Because I believe Christ has suffer'd for me,
 And paid down my debt with his own precious blood;
 Then surely this faith is the gift of my God.
- 11 Am I a believer? It may be objected,
 There's none can believe but Jehovah's elected,
 As chosen of God in his counsels of old:
 I cry, Abba Father! whose love makes me bold.
- 12 Am I a believer? I prove it this way,
 'Tis the cry of my spirit, Lord, teach me to pray:
 'Tis only believers that mourn unbelief,
 And own they are sinners, of sinners the chief.
- 13 Am I a believer? As much so as Paul,
 Who 'till Jesus met him was proud-hearted Saul;
 He was 'till that moment a poor soul deceiver;
 But he that made Paul, has made me, a believer.
- 14 Am I a believer? Then why am I thus?
 For no unbeliever can ever feel worse;
 So hard, and so stupid, and so unbelieving,
 A heart so deceitful, so hard, and unfeeling.
- 15 Am I a believer? and yet feel so bad?
 Such feelings would make an Arminian go mad.

Who never was wounded enough for to smart,
 Who never once felt the sad plague of the heart.
 16 Am I a believer? Yes, 'tis my belief,
 That I shall be saved as free as the thief;
 Who, tho' he had nothing, no, nothing at all,
 He had as much merit as Peter or Paul.

Marvel not, Ye must be born again. John iii. 7.

- 1 THE scriptures say, Ye must be born again;
 The preacher says so, yet he speaks in vain:
 'Till God the Spirit comes, no one receives it;
 'Till man is born again he can't believe it.
- 2 That learned man in Israel prov'd this true;
 He cavil'd at the doctrine, and so have you:
 Ye must be born again. How can it be?
 A man that's blind may guess, but cannot see.
- 3 The learned Nicodemus, that noted teacher,
 With many now would be a noted preacher;
 But what he learn'd at nature's polish'd school
 Was just enough to make the man a fool.
- 4 Ten thousand in this day have learn'd as much;
 They hear salvation preach'd, but cannot touch;
 For all man's human learning is in vain;
 He knows not God, nor self, 'till born again.
- 5 The man that's born of God the Holy Spirit
 Will never seek salvation by his merit;
 All he can do is doing but in vain;
 The man will own this fact when born again.
- 6 Tho' human learning sets man up a teacher,
 Yet human learning never made a preacher;
 It makes man proud, dogmatical, and vain,
 But preach he cannot 'till he's born again.
- 7 How can he preach that knows not Christ the way?
 How can he preach that knows not how to pray?
 There's thousands try, but ah! they try in vain;
 For man is dead until he's born again.

- 8 Can dead men pray? or can a dead man preach?
 There's many for the fleece attempt to teach;
 While they are dead their preaching is in vain:
 'Tis but few preachers that are born again.
- 9 But those God sends, he teaches what to say;
 By light divine he teaches them to pray;
 They preach of Christ, who sav'd us from the fall,
 And crown the God-man Jesus Lord of All!
- 10 They preach salvation all of sov'reign grace,
 To those selected from the human race,
 To those Jehovah fix'd his love upon;
 For them Christ died and is to glory gone.
- 11 They preach salvation absolutely free,
 Salvation finish'd on the bloody tree;
 They preach the way to glory by the cross;
 They preach all else but Christ as dung and dross.
- 12 They preach of man a ruin'd helpless creature;
 They preach of Christ the Lord the world's creator
 Who took our nature: God becomes a man,
 Who died to bring about the glorious plan,
- 13 The plan laid out before the skies were built,
 That God should be a man, his blood be spilt;
 This was arrang'd by the eternal three,
 That Christ should shed his blood on Calv'ry's tree
- 14 They preach salvation now for ever done,
 All settled by Jehovah's equal Son;
 The debt is paid: who urge a second bill?
 They must be sav'd, it is Jehovah's will.
- 15 Some learn to preach, and others learn to pray,
 Who never feel one word of what they say;
 'Tis all in vain, they thus can do no good:
 And why? Because they are not sent of God.
- 16 Ah! many such as these are easy found,
 These locusts ev'ry where infest the ground,
 These hirelings of the day, who toil in vain,
 For man-made preachers are not born again.

- 17 But those who preach salvation full and free,
 They preach redemption finish'd on Calv'ry's tree;
 But those who preach man's merits, preach in vain;
 Those merit-mongers are not born again.

Lord, help me! Matt. xv. 25.

- 1 LORD, help me! was the pray'r of one
 In sore and sad distress;
 And where that woman sought relief,
 There I would seek redress.
- 2 She cried, poor soul, and cried again,
 And could no answer gain:
 Why did she not give up her suit?
 Her seeking seem'd in vain.
- 3 'Twas God that gave her faith to seek,
 Tho' he no answer gave;
 That God who put the cry within,
 Determin'd had to save.
- 4 Although she meets a sad rebuff,
 Where she expected help;
 He would not give the childrens' bread
 To a poor Gentile whelp:
- 5 At last she begs but for the crumbs,
 As the poor Gentiles' share:
 No answer could she yet obtain;
 And yet she don't despair.
- 6 No, Jesus knew what he would do;
 He knew this woman well;
 He meant to save her daughter too,
 Yes, save them both from hell.
- 7 I am not sent to save all men;
 It is Jehovah's choice;
 The lost, and ruin'd, and undone:
 This made her soul rejoice.
- 8 Upon this ground she urg'd her plea,
 Lord, help me! was her pray'r;

Since Jesus came to save the lost,
I cannot now despair.

- 9 And where this woman sought relief,
 'Twas there she found it too;
And there, my soul, in thy distress,
 Lord, help me there to go.
- 10 And if I perish, I'm the first
 That perish'd at his feet;
Eternal life is made secure
 For all his ransom'd sheep.
- 11 When Jesus seems to hide his face,
 Yet why should I despair?
Then go as this poor woman did,
 And put up her short pray'r.
- 12 Short as it was, it made its way,
 And reach'd Jehovah's ear:
I tell that man that cries, Lord, help!
 His help is ever near.

It is well. 2 Kings iv. 26.

- 1 'TIS well, and must indeed be well
 With all the Lord has chose:
'Tis well, tho' troubles may abound,
 Tho' hell and sin oppose.
- 2 'Tis well with those the Lord has call'd
 By his own special grace:
Should all the pow'r of hell oppose,
 They shall complete their race.
- 3 'Tis well, for God has brought them out,
 And God will bring them in;
For Jesus has remov'd the curse,
 And took away the sting.
- 4 'Tis well in troubles and distress,
 And overwhelming sorrow;
For God has been my help to-day,
 Will be my help to-morrow.

- 5 'Tis well, it was for ever well
 With those the Lord elected;
 For they were lov'd before they fell,
 And never were rejected.
- 6 'Tis well, and God has prov'd it so:
 Why did you hear his call?
 It was because Jehovah's love
 Stood fixt before the fall.
- 7 'Tis well, altho' you fell as low
 As millions now in hell;
 But Jesus paid the dreadful score,
 And has done all things well.
- 8 'Tis well, salvation is of grace,
 And not of works at all;
 Christ guarantees God's own elect,
 And Christ could never fall.
- 9 'Tis well, he stood on their behalf,
 For what could man have done,
 Had not the Lord engag'd to take
 The payment of his Son?
- 10 'Tis well, he did agree to this,
 And both approv'd it well;
 The Father smiles, the Son obeys,
 And spoil'd the pow'r of hell.
- 11 'Tis well, because thy debt is paid;
 Who dare thy soul arrest?
 Since what thou owedst thy Surety paid,
 'Tis well, thou must be blest.
- 12 'Tis well, Jehovah had decreed
 It should be well with thee;
 It must be well with ev'ry soul
 Christ purchas'd on the tree.
- 13 'Tis well, poor sinners are releas'd
 That fly for refuge here;
 God listens to their groans and cries,
 And bottles ev'ry tear.

- 14 'Tis well, the law is satisfied;
 To you it cannot speak,
 For Jesus paid its full demand,
 Altho' immensely great.
- 15 'Tis well, when Jesus hides his face,
 And you can't see your way;
 God makes his people feel their wants,
 And then he makes them pray.
- 16 'Tis well, when all seems spent and gone;
 You've neither meal nor oil;
 You'll say, 'Tis well, let what will come,
 If Jesus does but smile.
- 17 'Tis well, when you are led to see
 Jehovah is your portion;
 'Tis well, for God will lead you on,
 And bring you safe to Goshen.
- 18 'Tis well, with poor self-emptied souls;
 With them it must be well,
 Because the Lord himself must change
 Ere they can go to hell.
- 19 'Tis well, for God did never hate
 The people of his choice;
 No, them he did for ever love,
 And they may well rejoice.

1 *Kings* xvi. 4 to 16.

- 1 **How** strange the way Jehovah takes,
 Absurd to human reason;
 Yet to a man that's taught of God
 How infinitely pleasing.
- 2 Jehovah kills, and makes alive;
 The rich, he makes them poor;
 He lifts the beggar from the dust,
 And blesses him with store.
- 3 He sends a raven with a bit,
 To feed a hungry man;

- The raven must each morning go,
According to God's plan.
- 4 And when the water brook is dry,
The prophet is athirst,
God had design'd where he must go,
And go the prophet must.
- 5 Where did Jehovah send the man?
Strange! to Zarephath's gate:
Why, reason sure would almost say
This was a sad mistake.
- 6 God knew the prophet must be fed,
And where to send him too;
God gives command, the man obeys,
Away the prophet flew.
- 7 There's nothing but starvation here,
And that for want of rain;
Whoever seeks for victuals here,
Will surely seek in vain.
- 8 But when he reach'd the city gate,
He saw a widow there,
Although her stock was very low,
The widow don't despair.
- 9 She gathers up a few dry sticks
To dress her little cake,
And tho' the prophet asks for one,
This seems a sad mistake.
- 10 Although the widow's stock was low,
The prophet had no doubt
But God would make the meal encrease,
The little oil hold out.
- 11 Fetch me a little water first,
A morsel too of bread:
The widow thus complied to do,
Just what the prophet said.
- 12 And why? The prophet's God was there,
Who will his promise keep;

**He'll make the meal and oil hold out
For all his chosen sheep.**

13 My soul, what God has done before,
Thy God can do again;
Then trust thy God for meal and oil,
Thou shalt not trust in vain.

*Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity.
Ecclesiastes i. 2.*

1 **WHY** should I seek for peace below?
On this poor ground it ne'er did grow,
For I, alas! am made to know

'Tis Vanity.

2 And yet I've sought it many years,
Sometimes with hopes, sometimes with fears;
Sometimes I've told my tale with tears:

'Tis Vanity.

3 Just as a foolish boy would try
To catch a painted butterfly,
That soon as caught, alas! must die:

'Tis Vanity.

**4 Some seek for peace amongst the great,
But here they make a sad mistake;
The rich, they find it out too late,**

'Tis Vanity.

5 And all I've ever sought to gain,
I tell'd and labour'd but in vain,
For all I ever could obtain,

Was Vanity.

**6 Until I heard what God had done
For my poor soul, thro' God the Son,
Then all but Christ the Mighty One**

Was Vanity.

7 Ah! then I saw my emptiness,
Without Christ's real preciousness,
There is no real happiness;

'Tis Vanity.

8 But if I am belov'd of God,
 Who rules creation with a nod,
 He'll keep me from that fatal road
 Of Vanity.

9 He knows how poor and weak I am;
 He knows I trust in God the Lamb,
 And would not trust at all to man;
 He's Vanity.

10 But oh! how foolish is my heart!
 How oft I take the tempter's part:
 Ah! this I own when in the dark,
 'Tis Vanity.

11 Alas! this often is the case;
 I feel old nature's vile and base;
 And all, when Jesus hides his face,
 Is Vanity.

12 Yes, all but Jesus and his cross,
 Sometimes I view as dung and dross;
 For Christ I count it all but loss
 And Vanity.

13 But ah! it is not always so;
 Sometimes I let my Jesus go,
 And care not if he stay or no.
 What Vanity!

14 O what is man, when left alone!
 Sometimes he'll weep, and sometimes groan,
 And when he knows himself, he'll mourn
 His Vanity.

15 And when he feels his own plague sore,
 He dares to trust himself no more,
 But own with tears at mercy's door
 His Vanity.

16 He now adores the blessed Lamb,
 As God Jehovah, great I Am,
 And all but Christ he would contemn
 As Vanity.

- 17 He knows Christ is the only way,
 Whatever man may preach or say;
 Man's merit he would throw away
 As Vanity.
- 18 He knows Christ died to pay the score;
 He knows the law demands no more,
 And all but Christ at mercy's door
 Is Vanity.
- 19 How vain to trust in self at all;
 For man is ruin'd by the fall:
 As for his works, what are they all
 But Vanity?
- 20 The greatest king that ever reign'd,
 And all he wish'd for that he gain'd,
 And yet this very man complain'd,
 'Tis Vanity.
- 21 My soul, then seek no other joy,
 Than that which never, ne'er can cloy,
 That's Christ: all else is but a toy,
 'Tis Vanity.
- 22 This world can give but empty things,
 Its richest treasure wears its wings,
 To death its owner often stings:
 'Tis Vanity.
- 23 When man has gain'd his highest grasp,
 How oft an unexpected blast
 Convinces him such joys can't last,
 They're Vanity.
- 24 Ah! man may seek the world around;
 Where is the man that ever found
 But what has left a secret wound?
 'Tis Vanity.
- 25 That man that seeks his joys below,
 Is sure to meet an overthrow;
 But Christ, whatever he may know,
 Is Vanity.

*No Christian Happy under the Hidings of God's Face.
In a little moment I hid my face from thee: but with ever-
lasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the
Lord. Isaiah liv. 8.*

- 1 **ALAS!** my harp is quite unstrung,
It hangs upon the willow;
I like a bulrush hang my head,
And mourn upon my pillow.
- 2 But why these sad complaints, my soul?
Why these perplexing fears?
Thy God has held thee in his arms,
For days, and months, and years.
- 3 And has he lost his pow'r to save?
And can he cease to love?
Will he be deaf to my sad cry,
Since Jesus is above?
- 4 Has he made void his covenant;
Revok'd his plan of grace?
Will he forsake, or cease to love
His blood-bought chosen race?
- 5 Ah! can he ever change his mind?
Shall not the seeker find?
Point out the man that trusted God,
And trusted him in vain.
- 6 Or where's the man that dare to say
He was by God forsaken?
His promise is immutable,
Here none can be mistaken.
- 7 As soon the throne of God might fall,
As Christ forsake his bride;
They stand as firm as Jesus stands,
For whom the Saviour died.
- 8 My soul, believe the record true,
Nor yield to cursed doubt;

- For what thy God has plan'd to do,
Thy God will bring about.
- 9 Yes, God Jehovah vows and swears
That he will never leave
The soul that ventures all on Christ,
And can his word believe.
- 10 Because thy God had fix'd his love
Before the birth of day,
His sov'reign counsel has agreed
To take man's sins away.
- 11 His love stood fix'd from age to age,
Unchangeably the same;
He had decreed to save thy soul,
For Jesus is his name.
- 12 My name was writ in that bless'd book;
He chose me his for ever;
And will he now forsake my soul?
No, never, never, never.
- 13 But what a wretch must that man be,
The basest of the base,
Imperiously will dare impose
Conditions on free grace.
- 14 And thus the gospel too is clog'd
With ifs, and buts, and may-bes;
So poor frail man would overturn
Jehovah's firm decrees.
15. The hills may move, and mountains shake,
The sun withdraw its light,
Yet still the people of his choice
Are precious in his sight.
- 16 And precious they will still remain,
When this old world is dead;
They will be happy and secure
In Christ their living Head.

*The Eyes of the Lord are upon the Righteous, and his
Ears are open unto their Cry. Psalm xxxiv. 15.*

- 1 **THE** Lord is near to those that cry ;
A groan shall penetrate the sky,
And reach Jehovah's ear :
Cry then, my soul, in thy distress ;
Thy God will help thee, and redress,
And take away thy fear.
- 2 The Lord is nigh to all that call ;
A crying soul shall never fail ;
God holds them in his hand.
His eyes are on the righteous still ;
The wicked shall not have their will ;
No, they shall be condemn'd.
- 3 Thrice happy souls, who trust their God, .
For them there's no avenging rod,
However cross'd and tried ;
But here they must have tribulation ;
But let this be their consolation,
For them the Saviour died.
- 4 How was poor Jacob once mistaken :
He thought he was by God forsaken ;
But that was not the case :
How soon he found his doubts were wrong,
His mourning turn'd into a song,
He shall see Joseph's face.
- 5 The waggons came with invitation ;
O what a happy salutation !
Joseph is not dead,
But lives a king in Egypt's land,
(And for his father sends a band)
Where there's no want of bread.
- 6 And God is just the same to-day ;
He cannot, will not cast away
The people of his choice :

- He whom they treated once with scorn
 Now keeps the keys of Egypt's corn;
 His brethren may rejoice.
- 7 And shall I fret, and mourn, and pine,
 Since all that Jesus has is mine?
 Alas! can I be poor?
 Since Jesus has done all things well,
 And keeps the keys of death and hell,
 And all the heav'nly store!
- 8 I'll go then with my empty sack;
 I know he will not send me back
 Without a rich supply:
 And if he frown a little while,
 His heart is love, he soon will smile;
 My suit he won't deny.
- 8 For me there is a better land,
 And Jesus holds me with his hand,
 And leads me up to Goshen,
 Where there is corn, and wine, and oil,
 And where my God will always smile,
 And be himself my portion.

Matthew vii. 1, 2.

- 1 JUDGE not severely, lest the Judge
 Should call you to account:
 Ten thousand talents is your debt:
 O what a large amount!
- 2 Think not your debt is less than this,
 Tho' you can't pay one mite;
 It must be paid, or you must sink
 In everlasting night.
- 3 And yet proud man is prone to say,
 Stand off a little way,
 Because I'm holier than thou,
 For I both fast and pray.

- 4 I see that mote within thine eye;
 Why don't you pull it out?
 The beam within his own is hid;
 He has no fear nor doubt.
- 5 With pharisees this is the case,
 There's not a single eye;
 They have a beam, and yet how quick!
 Their neighbour's mote they spy.
- 6 Just like old Simon in his day,
 Where Jesus went to dinner;
 Was he a prophet? he would know:
 This woman was a sinner.
- 7 But Jesus has an eye to see
 The very heart of man;
 This sinner Jesus justifies,
 The pharisee condemns.
- 8 O Simon, Simon, said our Lord,
 I've something now to say;
 Two men were quite deep in debt,
 But nothing had to pay:
- 9 One debt was fifty pence, we read;
 The other ten times more;
 But neither had a mite to pay,
 They both alike were poor.
- 10 The creditor forgave them both,
 That both might have to tell,
 If I'd been left to pay my debt,
 I must have sunk to hell.
- 11 There's not one soul upon this earth
 But is in such a case;
 Their sins will sink them down to hell
 If not paid off by grace.
- 12 How many then will be deceiv'd,
 Who think they owe but little?
 Salvation thro' Christ's righteousness
 They ~~are~~ not for a still.

- 13 Altho' they're not so much in debt
 As many sinners are,
 Were Moses once to bring his bill,
 They'd sink in sad despair.
- 14 Have patience with me, they exclaim,
 And I will pay thee all;
 'Tis thus with those who never felt
 The ruins of the fall.
- 15 When God the Holy Spirit comes
 With blessings from on high,
 Ah! then the proudest sinners sink
 Like Paul the sinner die.
- 16 He sees the law condemns him now,
 Condemns him justly too;
 He finds salvation all of grace,
 Not for what man can do.
- 17 O wretched man! you'll hear him cry;
 'Tis no uncommon case;
 It is the cry of ev'ry soul
 That's call'd by sov'reign grace.
- 18 Lord, teach me then to cry like Paul,
 Like Paul may I obtain;
 There never was a crying soul
 That cried to God in vain.

*A Soul longing for the presence of Christ.
 I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord. Genesis xlix*

- 1 O God the Spirit, come to-day!
 And drive my doubts and fears away;
 I want to see thy face:
 One smile from thee will make me sing;
 O come, dear Jesus, on the wing,
 And bless me with thy grace.
- 2 What can I do when Christ is gone?
 I've nothing then to rest upon
 When Jesus is away;

- Then if I try to pray or praise,
 My sluggish heart I cannot raise;
 Alas! I cannot pray.
- 3 What can I do when left alone?
 Why little more than sigh and groan,
 And mourn my wretched case:
 I would, I try; I groan, I sigh,
 I sometimes pray, sometimes I cry,
 For tokens of his grace.
- 4 O God the Comforter, come down,
 And what I thought to be a frown,
 O turn it to a smile:
 Smile, Jesus, smile on my poor soul,
 My raging malady control,
 And pour in wine and oil.
- 5 Altho' mine is a desp'rate case,
 What is too hard for mighty grace?
 Whom cannot Jesus save?
 Manasseh, Magdalene, and Paul,
 He rais'd, poor sinners, from the fall,
 Tho' lower than the grave.
- 6 And cannot Jesus rescue me,
 And break my chains, and set me free,
 And bid me go at large?
 O make my barren heart to feel;
 Come, mighty Spirit, set thy seal,
 And sign my sweet discharge.
- Great is the Mystery of Godliness; which is God
 manifest in the Flesh. 1 Timothy iii. 16.*
- 1 ALAS! my soul, consider well,
 How was my soul redeem'd from hell?
 What was the price redemption cost?
 Christ shed his blood, or I'd been lost.
- 2 That Christ should leave his Father's throne,
 Become a Man, for man atone;

- That he who was the world's Creator,
Should live and die a Mediator ;
- 3 That he should leave the world of glory ;
My soul, attend the blessed story ;
Christ cloath'd in flesh, expos'd to danger,
The God of heav'n laid in a manger.
- 4 That God, the giver of the law,
Was bound to keep without a flaw ;
Ah ! who that reads is not surpris'd ;
The God-man Jesus circumcis'd.
- 5 And he by whom the world was made,
Behold him working at a trade ;
Yes, he who binds his foes in chains,
Once suffer'd hunger, loss, and pains.
- 6 That He by whom all things were plan'd,
Should by his creatures be condemn'd ;
That he who gave us life and breath,
Should be condemn'd and put to death ;
- 7 That he who form'd the night and day,
Should in the dark sepulchre lay ;
And had no where to lay his head ;
The God-man number'd with the dead.
- 8 Before whom angels cast their crowns,
Behold Jehovah crown'd with thorns !
My soul, adore this mighty One ;
Behold, it is Jehovah's Son.
- 9 How great then is mystery,
To see thy God upon the tree ;
To bring about his Father's plan,
Jehovah stoops to be a Man.
- 10 To do the work that was agreed,
What was before all worlds decreed ;
To take a body, bleed, and die ;
Ah ! why all this ? oh ! tell me why ?

11 It was salvation to complete,
 It was to save the chosen sheep,
 It was to pay the law its due;
 All this was done, my soul, for you.

Fear not, I am with thee. Isaiah xli. 10.

- 1 **WHY** am I distress'd when help is so near?
 If God's word be true I have nothing to fear;
 The sinner that's looking to Jesus for aid,
 The Lord's word to that man is, Be not afraid.
- 2 **Jehovah** has said it, his word must be true;
 He never will leave such a sinner as you,
 Who look for salvation in no other name
 Than Jesus Jehovah, for ever the same.
- 3 **Fear not**, little flock, 'tis your Father's good pleasure
 To give you a richer, a far richer treasure
 Than angels possess, tho' with harp or with lyre;
 For poor redeem'd sinners sing a full octave higher.
- 4 **Redemption!** redemption! what notes will this raise,
 And Christ the Redeemer will have all the praise,
 Who once shed his blood on mount Calvary's tree,
 To save such a poor worthless sinner as me.
- 5 **Fear not**, he once said to a poor sinking Peter;
 He now says the same to the poor mourning seeker;
 Fear not, I am with thee; then be not afraid,
 For Jesus will help thee, so be not dismay'd.
- 6 **Fear not**, thou worm Jacob, thou shalt not be trod down;
 Thou art a King's son, and an heir to a crown,
 Thy title is good, for thy debts are all paid;
 And he who has paid them will never upbraid.
- 7 'Tis Jesus thy Saviour who has done the deed,
 To settle salvation Emmanuel bled;
 Amazing transaction! how few that receive it;
 There's none but the Lord's people believe it.
- 8 And they often stagger thro' sad unbelief,
 And often get rob'd by that brazen-fac'd thief;

- But grace it must reign over death, hell, and
 'Tis grace only heals the sad plague sore with
 9 Yes, grace will complete what love had decre
 God's chosen from mount Sinai's fetters are fi
 The weakest believer is sure to do well,
 And conquer all foes, tho' from sin, earth, o
 10 'Tis those void of might Jehovah makes stre
 He lifts up the mourner and gives him a song
 He sings of his Jesus, who lov'd him so well
 As to give up his life to redeem him from hel
 11 O love without measure, O love without bo
 To poor wounded sinners how sweetly it soun
 Salvation through Jesus, salvation so free,
 Salvation for such a poor rebel as me.
 12 Hosanna to Jesus, my Friend and my God,
 Who tells me all things shall turn out for the
 Of all that he bled for on Calvary's tree;
 He bled there for millions of sinners like me.

A Soul pleading for the presence of God in his

- 1 ALMIGHTY Jesus, come to-day,
 (Our hearts are very sad),
 O come and shine upon our souls,
 And make the mourner glad.
 2 We want, dear Lord, to praise and pray
 But ah! we know not how;
 Lord, thou hast promis'd to be here;
 O come and bless us now.
 3 Almighty Spirit, now descend,
 And let us feel thy pow'r,
 To make our hearts rejoice and sing
 In this appointed hour.
 4 O feed the hungry soul with bread,
 And make the thirsty glad;
 Grant each a sweet supply to-day,
 And we'll be no more sad.

- 5 O may thy servant preach to-day
 Salvation full and free ;
 O spread thy blessings all around,
 O send them, Lord, to me.
- 6 That when I go away from hence,
 I boldly may declare
 I've been unto the house of God,
 And found my Jesus there.

*The Presence of God in his House, and a Blessing on the
 Word preached.*

- 1 COME, Jesus, come, no longer stay,
 And let me have thy smiles to-day,
 And let my fears depart ;
 I often come, but can't obtain,
 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Nothing reaching my heart.
- 2 O clothe thy word with pow'r to-day,
 That what thy dear sent servant say
 May have some good effect ;
 O let thy gospel spread around,
 And let its charming blessed sound
 Rejoice thine own elect.
- 3 Direct thy servant what to say :
 Without thee who can preach or pray ?
 What can the creature do ?
 Our eyes, O Lord, are up to thee ;
 O come and set poor captives free,
 And drive away the foe.
- 4 I often come and go away,
 Could neither hear, or sing, or pray,
 My heart a lump of lead ;
 O Lord, thou know'st this is my case,
 Without the tokens of thy grace,
 How barren and how dead.

- 5 Bless God, it is not always so,
 For to thy house I long to go
 When faith is on the wing;
 Then I can hear, and sing, and pray,
 How sweet then is the sabbath day,
 Then I can praise and sing.
- 6 No sooner is my Jesus gone,
 Than I begin to doubt and mourn,
 Then all again is wrong;
 But when I see my Jesus' face,
 And feel the joys of his embrace,
 Then I can raise my song.
- 7 Dear Jesus, make a longer stay;
 Thy presence makes a happy day;
 But when thou goest 'tis night;
 But when thou smilest all is well;
 I can defy the pow'rs of hell
 With Jesus in my sight.
- 8 Ah! who will not declare the same,
 That know the Saviour's precious name,
 And taste his richest love?
 What's all the pow'r or craft of hell,
 Since Jesus has done all things well,
 And reigns my Friend above?

A few Thoughts on Luke xv.

- 1 A Certain man that had two sons,
 (The parable says so),
 The youngest took his stock in hand,
 The spendthrift then would go.
- 2 He wander'd from his father's house,
 And soon he spent his all;
 Ah! view this self-important youth,
 How low he soon did fall.
- 3 His money is soon spent and gone,
 In beggary he pines;

His dignity is sunk so low;

He feeds the very swine.

- 4 At last, when brought unto himself,
He thought, How base am I?

I now am starving here for bread,
If I stay here must die.

- 5 But ah! I have a father's house,
Where there is bread to spare,
While I must perish here for want,
And die in sad despair.

- 6 I'll go unto my father then,
And tell him I'm undone;
I'll own I don't deserve his love,
Nor to be call'd his son.

- 7 But when he was a great way off
The father saw his son;
He ran and fell upon his neck,
And kiss'd his chosen one.

- 8 So he that had his hundred sheep,
When he had lost but one,
He leaves the ninety-nine to go
And fetch this wand'rer home.

- 9 He found him in the wilderness,
In a most wretched case;
He brought it to its fold again;
Ah! sure this was of grace.

- 10 So, when the rebel son came home,
This roving, straying sheep,
Behold him drest in ring and robe,
And shoes put on his feet.

- 11 The fatted calf was kill'd and drest;
And was this done in vain?
No, he that was both dead and lost,
Is now alive again.

- 12 There is more joy for one poor soul
That is redeem'd from hell,

- Than ninety-nine who never sin'd,
And so they never fell.
- 13 These ninety-nine just persons then,
Where are they to be found?
There's not one righteous, no, not one,
Go, search the world around.
- 14 These are the elder brother then,
That never went astray;
They wonder at the father's love,
In saving such a way.
- 15 The father asks the elder son
To join the happy train;
Thy brother that was lost and dead
Is now alive again.
- 16 The ninety-nine that never fell,
That never sin'd at all,
They are amaz'd to hear the news
About man's wretched fall.
- 17 And that this guilty fallen wretch
Should be redeem'd by blood;
And who should their Redeemer be?
The very Son of God,
- 18 Who was set up before all time,
Or ere the world began,
To pay the ransom price of blood,
To save the younger son.
- 19 Who was this younger son? I ask;
Why sure 'tis God's elect;
Whoever may think otherwise,
Are welcome to reject.
- 20 When Jesus broke Jehovah's seals.
He magnified his pow'r;
The elder brother stood quite mute,
And that for half an hour.
- 21 Though millions of the angels fell,
And fell to rise no more;

- Yet ~~he~~ shall die for ruin'd man,
 Whom heav'n and earth adore.
- 22 To ransom man, became a Man,
 And has done all things well;
 By dying on mount Calvary,
 To save the prodigal.
- 23 Redemption was the news that spread
 Amongst the hear'nly throng;
 And sure 'tis only prodigals
 Can sing redemption's song.
- 24 No more can any sinner now,
 That is not call'd by grace:
 'Tis prodigals that are brought home
 To see their Father's face.
- 25 The elder son, who kept at home,
 And never went astray,
 That when the younger son came home,
 He knew not what to say.
- 26 The youngest son had pow'r to stand,
 But tho' he had, he fell;
 But God had laid the plan to save
 This prodigal from hell.
- 27 Altho' he ran away from home,
 And knew not where to run,
 The father watch'd him with his eye,
 Because he was his son.
- 28 Jehovah's chosen and elect
 Before the world begun,
 These were and are belov'd of God,
 These are the younger son.
- 29 The elder brother seems displeas'd
 At what the father did;
 Such love to me was never shewn,
 I never ask'd a kid.
- 30 I always have obey'd thy will,
 I never did transgress;

But now this vagrant is come home,
Behold his costly dress.

31 The fatted calf must then be kill'd,
For such a filthy creature,
That's been in beggary and rags,
Of all that's good a hater.

32 But hear the father's kind reply ;
All that I have is thine ;
I've always held thee in my mind,
Thou art for ever mine.

33 And so thy brother, when first form'd,
Was holy, just, and good ;
I left him to his own free will,
And he no longer stood.

34 But I before the birth of time
Had found a Mediator ;
In him I chose my younger son,
This ruin'd helpless creature.

35 Tho' my elect in Adam fell,
In Christ they stood complete ;
The fatted calf was kill'd for them,
Because they were my sheep.

36 And they shall never perish ; no,
No, never, never one ;
And all that are or will be sav'd,
I call the younger son.

*Jesus saith unto them, Fill the water pots with water ;
they filled them up to the brim. John ii. 7.*

- 1 WHO turned the water to wine ?
What is it he cannot perform ?
He has but to speak, and it's done,
A calm shall succeed the rough storm.
- 2 Who raised the dead with a word ?
Can raise this poor dead soul of mine,

- And give me a taste of that love
That's better, far better than wine.
- 3 What is it our Jesus can't do,
Who can to the uttermost save?
Tho' Laz'rus was stinking and dead,
Christ raised him up from the grave.
- 4 He healeth the sick with a touch,
And makes the lame leap like a hart;
His smiles create life in the soul,
And melt down the frozen in heart.
- 5 O what could induce him to die
For rebels so vile and so base?
Can any one dare to assert
Salvation's not wholly of grace?
- 6 God lov'd with a love so intent,
So wonderful and so complete,
He gave up his co-equal Son,
To die for his own chosen sheep.
- 7 This work is completed and done,
For Jesus has paid down the price;
There's nothing for sinners to do;
No law urges payment down twice.
- 8 All glory to God and the Lamb,
The Father, the Word, and the Spirit,
The great Three-One God I adore,
For saving me thro' Jesus' merit.
- 9 For he has inrolled my name
Amongst the redeemed on high;
A soul that is ransom'd by blood
Must live, for his Surety did die.
- 10 Christ knew what he had undertook;
He knew what the ransom would cost;
No less than his blood was the price;
He paid the full sum on the cross.
- 11 Of all that the Father did give,
He could not be cheated of one;

Salvation is settled and sure,
 The work of redemption is done,
 12 Poor sinners, exult and be glad,
 Salvation is in such a way;
 Thy Jesus has got the discharge,
 And you have got nothing to pay.

A Soliloquy in the Summer-House.

O SWEET little spot, that to me is so dear,
 Where I've often sigh'd and let drop a tear,
 Sometimes have rejoiced, sometimes have lamented
 Sometimes for my folly have mourn'd and repented,
 Sometimes I've been happy, sometimes the reverse,
 Sometimes I have thought that I grew worse and worse,
 Sometimes could trust Jesus and on him rely,
 Sometimes all my comforts seem'd ready to die,
 Sometimes was for laughing, sometimes could but weep,
 Sometimes like a goat, and sometimes like a sheep,
 Sometimes hang my head like a new taken thief,
 Sometimes plagued to death with my sad unbelief,
 Sometimes like a beggar so wretchedly poor,
 Sometimes quite contented, sometimes want no more,
 Sometimes fret and murmur, and sometimes repine,
 Sometimes can believe that a kingdom is mine,
 Sometimes in the valley, sometimes mountain high,
 Sometimes standing still, and sometimes I could fly,
 Sometimes all is right, and sometimes all is wrong,
 Sometimes I'm for weeping, sometimes for a song,
 Sometimes I'm for praising, and sometimes for pray,
 Sometimes I'm for neither, sometimes in despair,
 Sometimes I'm for reading, sometimes I can write,
 Sometimes can see clearly, sometimes dark as night,
 Sometimes I'm for running, sometimes 'tis but walk,
 Sometimes I'm quite dumb, and sometimes for talk,
 Sometimes am so barren, and hard as a stone,
 Sometimes am so wretched, sometimes can but groan

Sometimes am quite happy, when Jesus doth shine,
 Sometimes I'm persuaded that Jesus is mine,
 Sometimes I can mount, sometimes I can fly,
 Sometimes am so fearful I'm ready to die,
 Sometimes am exulting, sometimes am dejected,
 Sometimes Satan tells me that I'm not elected,
 Sometimes without doubts and sometimes without fears,
 Sometimes agitated, and sometimes in tears,
 Sometimes in a calm, and sometimes in a storm,
 Sometimes cold and stupid, and sometimes as warm,
 Sometimes I'm rejoicing, sometimes I can sing,
 Sometimes I'm a beggar, sometimes I'm a king,
 Sometimes I'm more steady, sometimes all is well,
 Sometimes I'm assaulted by sin, earth, and hell,
 Sometimes am persuaded that all's for the best,
 Sometimes on my Father contentedly rest,
 Sometimes am assured the Lord is my friend,
 Sometimes can rejoice that his love ne'er will end,
 Sometimes have no doubt but the Lord loveth me,
 Sometimes I'm in bonds, and sometimes I go free,
 Sometimes strong in faith, and sometimes so weak,
 Sometimes I can't pray, and sometimes I can't seek,
 Sometimes like a lion, am bold without fear,
 Sometimes to my Jesus I get very near,
 And when it is so, which is sometimes the case,
 I would tell all the world I am saved by grace.

*'Tis in vain to search on Earth for what can only be found
 in Heaven. Here we have no continuing city, but
 we seek one to come. Hebrews xiii. 14.*

- 1 **WHERE** shall I find a place of rest?
 Where lives the man completely blest?
 O tell me where he may be found,
 For him I'd search the world around.
- 2 But all my search would be in vain,
 My object I could not obtain,

- For all my search would be to know
 There's none completely bless'd below.
- 3 'Tis not the rich who roll in gold,
 'Tis not the young, 'tis not the old,
 'Tis not the man of pleasure; no,
 His latter end, alas! is woe.
- 4 Nay, could we clamber to the throne,
 There's something there would make us groan;
 Beneath the skies there's nothing good,
 No happy man that knows not God.
- 5 There's thousands blessed here below,
 But yet not one completely so;
 For none will be completely blest
 'Till they obtain eternal rest.
- 6 Well, there remaineth such a place
 For all the heirs of special grace;
 They all shall gain this place of rest,
 And there they'll be completely bless'd.
- 7 But here they're blessed but in part,
 For now they mourn a wicked heart,
 Ten thousand evils by the way,
 Sometimes can neither praise nor pray.
- 8 Although they are a chosen race,
 Mark'd out by God and call'd by grace,
 Yet now they feel the war within,
 And sometimes plagued to death with sin.
- 9 And yet are blessed all the while,
 Tho' devils tempt, if Jesus smile,
 And make them know all is for good;
 They read so in the word of God.
- 10 For Paul could sing when in the jail:
 Jehovah's mercies never fail:
 Tho' in the stocks, Paul don't despair;
 And why? Because Paul's God was there.
- 11 So Daniel in the lion's den,
 Was even there a happy man;

- The lion's God, the God of grace,
Made this to Dan' a happy place.
- 12 'Tis neither jail, nor lions' den,
Nor all the craft of wicked men,
Can injure those God will protect,
His darling son, his own elect.
- 13 Not hell, nor sin, nor lions' den,
Nor fire itself, can hurt the men;
No fire shall singe a single hair,
If God Jehovah is but there.
- 14 This has been prov'd in ages past;
Jehovah held his chosen fast:
How was it with that blessed three?
Fire burnt their bonds and set them free.
- 15 To him O my soul, commit thy care,
With such a Friend who need despair?
Great as his love, so great his pow'r,
To save thee in the trying hour.
- 16 Be still, my agitated mind,
Thy Jesus cannot but be kind;
Where Jesus comes he'll ne'er depart,
And grace is Christ withiu the heart.

*Nothing but the Presence of God will satisfy a Child of
God. Psalm xxx. 7.*

- 1 **WHERE** shall I go to get relief
For this poor burden'd mind?
I go sometimes to God's own house,
But there no comfort find.
- 2 I search the records of his will;
How oft I search in vain;
I hear the promises declar'd,
But still no peace obtain.
- 3 I try to hear, I try to pray,
I try to praise and sing;

- As soon can reach to yonder clouds,
Or fly without a wing.
- 4 I mourn my wretched wicked heart,
This rock of adamant,
Sometimes I'm harder than the stone,
Sometimes I would repent.
- 5 But O my God, what can I do,
When I am left alone?
I fret, and murmur, and complain,
No pray'r except a groan.
- 6 I want to trust when I can't see
The way my God will take;
For I have still one plea to make,
Lord help, for Jesus' sake.
- 7 This is a pray'r came up to thee
From one in great distress;
I trust alone in thy sweet name,
The Lord my Righteousness.
- 8 And can I perish, O my God,
With such a plea to make?
Since all thy chosen ones are sav'd,
And that for Jesus' sake.

Longing after God.

- 1 COME precious Jesus, come again,
And make a longer stay;
O come, and make my heart rejoice,
And teach me how to pray.
- 2 I want to see thy face again,
Because thy smiles impart
Sweet consolations to my soul,
And ease my anxious heart.
- 3 But absent from thy presence, Lord,
How very dark I am;
I grope at noon, I'm scar'd at night,
O what a wretched man!

- 4 And must this always be the case?
 And will he come no more?
 'Tis such as me thou cam'st to save,
 The wretched and the poor,
 5 For Jesus came to save the lost:
 I am the very man;
 I have no hope but in thy grace,
 Thou God, thou great I AM.

If thou canst believe, all things are possible. Mark ix. 23.

- 1 'TIS only the man that is made to believe,
 That fears he is an unbeliever,
 Who feels that his heart is deceitful and base,
 And fears he is but a deceiver.
 2 That man that believeth God's record is true,
 That shews what man is by the fall,
 That man will rejoice that salvation is free,
 And crown Jesus Christ Lord of all.
 3 The man that believeth in man's lost estate,
 And feels he is wholly undone,
 He knows that salvation is wholly of grace,
 Thro' what the Lord Jesus has done.
 4 He knows it arises from God's ancient love,
 Eternally fix'd on his choice;
 He knows it is neither his willing nor running,
 But grace; and that makes him rejoice.
 5 He knows he is sav'd, because he is call'd
 To know the effect of that love;
 God singled him out from the rest of mankind,
 All this he receives from above.
 6 The man that believeth that Jesus once died
 To fulfil the law he has broken,
 He's longing that Jesus would shine on his soul
 And favour him with a love token.
 7 The man that believeth, whoever he be,
 Will oft mourn his sad unbelief;

He knows his salvation must come just as free
As it did to the poor dying thief.

- 8 The man that believeth, can such a man boast
That he has done any thing well?
No, all he can say is, Lord, save my poor soul,
For I deserve nothing but hell.
- 9 Whoever has faith, it is like precious faith
With Peter, and Paul, and poor David;
That man that loves Jesus, that man must have faith,
That man must assur'dly be saved.
- 10 The man that has God, if it be but a dram,
It is God, it cannot be disputed;
And he that believeth Christ's blood did atone,
To him is Christ's merit imputed.
- 11 A sinner that's dead in his sins can't believe,
He does not believe he is dead;
But when the dead sinner is quicken'd by grace,
In bondage he's no longer led.

*I will surely have mercy on him, saith the Lord.
Jeremiah xxxi. 20.*

- 1 I Will have mercy, saith the Lord,
Then mercy must be sure:
Who will God shew his mercy to?
The wretched or the pure?
- 2 I will have mercy, saith the Lord,
On Adam's fallen race;
'Tis those I've chosen for myself,
To save by special grace.
- 3 I will have mercy, saith the Lord,
On ruin'd helpless man;
To save him from deserved hell
Was my eternal plan.
- 4 I will have mercy, saith the Lord,
But 'tis on whom I will;

- My ancient counsels I'll perform,
My purposes fulfil.
- 5 I will have mercy on that man
That on my Name doth call,
Who feels and mourns his wretched state,
As ruin'd by the fall.
- 6 I will have mercy, saith the Lord,
On all my chosen seed,
For whom before the birth of time
Christ had engag'd to bleed.
- 7 I will have mercy on the man
For whom the Saviour bled,
And paid the ransom price of blood,
And dwelt amongst the dead.
- 8 I will have mercy on the man
For whom the Saviour rose ;
I'll give him faith to stand his ground,
And conquer all his foes.
- 9 I will have mercy on the man
Whose name stands in the book,
For whom Christ died and rose again,
And all their sorrows took.
- 10 I will have mercy, saith the Lord,
On ev'ry one of those
For whom the Lamb was crucified,
And God the Father chose.
- 11 I will have mercy, saith the Lord,
On him that chooses me,
Because I'd chosen them as mine
From all eternity.
- 12 I will have mercy on that man
That longs to see my face,
Because I have made that man feel
The influence of grace.
- 13 I will have mercy on the man
That mourns, and groans, and sighs ;

- I'll teach him how to pray, and when ;
His pray'r I won't deny.
- 14 I will have mercy on the man
That has a thousand fears ;
I'll conquer all his hellish foes,
And wipe away his tears.
- 15 I will have mercy on that man
That has no pow'r to stand,
Who feels his weakness and his wants ;
I'll hold him in my hand.
- 16 I will have mercy on the man
Who feels his heart like steel,
Who mourns, and sighs, and cries to God
Because he cannot feel.
- 17 I will have mercy on the man
That mourning comes to me
And pleads acceptance on this ground,
Christ died on Calv'ry's tree.
- 18 I will have mercy on the man
Who does my help implore,
Who knows he cannot help himself,
But cries at mercy's door.
- 19 I will have mercy, saith the Lord,
And never will reject
The coming, looking, hoping souls,
For they are mine elect.

Habakkuk iii. 17.

- 1 **ALTHOUGH** the fig tree blossom not,
No fruit upon the vine,
The labour of the olive fail,
Yet Jesus still is mine.
- 2 What tho' the fields should yield no more
No herd within the stall,
I have the promise of my God.
To hear me when I call.

- 3 Should flocks, and herds, and olives fail,
 And in the field no meat,
 Ah! will the world's Proprietor
 Starve any of his sheep?
- 4 What, are his promises in vain?
 What, do they nothing mean?
 Will God forsake believing souls?
 'Tis what has never been.
- 5 Though all around may seem to fail,
 His promise stands the same;
 It shall be well with those who trust
 In God Jehovah's name.

*The last shall be first, and the first last; but no Salvation
 without the Penny. Matthew xx. 1 to 16.*

1 **WHATEVER** work God has for man to do,
 He'll choose the man, and tell him where to go;
 But never did Jehovah send out any
 Until he qualified them with a penny.

2 It is the great Householder goes about,
 And calls his labourers, and sends them out;
 But in this preaching day, alas! how many,
 Who read, and preach, and pray, without this penny.

3 We read some went to work at dawn of day,
 And some at nine o'clock began to pray,
 And some at three, and some came not so soon,
 Nay some came not until the afternoon.

4 Some wrought twelve hours, some nine, some six,
 some three,
 And some but one; how strange this mystery,
 That he who wrought but one hour with the many
 Should be the first the Steward pays the penny.

5 Just so Jehovah does in this our day,
 'Tis not the longest worker gets the pay,
 Though pharisees may grumble to see the sinner;
 Though lame, he takes the pay, and is a winner.

- 6 So when the first was call'd to take his pay,
He seem'd with murmuring to turn away;
And so 'tis now, alas! there are too many
That grudge the last man should be paid the penny
- 7 Jehovah's ways are not indeed our ways;
'Tis not for twelve hours work we get the praise
The one hour's work was what God had design'd
To whom he will Jehovah will be kind.
- 8 How many workers now, good God, how many
To whom Jehovah never gave the penny;
Though many seem to work the whole long day,
They never had the penny as their pay.
- 9 What is this penny? 'Tis what God gives to all
That are redeem'd by blood from Adam's fall;
The dying thief had this, Saint Paul no more;
'Tis faith to trust in Jesus and adore.
- 10 Manasseh had this penny, without all doubt,
Poor Mary Magdalene has picked out,
This penny was enough to pay her fare,
And those who have it never need despair.
- 11 Ah! where had Peter been without this penny;
To be reduc'd like him there are not many,
His Master pray'd his penny should not fail,
Though all the pow'rs of hell his soul assail.
- 12 So were poor Jonah here, you'd hear him tell
He had this penny in the jaws of hell,
By which he look'd to Calv'ry's bloody tree,
By this could say, There Jesus died for me.
- 13 Behold the three brave heroes, and admire;
The penny made them fearless of the fire:
And why? Because they knew the Lord was there
Fire burnt their chains, but could not singe a hair
- 14 Just so the prophet, that much beloved man,
He had this penny in the lions' den,
For Daniel's God was there, the great I AM,
Who made the lions harmless as the lamb.

where was David's penny? some may say,
 a he from God was gone so far astray?
 ratify a base unchaste desire
 did the plan to murder poor Uriah.
 y, some will say that David fell from grace;
 his he could not do, however base;
 gh fall he did, more foully too than many,
 one can fall to hell that have the penny.
 lame, the halt, the wretched, and the blind,
 agst the Lord's own people you will find;
 others trust themselves, alas! too many;
 one can ere be sav'd without the penny.
 Canaanitish woman in distress,
 rent to Jesus, crying for redress;
 answer gain'd, but was oppos'd by many,
 little thought this woman had the penny.
 hat poor creature with her running sore,
 ried, and tried till she could try no more,
 rent to Christ, surrounded there by many,
 she was heal'd, for Christ gave her the penny.
 penny was enough to bear her through;
 God bestow this gift on me and you;
 aith in Jesus, firmly to believe,
 where this penny is hell can't deceive.
 precious faith, that God bestows on all
 he had singled out before the fall;
 hough old Adam fell, and they in him,
 ety was set up to take their sin.
 these, and only these, the Saviour bled;
 nee alone he dwelt amongst the dead;
 pirit comes and calls them out from many,
 'ry one of them he gives the penny.
 h this they conquer sin, and earth, and hell;
 is they know Christ has done all things well;
 hom Christ died I never heard of any,
 ne was ever lost who had the penny.

- 24 O may I have this faith, and may I feel
 That Christ can melt a heart that's hard as steel,
 Lord, with thy penny grant a fresh supply,
 And let it pay my way until I die.
- 25 And then my penny I shall want no more,
 For I shall see him, and my soul adore
 And sing the praises of the great I AM,
 Jehovah, Jesus, God, the blessed Lamb,
- 26 Who wrapt himself in flesh, and died for me
 And paid my wretched debt on Calv'ry's tree;
 O how I'll sing of Jesus and his love,
 When I arrive where Jesus is above.
- 27 'Till then, O Jesus, keep me ev'ry day,
 And guide and guard me in the narrow way,
 And on my penny let me see thy face,
 And daily live upon thy boundless grace.

Lord, what is man? Hebrews ii. 6.

- 1 LORD, what is man? A guilty wretch,
 For hell he's full upon the stretch,
 'Till stop'd by sov'reign grace;
 And then, alas! what is he then?
 A mourning, sighing, praying man,
 He feels so vile and base.
- 2 Lord, what is man? No man can say
 How far this wretch is gone astray,
 And never would return,
 Was not the Lord by mighty grace
 To stop him in his hell-bound race,
 In hell the wretch must burn.
3. Lord, what is man, unthinking man?
 Who eagerly pursues his plan,
 And thinks all will be right;
 Yet never one could find the way
 That leads to everlasting day,
 But find eternal night.

- 4 Lord, what is man, poor fallen man?
For whom Jehovah laid the plan,
That they should not be damn'd:
O blessed scheme! amazing grace!
'Tis Jesus standing in their place,
And holds them in his hand.
- 5 Lord? what is man? Do all he can,
The law his best deeds will condemn,
They will not hide his shame;
The man must go to Calv'ry's tree,
'Tis only there he can be free,
There is no other name.
- 6 Lord, what is man, what was he first,
When thou hadst form'd him from the dust?
A pure and happy creature,
With will and pow'r to stand out well
Against the pow'r and craft of hell,
And worship his Creator.
- 7 Lord, what is man? what has he done?
Why, spurn'd against the Almighty one,
So merited perdition;
For hell is now his just desert,
For Satan now has gain'd his heart,
Ah! this is his condition.
- 8 But long before this was the case,
The Lord had plan'd the scheme of grace,
And all is now completed;
God view'd man as a ruin'd creature,
But he had found a Mediator,
And hell is now defeated.
- 9 On Christ was laid my load of sin,
That I eternal life might win,
And that intirely free:
How did Christ pay this vast amount?
He took his peoples' whole account,
And nail'd it on the tree.

- 10 And who shall bring a second charge?
 The debt is paid, however large,
 The law has had its due;
 Then come poor trembling sinner, come,
 Redemption work's completely done,
 Completely done for you.
- 11 This was the way God had decreed
 That his own chosen should be freed
 From hell's infernal fetters;
 But what has man to do with this?
 'Tis all of God, the praise is his,
 And we eternal debtors.
- 12 Lord, when we come before thy face,
 We'll sing aloud of matchless grace,
 That sav'd us from the fall;
 And he who was ordain'd to bleed,
 That God's own chosen might be freed,
 We'll crown him Lord of all.

I am with thee, to save. Jeremiah xp. 20.

- 1 IF Jesus can save me, I must then be sav'd,
 'Tis what he has promis'd to do;
 He says he will never cast any away:
 To Jesus I willingly go.
- 2 He only can help me, I know and believe,
 'Tis Jesus, Jehovah, the Lamb,
 Who hung as a victim on Calvary's tree,
 To save such a poor wretched man.
- 3 I'll go to his throne, and I'll plead at his feet,
 To save me from self, sin, and hell;
 For this gracious purpose he hung on the cross;
 Sweet Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 And did not our Jesus know what he had done
 By dying on Calvary's tree?
 He knew that the debts of his people were paid,
 From law, sin, and hell, were now free.

- 5 Then what is there left for a sinner to do ?
 Why nothing but praise and adore,
 And give all the glory to sovereign grace,
 And Jesus expects nothing more.
- 6 Then praise him, poor sinner, for what he has done
 For such a poor sinner as you,
 In turning your face towards Canaan's sweet land,
 With promise to bring you safe through.
- 7 Hosanna to Jesus, for ever the same,
 Yesterday, and to-day, and for ever ;
 Who never will suffer one sheep to be lost,
 No never, no never, no never.

*The Lord will give grace and glory ; and no good thing
 will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.*

Psalm lxxiv. 11.

- 1 IF Jesus shine, then what care I
 If all the world beside look shy ?
 I then can sing that all is well,
 And brave the frowns and craft of hell.
- 2 But if he frown, how is it then ?
 Why, I'm a poor distressed man,
 Because I have no other hold ;
 'Tis Jesus' smiles that make me bold.
- 3 But I will glory in his name ;
 'Tis I that change, Christ is the same,
 Without one turning of the mind,
 For Jesus is for ever kind.
- 4 And though ten thousand foes engage,
 And hell itself be in a rage,
 Yet I can laugh at Satan's wiles,
 When I enjoy my Jesus' smiles.
- 5 Because 'tis written in the word,
 I won't forsake thee, saith the Lord ;
 His word did never, never fail,
 Nor shall my unbelief prevail.

- 6 Base as I am, my nature base,
A sharer in man's sad disgrace,
But yet 'tis written in the word,
That I will save him, saith the Lord.
- 7 'Tis written, 'tis the Bible story,
That Jesus gives both grace and glory,
And no good thing will he withhold
From those who are within his fold.
- 8 'Tis written,—hear what Christ doth say;
The righteous shall hold on his way,
And those that grace makes clean and white
Are always precious in his sight.
- 9 'Tis written, I will do them good,
I am their Saviour and their God,
My love is constant, sure, and free,
And will be to eternity.
- 10 'Tis written in God's precious word,
That they shall wait upon the Lord;
Their daily strength I will renew,
I'll hold them up, and bring them through.
- 11 And though God may suspend his grace,
And for a moment hide his face,
Yet he is faithful, and will keep
The most despised of his sheep.
- 12 For mountains may depart and flee,
And hills may tumble in the sea,
His promise will for ever stand,
He holds his people in his hand.

*Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries,
fornication, theft, false witness, slanders, &c.*

Matthew xv. 19.

- 1 **THE** heart of man, what is it like?
Some are afraid to tell;
But I am not, therefore I say
'Tis like a little bell.

- 2 We call that hell where Satan reigns
And acts his kingly part :
And where is that ? (if any ask,)
'Tis in the human heart.
- 3 But some will say I am too harsh,
'Tis not so bad with all ;
But 'tis a melancholy truth,
And has been since the fall.
- 4 Man's state is wretched and forlorn,
Made so by his own sin ;
The Lord has left the heart of man,
And Satan is got in.
- 5 He reigns the God of this vain world,
In ev'ry heart doth reign,
Until the Spirit drives him out,
With his infernal train.
- 6 'Till then, old Satan keeps his throne,
And over man controls,
'Till God the Holy Ghost descend,
And new create our souls.
- 7 Then am I wrong, to say man's heart
Is like a little hell ?
The place that bears that horrid name
Is where Satan doth dwell.
- 8 Read what the Lord himself hath said
Of this base heart of man ;
Read Matthew fifteen and nineteen,
Deny it if you can.
- 9 So Genesis the sixth and fifth,
Declares the humbling story ;
Proud man, see there thy picture drawn,
Yes, by the Lord of glory.
- 10 And all are ruin'd by the fall,
And just upon a level ;
God views the white-wash'd pharisee
As black as any devil.

- 11 But some are comely in his sight,
And how, may be denied;
God always view'd them pure and white:
For whom the Saviour died.
- 12 Though in themselves as black as hell,
'Tis Jesus wash'd them clean,
'Tis in the righteousness of Christ
Their comeliness is seen.
- 13 This is the dress ordain'd for them
Before the world begun;
And he who wrought it out for them
Is God's co-equal Son.
- 14 There's some will say, Christ died for all,
But none can prove it true;
But if you feel your own plague sore,
I say he died for you.
- 15 Grace does not take our sins away,
But makes us feel our sore;
We mourn how base our nature is,
And we would sin no more.
- 16 Though Jesus drives old Satan out,
He leaves his imps within;
As soon as Jesus hides his face
We're plagued again with sin.
- 17 Who would have thought in Peter's heart:
That Satan still lay there?
But Peter's vow was hardly cold
Ere he could curse and swear.
- 18 Ah! where was Peter's holiness?
Why Judas was as good;
Yet one was sav'd, the other lost:
Salvation is of God.
- 19 For in my view their crimes appear
Exactly on a level;
Then nothing but the grace of God
Sav'd Peter from the devil.

- 10 For God had chosen Peter out
 Before poor Peter fell ;
 His name stood in the book of sons,
 He could not go to Hell.
 11 But Judas' name was never there,
 He never sought for grace,
 So Judas fill'd his cup brim full,
 Then went to his own place.
 12 Then if salvation be not free,
 Pray how comes it about
 That Jesus reigns in any heart,
 And drives old Satan out ?
 13 'Tis only in the heart of those
 He purchas'd with his blood ;
 Therefore he claims them as his own,
 They are the gift of God.
 14 And ev'ry one of those shall feel
 The pow'r of sov'reign grace,
 And that will make them long to see
 Their dear Redeemer's face.
 15 'Tis nothing that poor creatures do,
 Not in the least degree ;
 'Tis all of grace from first to last,
 And that intirely free.
 16 But here alas ! proud natures rise,
 Yes, Jesus finds opposers ;
 For Satan lay within the heart,
 Nay in the heart of Moses.
 17 Must I bring water from the rock ?
 Ah ! whence came this great I ?
 This was from nature, not from grace,
 Whoever may deny.
 18 'Tis grace that keeps the old man down,
 And curbs the pow'r of sin :
 Although the new man lives and reigns,
 The old man dwells within.

shall set his sheep on his right hand, and the goats on the left. Matthew xrv. 33.

- 1 **THE** day is coming, O my soul,
Read Matthew twenty-five,
When all the dead shall live again,
Shall all be made alive.
- 2 Where shall the chosen sheep be found ?
At God's right hand they'll stand,
With crowns of glory on their heads
And palms within their hands.
- 3 Who are these highly favour'd ones,
Called Jehovah's sheep ?
The chosen and belov'd of God,
Whom Christ engag'd to keep.
- 4 Christ purchas'd them with his own blood
O what a price was this,
That Jesus paid the Father down
For all the heirs of bliss.
- 5 Before all worlds were singled out
The people of his choice :
Salvation is on such a plan,
Poor sinners may rejoice.
- 6 'Tis all of grace from first to last,
And not of works at all ;
Though we had run in debt immense,
Our Surety paid it all.
- 7 Curs'd be the wretch that dare impose
Conditions on free grace ;
They are the goats, and never will
Behold the Saviour's face,
- 8 Unless it be upon his throne,
On that tremendous day
When Christ will take his sheep all
And cast the goats away.

*I cried unto the Lord in my distress, and he heard me,
Psalm cxx. 1.*

- 1 I Cried unto my God in deep distress ;
The Lord he heard my voice and sent redress :
I'll try again ; Lord Jesus hear my cry ;
But if thou mark iniquity, I die.
- 2 Lord Jesus, heal my burden'd soul of sin,
And cleanse that foulness, loathsomeness within :
Thy blood will make the Ethiopian white,
Thy grace will set the wand'ring sinner right.
- 3 What though I am the basest of the base,
I'm not too bad nor filthy for thy grace ;
I am a sinner, Lord, I own the charge ;
Thou died for such, then set my soul at large.
- 4 I have the plea to make Manassa had,
And Mary Magdalene, who was as bad,
And millions more in just as bad condition,
But God has heard and sav'd them from perdition.
- 5 And must I perish then ? It cannot be,
Since Christ's salvation is so rich and free ;
Of all poor sinners I own myself the chief,
I must be sav'd as freely as the thief.
- 6 Then save, Lord, save ! the plea I have to make
It cannot fail, for 'tis for Jesus' sake,
Who died the Just, for poor condemned man,
And finished Jehovah's ancient plan.
- 7 Lord, at thy feet I lie ; O hear my pray'r,
And send me not away in sad despair,
But whisper in my soul sweet words of peace,
And give me faith, and make that faith increase.
- 8 Thou sinner-saving God, thou blessed Friend,
Whose love has no beginning and no end,
Thy love was prov'd on Calv'ry's bloody tree,
O satisfy my soul thou died for me.

- 9 Then I'll defy the pow'rs and craft of hell,
 I'll say my Jesus has done all things well;
 I'll tell the world I long to see his face
 Who sav'd a wretch from hell by his rich grace
- 10 Ah! Lord, I'll spread thy precious name
 And tell the world the merits of the Lord:
 But if thou hide thy face, thou fairest One
 Then, O my Jesus, I must then be dumb.

On this rock I will build my church. Matthew x

- 1 THE man that's built upon the Rock,
 Though tempests rage and winds may
 That man shall stand, though hell combin
 And plot and plan his overthrow.
- 2 And why? Because he's on a Rock,
 And God himself has plac'd him there
 Were hell let loose upon that man,
 He's on a Rock, and need not fear.
- 3 While others sink and fall away
 That only built upon the sand,
 Still God's own people stand secure,
 Jehovah holds them in his hand.
- 4 The winds may blow, and waves may run,
 Although they may run mountains high
 Redeemed souls were always safe,
 Watch'd by the great Jehovah's eye.
- 5 How blessed are his people then,
 The objects of his special grace!
 A few more seas and stormy winds,
 And they shall see his lovely face.

Without me ye can do nothing. John xv. 5

- 1 O Could I but believe
 The record God has giv'n,
 Then I should catch a taste below
 Of what's enjoy'd in heav'n.

- 2 How sweet such moments are ;
 But ah ! how short they stay ;
 Base unbelief creeps in again,
 And steals these joys away.
- 3 Lord, why is this the case ?
 Why can't I live on thee ?
 Why can't I trust the word of God,
 That points direct to me.
- 4 Why can't I always sing ?
 Why can't I always pray ?
 Why can't I take my doubts and fears
 And throw them all away ?
- 5 Why can't I make a world ?
 Why can't I calm the sea ?
 As soon do that as do one act
 That is from sin quite free.
- 6 I can do nothing, Lord,
 Without thy helping hand ;
 I cannot conquer sin, nor self,
 I cannot walk or stand.
- 7 Without thy special grace
 I can't believe at all ;
 But, Lord, thou know'st I would believe,
 And that is grace, though small.
- 8 And can the Lord delight
 In such a worm as me ?
 Alas ! how wonderful this love,
 How wonderfully free.
- 9 That God should pleasure take
 In base ungrateful man ;
 The angels well might wonder here,
 At this amazing plan.
- 10 And will he leave the soul
 In whom he takes delight ?
 No, Jesus' love is just the same
 When thou art dark as night.

- 11 The new man trusts in God,
 When all his comfort's gone,
 Not in his comforts, but his God,
 He rests his hopes upon.
- 12 The man that trusts himself,
 Himself he cannot know ;
 The new man can't be satisfied
 By outward empty shew.
- 13 The presence of his God
 Can only give him peace ;
 Just as the Lord bestows him faith,
 Just so his joys increase.
- 14 But when his faith is down,
 And nature takes the chair,
 Ah ! where's the man in such a case ?
 Next door unto despair.
- 15 But when his Jesus smiles,
 Then all is right again ;
 He sees the old man bound in chains,
 And plague and vex in vain.
- 16 For victory is sure,
 Since Jesus won the day ;
 And never did our Jesus turn
 A begging soul away.
- 17 O come ye beggars then,
 Who feel your wretched case,
 You cannot be so very poor
 As Christ is rich in grace.
- 18 There is enough in him,
 Yes plenty and to spare,
 To save in depths of poverty,
 And almost in despair.

What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Matthew xvi. 26.

- 1 **WHAT** would it profit thee, my soul,
To gain this world, that empty bubble?
Ah! could you gain ten thousand worlds,
They'd be ten thousand worlds of trouble.
- 2 **What** would it profit thee, my soul,
If all were thine from pole to pole?
Alas! what trifles would these be!
In competition with the soul.
- 3 **What** would it profit thee, my soul,
Could you be master of the world?
Since all will soon be burnt with fire,
Its lovers into hell be turn'd.
- 4 **What** would it profit thee, my soul,
Could you be call'd the richest man?
How many rich are wretched poor?
How many rich God will condemn!
- 5 **What** would it profit thee, my soul,
If you could climb unto a throne?
The day will come when monarchs die,
And death will make a monarch groan.
- 6 **What** would it profit thee, my soul,
To be by man accounted wise?
Ah! what a fool will that man be,
Who knows not Jesus when he dies.
- 7 **What** would it profit thee, my soul,
To live to three score years and ten?
How many live to four score years,
Yet die poor unbelievers then.
- 8 **What** would it profit thee, my soul,
To be adorn'd in costly dress,
And yet a stranger to that robe,
The Lord Jehovah's righteousness.

- 9 What would it profit thee, my soul,
To have the riches of the globe?
Without an interest in Christ
Thou art a poorer man than Job.
- 10 What would it profit thee, my soul,
If all the world should on thee smile,
And should you have a spaceous lamp,
Without one single drop of oil?
- 11 What would it profit thee, my soul,
To be by christians much esteem'd,
Unless God gives thee faith to know
That thou by blood hast been redeem'd
- 12 What would it profit thee, my soul,
To be caress'd by pharisees?
Since they are such Jehovah hates,
Then why should I attempt to please!
- 13 What would it profit thee, my soul,
If man's esteem you could obtain?
'Tis better far, ten thousand times,
To know that you are born again.
- 14 What would it profit thee, my soul,
To entertain a fav'rite creed,
If I remain at Sinai still,
And never was from bondage freed
- 15 What would it profit thee, my soul,
If I could boast of pow'r and will?
There's thousands such professors more
Where they were born they are th
- 16 What would it profit thee, my soul,
Had I abilities to preach?
It all would be an useless sound
If God the Spirit did not teach.
- 17 What does it profit thee, my soul,
To go and hear such preachers t
Why these that preach a precious C
There is but here and there a n

- 18 What would it profit thee, my soul,
 If you should always stay away?
 You'd better go where others go;
 That God may bless them do you pray.

Christmas Morning.

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government is upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Isa. ix. 6. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord; which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty. Revelation i. 8.

- 1 **ALL** hail! this bless'd propitious morn!
 My state is not forlorn;
 For eighteen hundred years ago
 My Surety Christ was born.
- 2 Behold the Babe of Bethlehem,
 That much neglected Stranger,
 God over all, for ever bless'd,
 Behold him in a manger.
- 3 Come then my soul, exult and sing
 Of this Almighty One;
 For he who laid on Mary's lap
 Was God's co-equal Son.
- 4 Down from the shining worlds of bliss
 The great Redeemer came,
 To ransom sinners from the pit;
 For Jesus was his name.
- 5 Eternal honours to the Lamb,
 Who reigns above the sky,
 That Babe once born at Bethlehem,
 At Calvary did die.
- 6 Fall down ye monarchs at his feet,
 Ye princes bow before him,

- All christians worship God the Lamb,
 All angels too adore him.
- 7 Good is the Lord to wretched man,
 Who stoop'd to take our nature;
 That God who lay in Mary's arms,
 He was the world's Creator.
- 8 Hosanna to the Prince of Peace,
 For his good will to men;
 Who took man's nature, sin, and curse;
 This was Jehovah's plan.
- 9 In all thy ways acknowledge him
 Jehovah, Lord of all,
 Who laid the scheme to ransom man
 Before his awful fall.
- 10 Jehovah view'd his own elect,
 And chose them in his Son;
 From Bethl'hem go to Calvary,
 And there the deed was done.
- 11 Kingdoms and worlds they are his own,
 For Jesus made them all;
 Hell trembles at his mighty pow'r,
 And hosts before him fall.
- 12 Look then, my soul, to this thy Friend,
 Who prov'd his love for thee;
 Ah! can you doubt the love of him
 Who bled to set thee free?
- 13 My soul, look up; thy Jesus reigns
 On yonder throne of glory;
 He hears poor sinners' sighs and groans;
 Go tell this pleasing story.
- 14 No more shall sin or Satan reign;
 The pow'r of hell's defeated;
 By him who lay in Mary's womb
 Salvation was completed.
- 15 O could I climb to distant worlds,
 And reach that world of bliss,

- I would not stay in this sad state,
In such a world as this.
- 16 Fall down the pow'rs of earth or hell,
That dare oppose the Lamb;
The Child once born, the Son once giv'n,
The God, the great I AM.
- 17 Quit then for ever all your trust
In all inferior things,
And trust thy soul, thy all with him,
The Lord, the King of kings.
- 18 Rejoice, ye ransom'd souls, rejoice,
Do not forget to-day
In David's city Christ was born,
Our wretched debt to pay.
- 19 Salvation was the ancient plan,
Before the world begun;
'Twas then God's equal Son agreed
To be the virgin's Son.
- 20 'Twas God Jehovah laid the plan,
'Twas God the Son completed;
By very God and very Man
Hell's nonplus'd and defeated.
- 21 United be my soul to him,
The ransom'd sinner's head,
Who once was hung upon the tree,
And dwelt amongst the dead.
- 22 Vain are the hopes man entertains
'Till he is born by grace';
'Tis only those who're born again
Will ever see his face.
- 23 Worthy is he who once was slain,
Of angels' adoration;
The sinner that is born of God
Is fill'd with admiration.
- 24 'Xmas then, my soul, thy state,
As ruin'd by the fall,

Since those whom Jesus died to save
Shall crown him Lord of all.

25 Your harps down from the willows take,
Rejoice, exult, and sing;
The sinner's Ransomer will come,
He'll come as Zion's King.

26 Zion rejoice, the work is done;
A few more rolling years,
And Christ will take his ransom'd home,
And wipe away their tears.

Christmas Morning, 1816.

- 1 **COME** sinners, hail with me this blessed morn,
Because this day our dearest Friend was born,
To rescue us from danger:
Propitious day for poor lost ruin'd man,
The incarnate God was born at Bethlehem,
Behold him in a manger.
- 2 Born to complete Jehovah's ancient plan,
Go see on Mary's lap the blessed Lamb,
The sinner's Mediator,
The great Jehovah wrap'd in flesh and blood,
Who was the very Man, the very God,
The very world's Creator.
- 3 And why, my soul, was Jesus born to-day?
To take the sins of God's elect away,
And set poor captives free;
God had agreed before the world begun,
To lay poor sinners' help on God the Son,
To die upon the tree.
- 4 The time was fix'd before the birth of day,
That Christ should come redemption's price to pay,
And give the law its due;
The curses man deserv'd he bore them all,
And pledg'd to die for man before the fall,
Jehovah's chosen few,

- 5 Hosanna to this glorious Prince of Peace,
 Lord make my faith and love to have increase,
 Thy love, so rich and free :
 Redemption work may well make angels wonder,
 For Christ was born to still mount Sinai's thunder,
 And settle God's decree.
- 6 In David's city, Messiah there was born ;
 Mount Zion's King was subject there to scorn,
 And lodg'd within a stable ;
 On Mary's knee the Lord of glory lay,
 To Bethlehem, poor sinner, ask thy way ;
 To save thee he is able.
- 7 The life and death of Christ redemption cost ;
 Poor sinner, Christ was born to save the lost,
 The helpless, and the poor ;
 All this was plan'd by the eternal Three,
 One God in essence from eternity,
 The God whom we adore.
- 8 The shepherds were directed to an inn,
 The Babe born there the Godhead dwelt in him,
 Let scoffers laugh and jeer ;
 Born to fulfil what God had fore-appointed,
 This was the Christ Jehovah had anointed,
 His chosen to set clear.
- 9 With special joy let's keep our Christmas day,
 Since Christ was born our wretched debt to pay,
 Such bankrupts by the fall ;
 He paid this debt upon a bloody tree ;
 Go man, from Bethlehem to Calvary,
 And crown him Lord of All !
- 10 His name is Wonderful, the Mighty God, ;
 The Everlasting Father : fear his rod
 Ye bold blaspheming tribe ;
 Through strong delusions you believe a lye ;
 Though you may dare his godhead to deny,
 'Twas not for you he died.

- 11 No, he was born to save Jehovah's choice;
 Well might the shepherds at his birth rejoice,
 They knew for what he came,
 To finish that great work he undertook,
 To save each soul that's written in the book,
 He knows them all by name.
- 12 For what did Jesus die, but to redeem?
 This was Jehovah's own eternal scheme,
 To save the chosen race:
 I'll trust my all with him who died for me,
 And carry all my guilt to Calvary,
 And triumph in his grace.
- 13 Sweet Babe of Bethlehem, I hail thy birth;
 There's none but saved sinners know thy worth
 Thou art the King of glory;
 From Mary's womb thou trav'ledst to the tree,
 And there didst pay the mighty debt for me,
 O what a blessed story.
- 14 Shall I be dumb to celebrate thy name?
 No, I would spread from pole to pole thy fame
 And tell to all around,
 It was poor Mary's Son, that Nazarene,
 Who once was born his people to redeem,
 This is the joyful sound.
- 15 Then go ye heralds, preach his precious name,
 Altho' ten thousand say you are to blame,
 Regard not what they say;
 In man's redemption Christ is all in all,
 And those who stood in him before the fall
 Will stand in that great day:
- 16 O may I stand amongst that blessed throng,
 To sing that sweet, that everlasting song,
 Redemption full and free!
 Methinks I'll raise the highest notes of all,
 To him who lov'd me when in Adam's fall,
 Jesus, that loved me.

New Year's Morning, 1817.

- 1 **ANOTHER** year has run its rapid round,
And I a sinner still on praying ground ;
Still hoping, looking to the throne of grace,
And sometimes wish the wheels to mend their pace.
- 2 Farewell old year, with all its troubles gone ;
Gòd make the next a more propitious one ;
Hail new year's morn, the new year's day appear ;
Lord, guide, and guard, and bless me thro' this year.
- 3 If tribulation's path I have to tread,
My God has promis'd water, yes, and bread ;
If fortune frown, let but my Jesus smile,
And I'll not covet corn, nor wine, nor oil.
- 4 How many years the Lord has been my stay,
How many times he's help'd me by the way,
How many times when overwhelm'd with grief,
The Lord has stepped in for my relief.
- 5 Look back, my soul, the Lord has been thy friend,
He's brought the last year's troubles to an end ;
Then what's to come, Lord give me strength to bear,
And at thy feet to cast my ev'ry care.
- 6 And as I live to hail this new year's day,
O bless my soul by teaching me to pray,
O teach my soul what God for me has done
Before the birth of time in God the Son.
- 7 Before that rising sun begun its blaze,
The angelic host was fill'd with vast amaze,
The seals were broke, that secret so profound
Was echo'd, for a Ransomer is found.
- 8 Before the birth of time God laid his plan,
That God incarnate should redeem lost man ;
To God his own elect were ever dear,
With this sweet theme begin this new-born year.
- 9 Altho' man's life is but a life of trouble,
And he who gains the most gains but a bubble,

- Made up of hours, and days, and months, and year
 Man's life is little else but groans and tears.
- 10 Suppose it reach to three score years and ten,
 How soon we finish such a little span,
 The time ordain'd, the appointed time of death,
 Beyond it none can draw a single breath.
- 11 And yet I live, and shall I ask for why?
 'Till God permit a sparrow cannot die;
 I live in him who once was crucified,
 And live I shall, because my Surety died.
- 12 Then hail this new-born year that's just begun,
 I care not much how fast thy minutes run;
 May each succeeding day throughout this year
 Make Christ as my Inheritance more dear.
- 13 'Then as my days roll round, and weeks pass by,
 O may I feel a God of promise nigh,
 That as my burden so my strength may be,
 Persuaded Jesus liv'd and died for me.
- 14 Lord, grant that light divine may shine more clear
 That this may be a blessed happy year,
 For many days last year I had no sun,
 Lord shine more constant through this now begun.
- 15 How many days I pass'd in doubts and fears,
 How many times I've found relief by tears,
 How many times bow'd down with anxious care,
 How many times I mop'd in sad despair.
- 16 How many times I thought all things were wrong
 Like those in Babylon I had no song,
 My harp upon the willows often hung,
 Then I for God had neither heart nor tongue.
- 17 Sometimes I found the world a cruel snare,
 Its smiles, alas! did but increase my care;
 Poor fickle world, thou canst afford no pleasure,
 Go fickle world, thou art a fickle treasure.
- 18 Good bye old year, thou art for ever gone,
 I now anticipate a better one;

- Lord, grant some token on this new year's day,
 And take my wherefores, ifs, and buts, away,
 19 And let me know that Jesus is my Portion,
 And lead me safe towards the land of Goshen,
 That promis'd land, 'tis there I long to be,
 And hail my everlasting day of jubilee.
 20 'Till then, O Jesus, keep me day by day,
 To trust my all with thee, my hope, my way;
 The world may frown or smile if thou art near,
 O smile on my poor soul throughout this year.
 21 And when my days, and weeks, and months are o'er,
 And I shall hail a new year's day no more,
 But bid farewell to all terrestrial joys,
 And take my place in everlasting joys.
 22 With views like these may I march on my way,
 For all is safe, for Christ has won the day,
 The work he has begun he will complete,
 They must be safe whom God engage to keep.
 23 Then should the wheels of time go faster still,
 To stop one wheel, alas! I have no will;
 Run round ye wheels with a redoubled pace,
 And bring me where the song is all of grace.
 24 For many years the Lord has held my hand,
 Another year's begun, and yet I stand,
 And stand I shall, in spite of sin and hell,
 Since God incarnate has done all things well.
 25 The work Christ undertook himself completed,
 The pow'rs of hell are nonplus'd and defeated;
 To him who liv'd, and died, and lives for me,
 Be glory given thro' eternity.

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. Hebrews 'iii. 5.

I GOD never will forsake
 The weakest bruised reed;
 The smallest effort faith can make
 Is certain to succeed.

- 2 The smallest grain of faith
Comes from the fountain head;
There can't be faith within the soul
That is both blind and dead.
- 3 Then if I see at all,
'Tis God that makes me see,
Since all the efforts nature makes
Can never set me free.
- 4 No, 'Tis almighty grace,
There's nothing else will do
To save my soul from death and hell,
And bring me safely through.
- 5 Jehovah has engag'd
To conquer ev'ry foe
That may assault his chosen sheep,
Because he made them so.
- 6 Then hide thyself, free-will,
And boast thy pow'r no more;
When Jesus seeks his people out,
They lie at hell's dark door.
- 7 And there they'd ever lie,
Insensible as steel;
'Till light break in upon the soul,
The dead can never feel.
- 8 Then let me ask my soul,
What has God done for me?
Ten thousand storms from sin and hell
The Lord has set me free.
- 9 I struggled hard in sin,
And lov'd my bondage well;
Had not Jehovah lov'd my soul,
I'd sin'd and sin'd to hell.
- 10 By nature still as bad,
I'm prone to ev'ry ill,
I'm but a lump of wretchedness,
A helpless sinner still.

- 11 But shout, my soul, for joy,
 Hear what thy God doth say,
 His chosen ones he'll ne'er forsake,
 Nor cast their souls away.
 12 And had my soul been left
 To perish in my sin,
 I never should have felt this war,
 Such wretchedness within.
 13 Though sin distress my soul,
 It would not be the case,
 For sin is no distress at all
 'Till made alive by grace.
 14 'Tis God the Father draws,
 Then will the sinner run;
 And none but those will ever find
 The way to God the Son.
 15 Though hell may try its craft,
 The world, the flesh, and sin,
 Yet God will keep alive that spark
 That grace has put within.
 16 Though plagued from day to day,
 And often overcome,
 Yet life, eternal life, is safe,
 By gift in God the Son.
 17 This is my anchor hold
 When storms and billows roll;
 And I, like Peter, often sink,
 Yet God upholds my soul.
 18 He never will forsake,
 His word declares the same;
 Jehovah, Lord, my righteousness,
 I'll glory in his name.
 19 Though sin and hell may rage,
 And all the world assail,
 Since God is faithful to his word,
 His promise cannot fail.

20 I'll hang upon his word,
 I'll trust his faithfulness,
 Since Jesus is my only hope,
 The Lord my righteousness.

The following Verses were principally written at the side of my much beloved Daughter Anna, who in for twelve months a most painful and excruciating complaint, an abscess in her throat: I watched her most night and day, from the 3rd of May, 1811; every day I concluded would be her last; she struggled hard for breath, and appeared each day and each to be upon the wing for the eternal world, long wishing for the messenger to come, with these words upon her lips, "Make haste to help me, O God,—no longer tarrying,—come, Lord Jesus, come quick and while I sit, with my heart overcharged and to burst, I mentally exclaimed,

- 1 CAN this be my dear Anna groaning here?
 What! is Jehovah angry, or severe?
 Can he be gracious still?
 What! must my lov'd, my much lov'd daughter
 Dare I presume to ask the reason why?
 No, 'tis Jehovah's will.
- 2 And shall I murmur? dare I once complain,
 And think my pray'rs for Anna all in vain?
 Be gone a thought so base!
 I know the Lord has heard my mournful cry,
 And tho' I see my poor dear child must die,
 I know she's sav'd by grace.
- 3 Ah! though she struggles hard for ev'ry breath,
 Her hope is fixt on him who conquer'd death,
 She'll die to live for ever;
 A few more combats with the prince of hell,
 And she will spread her wings, and bid farewell
 And sigh no more, no never.

u monster sin, what hast thou done for man?
ught death into the world, O hellish plan,

To ruin all our race :

rice, my soul, thy glorious work is done,
ansomer is found, God's equal Son,

Who took the sinner's place.

there a trophy of Jehovah's pow'r,
can support, yes, in a dying hour,

And ease the dying bed,
though old nature shrink and is afraid,
need not fear grim death whose debts are paid

By Christ the living head.

e, O my soul, be glad, rejoice, and sing,
there a ransom'd soul just on the wing

To leave all cares behind ;

shall I mourn ? Affections must have vent,
as my God the messenger has sent,

Lord, let me be resign'd.

am I sure and certain all is well,
my dear Anna's soul's redeem'd from hell ?

Yes, verily I am ;

re never was a soul but was a winner
cried to God a poor self-emptied sinner,

And trusted Christ the Lamb.

: Anna feels the ruin of the fall,
s often drank the wormwood and the gall

Of sin's plague sore within ;

knows herself quite helpless and undone,
all her hopes are fixt on God the Son,

Who wash'd away her sin.

knows she is a sinner sav'd by grace ;
w she longs to see her Jesus' face,

For death has lost its sting ;

ften wishes, Come, Lord Jesus, come,
g to reach my everlasting home,

Redemption's song to sing.

- 10 But who, alas! can tell what 'tis to die?
 See there my poor dear Anna struggling lie,
 Whose groanings pierce my heart;
 Her soul seems fluttering to get away,
 The poor clay tabernacle still craves its stay,
 And both seem loath to part.
- 11 Could infidels behold a sight like this,
 Ah! could they mock at everlasting bliss,
 And brave the dying bed?
 No, let them come and see the christian die,
 And they'll turn pale; I know the reason why;
 They tremble at the dead.
- 12 Tho' they may be too proud to seek relief
 And trust to him who sav'd the dying thief,
 This is the pride of man;
 But when the Lord convinces man of sin,
 And make him feel his rottenness within,
 He'll then adore the Lamb.
- 13 O had not Jesus died and conquer'd hell,
 The consequence of sin no tongue can tell,
 The world had been undone;
 But O that scheme that God the Father plan'd,
 That God's own people might not be condemn'd,
 He sent his only Son;
- 14 And what to do? To save my daughter there,
 A doubt of that would sink me in despair,
 But ah! I know he did;
 For whom did Jesus die upon the tree?
 For such as poor dear Anna, and for me,
 He dwelt amongst the dead.
- 15 And now he lives and reigns for evermore,
 He brings poor ransom'd sinners to his door,
 Not one shall knock in vain;
 'Twas Christ that brought my poor dear Anna there
 And Christ has heard her sighs, and groans, and pray
 Her suit she must obtain.

I can my Anna be a castaway,
whom I have been led so oft to pray?

And she has pray'd for me;
what has been our plea? Atoning blood,
is a plea that must prevail with God,
It is his own decree.

must be well, for God is on her side;
must be well for whom the Saviour died,

And paid the price of blood;
price he paid for Anna and for me,
vast amount he settled on the tree,

As the elect of God.

Anna knows salvation's all of Grace,
sees God's love mark'd out in Jesus' face,

Her blessed Mediator;
knows it all arises from God's choice,
love divine that makes her soul rejoice,

From God her great Creator.
e morning light appears; 'tis Sabbath day;
w that poor dear longs to fly away,

And leave this world behind;
inful sight! 'Twould make a stoic feel,
uld soften down the very heart of steel;

O could I feel resign'd.
i thousand times I've pray'd the Lord to spare:
k, I weep, I sink in sad despair,

Where shall I hide my head?
now alas! I cannot help but pray
God would take her ransom'd soul away,

I long to see her dead.
uel thought! and can I be sincere,
ish my Anna dead, I held so dear?

O yes, I'll tell you why;
al life is hers, this thought I cherish,
t has declar'd that none of his shall perish,

She'll sleep, but never die,

- 22 Why tarry, Lord? thy wheels send quickly down
 Poor Anna longs to wear her blood-bought crown
 Then lay it at thy feet;
 O loose the silver cord, and cut the thread,
 And we will lay her clay amongst the dead,
 And say, She's gone to sleep.
- 23 Who can but envy one in such a state?
 God's love for her is infinitely great,
 As one of his own choice;
 And when my turn is come to join the throng,
 We both shall shout in one eternal song,
 And both alike rejoice.
- 24 The clock strikes one, poor Anna's struggling;
 She's longing to be gone, yet waits his will
 Who holds her in his arm;
 How good the Lord to reconcile her mind,
 The Lord to her is infinitely kind,
 And death can do no harm.
- 25 Past five o'clock on Monday afternoon,
 The heav'nly convoy will come very soon,
 And Anna quit her prison;
 Anticipated messenger, make haste;
 Poor dear, she wants to reach that blessed place
 Where Christ her Lord is ris'n.
- 26 O how she pants and struggles for release;
 As she grows weaker, make her faith increase,
 Make Satan skulk away;
 Lord, if she have to stay another night,
 O give her faith to see all things are right,
 And turn her night to day.
- 27 Monday night's gone! O what a dreadful night;
 The hardest heart must yield at such a sight,
 To view that dying bed,
 To hear such groans, with, Come, Lord Jesus, on
 O finish, Lord, the work thou hast begun,
 Support my drooping head.

- 28 Another tedious and sad night is past,
 The day comes on, the sun is rising fast,
 And here's my Anna still;
 But O the joy that's pictur'd in her face,
 She longs to feel her Saviour's sweet embrace,
 She soon shall have her will.
- 29 O come, Lord Jesus, make no longer stay,
 Come, fetch my blood-bought, ransom'd soul away,
 I want to be with thee:
 Farewell, dear father, with joy I say Good bye;
 O bless my God, I'm not afraid to die,
 I'm longing to be free.
- 30 O would the Lord say, Anna, come up hither,
 Where you and I shall shout our songs together,
 O how I long to die;
 I want to leave this wretched world of woe,
 O come, sweet messenger, and bid me go,
 O Jesus, hear my cry.
- 31 And must we part? Well, 'tis but for a time;
 Methinks my soul would on mount Pisgah climb,
 And view the track she'll go;
 But ah! she'll fly beyond the upper skies,
 And meet her precious Jesus with surprise,
 While I must mourn below.
- 32 Another restless day's for ever gone,
 How it doth pierce my heart to hear her groan,
 We echo sigh for sigh:
 And shall I nothing learn by this sad scene?
 Yes, here I find Christ's blood makes sinners clean:
 Come here and learn to die.
- 33 Methinks the heav'nly guards stand round the bed;
 As soon as we poor mortals call her dead,
 She'll mount above the skies,
 Far, far above these perishable things,
 And with extatic joy spread out her wings:
 O what a sweet surprise.

34 And is it thus with those whom Christ doth love
 Who would not wish to die to live above,
 Or rather, fall asleep?
 He that believes in Christ shall never die,
 'Thus saith the Lord. Who dare this truth deny?
 Thus blessed are his sheep,

35 O sure, dear father, I cannot be mistaken;
 Who ever trusted God and was mistaken?
 The Lord has heard my cry;
 I know my God has heard your pray'rs for me;
 Pray on, dear father, cease not to pray; you see
 I soon shall say, Good bye.

36 O see that poor dear helpless creature lay,
 A lump of helpless, almost lifeless clay,
 The tenant is not gone;
 Death seems to hover round about the door,
 The soul just on the wing for the eternal shore,
 Where there's no setting sun.

37 O this has been indeed a day of sorrow,
 Lord Jesus send relief before to-morrow,
 I think my heart must burst:
 My poor dear wife worn out, and gone to bed;
 I often look'd, and thought my Anna dead;
 Give up, I thought I must.

38 O tedious night! poor dear, she's groaning still
 I almost murmur'd at my Father's will;
 I could not praise nor pray,
 I felt my heart like adamant stone,
 The most that I could do was sigh and groan,
 Quite longing for the day.

39 Upon a thorny hedge I could have slept;
 Sometimes I felt more humble, then I wept;
 Sometimes how sweet are tears!
 Some times I sunk, almost in sad despair;
 Sometimes I found relief, and that by pray'r;
 Sometimes bow'd down with fears.

- 10 The clock strikes twelve, a new-born day's begun,
 To me it seems to be a dreaded one,
 And yet I wish for day;
 How slow the wheels of time appear to go,
 Because my heart is overcharg'd with woe,
 Wrap'd up in sad dismay.
- 11 And shall I always groan and sigh? Not so,
 Where Anna's heart is fixt, I long to go,
 And crown Christ Lord of all.
 The golden harp is ready strung for me,
 And when from hell, and death, and sin, set free,
 I'll play as loud as Paul.
- 12 But what's my Lord's design in all this trouble?
 That I might count this world an empty bubble,
 And hope for better things:
 The Lord has made me feelingly to know
 That tribulation is my lot below,
 Above shall reign with kings.
- 3 Then though my Lord take this my gourd away,
 I shall adore his name another day
 For what I now complain;
 'Tis not by chance, but all by weight and measure,
 All is to answer Jehovah's will and pleasure,
 No cross shall be in vain.
- 4 And can I hope to reach that blessed place?
 Lord, if I do, it must be all of grace;
 Who can deserve thy favour?
 Christ paid redemption's price upon the tree,
 And there I trust the debt was paid for me,
 There Jesus died, my Saviour.
- 5 O had I wings, I'd fly and take a peep,
 And listen to the triumphs of the sheep,
 Who sing around the throne:
 But ah! my wings are lead, I cannot fly,
 My Anna soon will mount above the sky,
 And leave me here to groan.

- 46 Another day is gone, and night shuts in ;
 O what a struggling, trying day, it's been,
 To her I dearly love ;
 Lord Jesus, come, and set the captive free,
 O take the soul thou paid for on the tree,
 And land her safe above.
- 47 Why do thy chariot wheels go round so slow ?
 Why must a ransom'd soul stay here below,
 That longs to see thy face ?
 O loose the cord, and ease that throbbing heart,
 That from this world is longing to depart
 And shout triumphant grace.
- 48 But after this I felt what words can't tell,
 I thought my poor dear Anna almost well,
 She look'd and smil'd again ;
 How transient were my joys ! how soon they fled
 Just after this I mourn'd my Anna dead ;
 I felt both joy and pain.
- 49 The twenty-eighth of June, that blessed day,
 My Anna spread her wings and fled away
 To heav'n, where Jesus reigns ;
 She's left behind this world of sin and woe,
 She's baffled hell, and sin, and ev'ry foe,
 Through Christ, the Lamb once slain.
- 50 The heav'nly convoy came to take their charge..
 And land her safe on Canaan's shore at large,
 To join the ransom'd throng ;
 What now is Anna's song ? Methinks I hear ;
 No sorrows now, no pains, no doubts, no fear,
 For Christ is all her song.
- 51 O how I long to join my notes of praise ;
 I sometimes think the highest I would raise,
 To him who died for me :
 O what amazing price my ransom cost ;
 God's Fellow died that I might not be lost,
 All absolutely free.

hail, bless'd Anna, thou hast won the day,
 ighty grace has brought thee through the way,

And made thee more than winner ;
 ould I see with unbecclouded eyes
 t thou enjoy'st with Christ beyond the skies,

Thou happy saved sinner.
 t I must stay a little longer here,
 etimes in hopes, sometimes bow'd down with fear,

Sometimes a happy man ;
 n Jesus smiles I then can bear a frown,
 ow there's none can rob me of my crown,

Made mine through Christ the Lamb,
 t while I'm here I'll try and lisp a strain,
 ow none ever trusted Christ in vain,

No never, never one ;
 wait, and hope, and look, a few days more ;
 on shall reach that blessed golden shore,

Adoring God the Son.
 had I seraph's wings, I'd mount on high,
 race my Anna thro' th' ethereal sky,

And say to all, Adieu !
 ah ! I have no wings, I cannot fly,
 etimes alas ! I seem afraid to die :

Sad world, I've had enough of you.
 blessed Anna, could I reach the place
 ere thou art shouting endless songs of grace,

While I am mourning still !
 elp me, Lord, to hope, and wait, and look,
 ow my name stands written in the book,

It is my Father's will.
 d he who sav'd my Anna, will save me,
 Jesus died for both upon the tree,

And paid our price in blood ;
 was poor Anna's glory here below,
 this is all her father's wish to know,
 And give the praise to God.

- My Times are in his Hands. Psalm xxi. 15.*
- 1 MY times of sorrow and distress,
Great God, are in thy hand ;
In times of danger I'm secure,
Upheld by thee I stand.
 - 2 My times were written in thy book
Before the birth of time,
The Lord had fix'd my destiny
Ere light began to shine.
 - 3 The time when I should draw my breath,
And lie upon the knee,
The time my infant frame was form'd
Was all ordain'd by thee.
 - 4 My time of helpless infancy,
Before I'd pow'r to stand,
I then was watch'd by special care,
My times were in thy hand.
 - 5 And as I grew from year to year,
From infancy 'till now ;
Alas ! how many years I liv'd,
Liv'd did I say,—but how ?
 - 6 Dead while I liv'd for many years,
Yet knew not I was dead,
A stranger to myself and God,
I knew not what I did.
 - 7 But still my times were in thy hands,
My birth was not in vain,
Because my Father had decreed
I should be born again.
 - 8 But O ! before my second birth
How far I went astray ;
I sin'd myself almost to hell,
And lov'd the downward way.
 - 9 Yet then my times were in his hands,
My Father had decreed

- The time, the place, by what, and how,
The captive should be freed.
- 10 He sent in Moses with his bill,
How frighten'd was I then;
I saw that all the law could do
Was curse me and condemn.
- 11 I struggled hard to pay a part,
But made my debt the more;
I strove for fleshy holiness,
Still blacker than before.
- 12 But still my times were in his hands,
He would not let me die;
And now, I would adore his name,
I know the reason why.
- 13 Because my Father had ordain'd
I should be bought with blood,
That Christ should pay my ransom price,
As the elect of God.
- 14 The time to hear his charming voice
Proclaim salvation free,
The time to give me precious faith
To know Christ died for me.
- 15 The time to know the law fulfill'd,
And nothing left to pay;
On Calv'ry's tree the deed was done,
There is no other way.
- 16 The time to see man's righteousness
But poor polluted stuff;
Poor pharisees may make their bricks,
But never make enough.
- 17 For all the work that man can do
Is but undoing man,
For after man has done his best,
The law will all condemn.
- 18 On what is done, my soul; rely,
I nothing want beside;

- It was for sinners Jesus liv'd,
For sinners Jesus died.
- 19 He wants no helping hand to save,
For that is done already,
And what was done on Calvary
Was only for the needy.
- 20 His sheep are call'd by special grace,
But not to make them sheep;
They're call'd to know Christ is their head,
And they in him complete.
- 21 My times, O Lord, were in thy hand,
That I should thus believe,
But were it not for special grace
The devil would deceive.
- 22 My times of darkness and distress,
When Jesus hides his face,
These times, O God, are in thy hands,
To manifest thy grace.
- 23 When all without is but a blank,
And ten times worse within,
Bow'd down with unbelieving fears,
And plagu'd to death with sin.
- 24 Yet still my times are in his hands,
My God ordain'd it so;
And tho' I roam and wander far,
He marks the path I go.
- 25 And though I often lose myself,
And roam I know not where,
Like poor Manasseh in the thorns,
I find my God is there.
- 26 For all my times are in his hands,
He knows the way I take;
Ten thousand blessings he bestows
On me, for Jesus' sake.
- 27 He knows my nature is corrupt,
My heart deceitful too;

- He knew I could not help myself,
 So left me nought to do.
- 28 For oft I feel my heart like steel,
 Or like to adamant:
 Arminians say, I ought, I should,
 And must, and can repent.
- 29 As well say, Reach to yonder sky,
 And move the clouds away:
 Except God move upon my soul,
 I neither praise nor pray.
- 30 As soon might Ethiopians wash
 Their sable faces white,
 As I can turn myself to God,
 Or do one action right.
- 31 For all my times are in his hands,
 He knows how frail I am;
 To save my poor distressed soul
 Jehovah laid the plan.
- 32 Thus all my times were in his hands
 When he elected me;
 My name was written in his book
 From all eternity.
- 33 Yes, God had mark'd me out as his,
 I trust this is the case,
 Because the Lord has favour'd me
 With tokens of his grace.
- 34 My times were in my Saviour's hands,
 When hanging on the tree;
 'Twas there he paid redemption's price,
 And paid, I trust, for me.
- 35 The time when God the Holy Ghost
 Made known these blessings mine,
 The plan of the eternal Three
 Before the birth of time.
- 36 So all my times are in his hands,
 Past, present, and to come,

- Chose in the settlements of old,
 Redeem'd by God the Son.
- 37 And shall I dare to put my works
 To what is done so well?
 This is a sin the devils love,
 The sin was hatch'd in hell.
- 38 My times, O Lord, were in thy hands
 When I was thus deceiv'd;
 Had not the Lord convinced me
 I ne'er should have believ'd.
- 39 I'd gone like thousands in this day,
 A way that seemeth right,
 Pleas'd with my own self righteousness,
 Which leads to endless night.
- 40 But ah! my times were in his hands
 Who has redeemed me;
 He paid the law its whole demand,
 And set the rebel free.
- 41 Before th'ethereal sky was spread,
 Or God created light,
 The children of Jehovah stood
 All precious in his sight.
- 42 My times were in Jehovah's hands
 When he ordain'd the plan,
 When Christ made known that his delights
 Were with the sons of man.
- 43 And ev'ry step I take below
 God marks with special care;
 And when he calls his ransom'd home
 Poor Herbert will be there.
- 44 But not for works of righteousness
 My puny arm has done;
 My whole salvation is of grace,
 Through God's co-equal Son.

Having obtained help from God, I continue to this day.
Acts xvi. 22.

- 1 **DEAR** Lord, give me faith to believe
 That all things are working for good ;
 God won't leave his children to starve,
 Who sends the young ravens their food.
- 2 O could I but trust in the dark,
 Believing my God is the same,
 Should fountains and streams be all dry,
 Yet still I would trust in his name.
- 3 His promise is Yea and Amen ;
 How many too, just suit my case ;
 I am but a sinner, dear Lord,
 And sinners are saved by grace.
- 4 O save me from self and from sin,
 From troubles within and without ;
 There's nothing too hard for my God :
 What cannot my God bring about ?
- 5 O save me from doubts and from fears ;
 My soul, how perplexing they are !
 O let not my prospects all die ;
 O keep me, dear Lord, from despair.
- 6 Thou hast been my helper and stay,
 Thou hast been my friend heretofore ;
 O could I but trust in my God,
 And never be doubtful, no more.
- 7 But ah ! my dear Lord, I am weak,
 My foes are so mighty and strong ;
 And sometimes I doubt and I fear
 That I after all shall be wrong.
- 8 For I am so barren and dead,
 My heart feels as hard as the steel ;
 O would the Lord Jesus but shine !
 Love only can make my heart feel.

- 9 Come, take this poor-wandering heart,
 And seal it afresh with thy blood,
 And then I shall triumph again,
 And trust my concerns with my God.
- 10 Remember thy promises, Lord,
 How sweet they have been to my heart;
 But now they seem to me a blank,
 And I a poor soul in the dark.
- 11 Lord, what can I do without thee?
 One thing I can do very well,
 I can run with all speed in the road
 That leads to destruction and hell.
- 12 But to thee I can't take one step;
 O what a poor creature I am;
 But yet I would trust in my God,
 My Jesus, Jehovah, the Lamb.

Before Sermon.

- 1 LORD, fill thy servant's mouth to-day
 With arguments divine,
 And let him preach what thou shalt give
 To answer thy design.
- 2 O may the Spirit warm his heart,
 And set his soul on fire,
 While he declares the law of God,
 Prove Satan's but a liar.
- 3 May wounded souls be heal'd to-day,
 And hungry sinners fed;
 O send the word with pow'r divine
 To raise the very dead.
- 4 O Holy Spirit come, we pray,
 A precious Christ reveal,
 And make the rocky heart to melt,
 The adamant to feel.
- 5 O make the mourning sinner sing;
 The captive soul rejoice,

- And in salvation full and free
Exult with heart and voice.
- 6 Thus make it, Lord, a market day
To ev'ry soul that seek;
O may we hear and treasure up
Enough for all the week.
- 7 O Lord, apply thy precious word
To each before we go,
And guide and guard our precious souls
'Gainst the infernal foe
- 8 Who ready stands to steal the word,
And pluck it from each heart:
O fix it fast on ev'ry mind
Before we hence depart.

Sabbath Morning Hymn.

- 1 **ALMIGHTY** Jesus, come to-day
With blessings not a few,
And comfort each poor mourning soul;
Lord, go from pew to pew.
- 2 Lord, hear the mourning supplicant
That's almost in despair,
That's come to hear what God will say,
And offer up his pray'r.
- 3 And shall a poor distressed soul
Come to thy house in vain?
Did ever beggars come to thee
And pray and not obtain?
- 4 If such a case as this were true,
Sure then I might despair;
But those that seek are sure to find,
Because the Lord is there.
- 5 Come *Jésus*, come and prove it true
To my poor soul to-day,
And fill my soul with joy and peace,
Drive all my doubts away.

- 6 O may we hear the charming sound ;
 O let it reach each heart,
 That we may hear, and sing, and pray,
 And praise, before we part.
- 7 Come Holy Ghost, drop down thy dew
 Upon the barren ground ;
 O may we feel our hearts grow soft
 Beneath the gospel sound.
- 8 And while thy servant cries aloud,
 O send the word with pow'r,
 That many souls may have to say
 It's been a blessed hour.

The Presence of Jesus longed for.

- 1 **LORD** Jesus, come quickly and bless us to-day,
 And take all our doubts and our scruples away ;
 Come help us and bless us ; we come very poor,
 We come to lay all our distress at thy door.
- 2 And will our dear Jesus refuse our request ?
 No, they that go to him are sure to be blest ;
 Come poor weary sinners, quite burden'd with sin,
 Who mourn and lament your sad plague sore within.
- 3 'Tis Jesus invites you, 'tis he bids you come,
 Who paid off your ransom, that infinite sum ;
 There's no more to pay, 'tis all settled and done
 By Jehovah Jesus, God's co-equal Son.
- 4 The sinner that wants such a Saviour as this
 Is sure of salvation and eternal bliss ;
 'Tis Jesus has made him to feel his sad case
 And know that salvation is wholly of grace.
- 5 Come poor helpless sinner, come just as you are,
 Should hell stand before you there's nothing to fear
 Though black, poor, and wretched, yet be not afraid
 Your debt was enormous,—rejoice, 'tis all paid.

know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. 2 Timothy i. 12.

- 1 I Know in whom I have believ'd,
 'Tis Jesus' blessed name,
 Who lov'd me when I lov'd not him,
 Whose love is still the same.
- 2 My soul admires his matchless grace;
 Let me for ever sing
 Hosanna to Emmanuel,
 While heav'ns with anthems ring.
- 3 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 I've seen him in the manger,
 That blessed glorious Bethl'hem's Babe
 Who rescued me from danger.
- 4 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 I've seen on Mary's knee
 My God, my Friend, my Advocate,
 Who liv'd and died for me.
- 5 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 'Tis Mary's darling Child,
 I've seen him stand at Pilate's bar,
 Condemn'd, reproach'd, revil'd.
- 6 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 I've seen him on the cross,
 For whom I'd count the world but dung,
 And all things else but dross.
- 7 I've seen him laid in Joseph's tomb,
 Death could not hold him there,
 He rose triumphant over death,
 And hell was in despair.
- 8 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 I've seen him on his throne,
 The mighty Conqueror who died
 For sinners to atone.

- 9 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 'Tis God's co-equal Son,
 Who undertook redemption's work,
 And 'tis completely done.
- 10 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 'Tis Christ, my elder Brother,
 Who paid the price of blood for me,
 With him I want no other.
- 11 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 It is the World's Creator,
 The mighty God became a Man
 To be my Mediator.
- 12 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 Whatever others say,
 'Tis by mount Calv'ry's bloody cross,
 There is no other way.
- 13 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 Jehovah, great I AM,
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God in saving man.
- 14 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 The God I would adore
 Are three in one, and one in three,
 One God, there is no more.
- 15 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 The Father for his love
 In fixing me upon that rock
 That hell can never move.
- 16 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 The Son who bled for me,
 And paid the law its full demand,
 And set me wholly free.
- 17 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 'Tis God the Holy Ghost,
 Who brought new life to my dead soul
 Although I owed him most.

- 18 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 The Bible has reveal'd,
 'Tis Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
 Whom God the Father seal'd.
- 19 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 The Shepherd of his sheep;
 What I've committed to his care
 He has engag'd to keep.
- 20 He gives to them eternal life,
 'Tis on this Rock I stand,
 The pow'rs of hell and earth combin'd
 Can't pluck them from his hand.
- 21 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 The scriptures tell you who,
 'Tis Christ, who liv'd and died for me,
 And left me nought to do.
- 22 Because the Lord had fore-ordain'd
 That this should be the case,
 He had ordain'd I should believe
 Salvation all of grace.
- 23 I know in whom I have believ'd,
 My God would have it so,
 He stop'd me in the road to hell,
 I could no further go.
- 24 And here I am a sinner sav'd,
 That absolutely free;
 Whoever doubt the truth of this,
 I wish they'd call on me.

*Written to a dear Christian Friend labouring under many
 Doubts and Fears, often making use of the language
 of a celebrated Poet, 'Tis a point I long to know.*

- 1 **WHAT** is this point you long to know?
 Methinks I hear you say, 'Tis this,
 I want to know I'm born of God,
 An heir of everlasting bliss.

- 2 Is this the point you long to know?
 The point is settled, in my view;
 For if you want to love your God,
 It proves that God has loved you.
- 3 I want to know Christ died for me,
 I want to feel the seals within,
 I want to know Christ's precious blood
 Was shed to wash away my sin.
- 4 I want to feel more love to God,
 I want more liberty in pray'r;
 But when I look within my heart,
 It almost drives me to despair.
- 5 I want a mind more firmly fixt
 On Christ, my everlasting head;
 I want to feel my soul alive,
 And not so barren and so dead,
- 6 I want more faith, a stronger faith,
 I want to feel its pow'r within,
 I want to feel more love to God,
 I want to feel less love for sin.
- 7 I want to live above the world,
 And count it all but trash and toys;
 I want sweet tokens of God's grace,
 Some foretastes of eternal joys.
- 8 I want,—I know not what I want,
 I want that real special good;
 Yet all my wants are sum'd up here,
 I want, I feel I want my God.
- 9 Is this the point you long to know?
 The dead can neither feel nor see,
 It is the slave that's bound in chains
 Who knows the worth of liberty.
- 10 So where a want like your's is found,
 I think I may be bold to say
 The Lord has fix'd within that soul
 What hell can never take away.

- 11 **How**ever small thy grace appears,
 There's plenty in thy precious Head;
 Those wants you feel, my christian friend,
 Are never found amongst the dead.

*Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou
 disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall
 yet praise him. Psalm xlii. 11.*

- 1 **W**HAT is the reason, O my soul,
 That thou art so cast down?
 What good can that dear God withhold
 Who promises a crown?
- 2 'Tis sad to see an heir of grace
 Bow'd down with fears and sorrow;
 For tho' the clouds hang low to-day,
 The sun may shine to-morrow.
- 3 Then why art thou cast down, my soul?
 Thy God is still the same;
 Who ever was dismay'd at last
 That trusted in his name?
- 4 Then hope in God, nor hope in vain;
 There's none that ever did;
 The dead shall live at his command,
 For Lazarus was dead.
- 5 Then why art thou cast down, my soul?
 What cannot God perform?
 The raging sea obeys his voice,
 He stills the threat'ning storm.
- 6 Thy God can do much more than this,
 He stills the rage of hell;
 Then why art thou cast down, my soul?
 Thy God does all things well.
- 7 Then hope in God, his word is sure,
 His promise cannot fail,
 For God delights in those who hope,
 And hoppers shall prevail.

- 8 Then why art thou cast down, my soul?
 Read what the scriptures say;
 The soul that goes to God for help
 God never casts away.
- 9 What though thy harp be quite unstrung,
 And hung on Babel's willows,
 Yet hope in God, whose mighty arm
 Supports through storms and billow.
- 10 Then why art thou cast down, my soul?
 Since Jesus is thy Friend,
 Whose love is everlasting love,
 A love will never end.
- 11 And though he seems to hide his face,
 'Tis but behind the wall;
 He never is so far from thee
 But he will hear thy call.
- 12 Then why art thou cast down, my soul?
 Since God will hear thy pray'r,
 Go tell thy Father all thy wants,
 And never more despair.
- 13 Then why was David so cast down,
 One after God's own heart?
 Where is the christian that's not so,
 If Jesus once depart?
- 14 Yet David felt himself convinc'd
 His doubtings were not right;
 He knew his God would come again,
 Though he was out of sight.
- 15 Though David lost his sight of God,
 God view'd him with his eye,
 And though he felt himself cast down,
 He knew the reason why.
- 16 His boasted mountain soon gave way,
 He found the world a bubble;
 No sooner Jesus hides his face
 Than David is in trouble.

- 17 Then why, my soul, poor David asks,
 Why agitated so?
 Thy God that's held thee up so long
 Will never let thee go.
- 18 Then why art thou cast down, my soul?
 Though Jesus hides his face
 He has eternally decreed
 To save, but all of grace.
- 19 Then O my soul, hope thou in God,
 And cast thy anchor there,
 And thou shalt ride through ev'ry storm,
 Thou art Jehovah's care.

My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure.

- 1 LET man, proud man, say what he please,
 He cannot alter God's decrees,
 For they stand firm for ever;
 God has a people he has chose,
 Though sin, and earth, and hell, oppose,
 He won't forsake them ever.
- 2 God is eternally the same,
 Whose glorious everlasting name
 Jehovah, great I AM;
 He saw his ruin'd creature's fall,
 Then to his equal Son did call,
 Who has fulfill'd his plan.
- 3 The glorious undivided Three
 Agreed from all eternity
 To bring the scheme about;
 Though Satan stole the heart of man,
 And form'd the diabolic plan,
 Jehovah turn'd him out.
- 4 God chose his own ere worlds began,
 And those he gave unto his Son,
 To be redeem'd by blood;

God knows the number that he gave,
 Christ knew each one he came to save
 And pay their debt to God.

- 5 All these stand register'd on high,
 Not one of them can ever die,
 For Jesus died for them ;
 They all are one with Christ their Head,
 Who rose triumphant from the dead,
 And so fulfill'd the plan.
- 6 And what had man to do in this ?
 God knows exactly who are his,
 They are his own elected ;
 And all these chosen ones shall come
 And seek salvation through the Son,
 Not one shall be rejected.
- 7 God's counsels must for ever stand,
 Who holds his people with his hand,
 And they can never fall :
 Had God left man to work his way,
 Methinks I hear ten thousands say,
 None would be sav'd at all.
- 8 Let man, proud man, say what he please,
 God will accomplish his decrees
 In saving his elected ;
 Let proud Arminians laugh and jeer,
 Self-righteous pharisees may fear,
 For they will be rejected.
- 9 God's word's more firm than hills of brass ;
 What God decreed God brings to pass,
 The scriptures plainly tell ;
 The man that's purg'd from human leaven,
 All that believe shall go to heaven,
 The rest will go to hell.

The Safety of God's Israel.
The Lord of Hosts is the God of Israel. 1 Chron. xvii. 24.

- 1 YE poor, distressed, doubting souls,
 What God says must be true;
 Read but your Bible, there you'll find
 God saves just such as you.
- 2 'Tis not the rich, 'tis not the great,
 Of them but very few;
 No, 'tis the helpless and the poor,
 I say, just such as you.
- 3 God sav'd his Israel of old,
 That God-provoking crew;
 A most rebellious people those
 He saved, Why not you?
- 4 How oft they murmur'd and complain'd;
 Poor souls, 'twas nothing new;
 But Moses intercedes for them,
 Christ intercedes for you.
- 5 See Moses standing in the gap,
 Intreating God to spare;
 See Jesus stand before the throne
 With all his people there.
- 6 Let Pharaoh and his host pursue
 God's chosen Israel,
 Behold them cover'd in the sea,
 And sinking into hell.
- 7 God brought his people safe to land,
 And plac'd them safe on shore;
 Ah! sure they'll never doubt again,
 Nor murmur any more.
- 8 And was it so? My soul admire
 Discriminating grace;
 These were the chosen of the Lord,
 Yet dare him to his face.

- 9 Alas! by nature what is man?
 Ah! who could ever tell?
 The man that sees what is within
 Will see a little hell.
- 10 Read those ten judgments God sent down
 On Pharaoh's guilty head;
 And where no blood's upon the doors,
 In ev'ry house one dead.
- 11 When darkness cover'd all the land,
 O what a dreadful sight!
 Yet God still honours Israel,
 With them it shall be light.
- 12 Then O my soul, rejoice in this,
 Thou hast got light to see
 That thou hadst been for ever lost,
 Was not salvation free?
- 13 What is the claim thou hast on God?
 What have you got to plead?
 Thou wast a slave in Egypt once;
 How came you to be freed.
- 14 Who brought me out? How came you here?
 Why not in Egypt still?
 Who turn'd thy face to Canaan's land?
 Thou hadst no pow'r or will.
- 15 And art thou willing to be sav'd,
 And that by grace alone?
 A greater proof you cannot have
 That you are Israel's son.
- 16 Perhaps thou feel'st thy heart rebel,
 As murm'ring Israel did,
 And angry too as Jonah was,
 Because thy gourd was dead.
- 17 O what a God provoking tribe
 Poor Moses had to lead;
 Ah! when they murmur and complain
 He has to intercede.

- 18 But Jesus does much more than this,
 He more than intercedes;
 He takes their sins upon himself,
 And for them dies and bleeds.
- 19 See here thy safety, O my soul,
 Though Pharaoh may pursue;
 Though hell and sin oppose thy way,
 The Lord will bring thee through,
- 20 A cloudy pillar all the day
 Shall hide thee from thy foes,
 A pillar too of fire by night
 Shall guard where Israel goes.
- 21 Then let Jehovah's sons rejoice,
 Their Father will be kind,
 He'll bring you all to Canaan's land,
 And leave your foes behind.
- 22 Rejoice, ye Israel, rejoice,
 Your Captain goes before,
 You'll soon get out of Pharaoh's reach,
 Where he will vex no more.

What is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. James iv. 14.

- 1 **WHAT** is the state of man? Alas!
 The Bible says he is but grass
 Which rises up within a day:
 Alas! proud man, thou art but clay.
- 2 When first he draws his infant breath,
 Each breathing brings him nearer death;
 As soon as one short day is past,
 None knows but it may be his last.
- 3 And if he lives from day to day,
 'Till three score years are past away,
 What will he find but pain and sorrow?
 Poor soul, 'twill be the same to-morrow.

- 4 And is this all our portion then?
O what a helpless creature's man!
He lives, yet is afraid to die,
Wishes to live, but knows not why.
- 5 Our life at best is but a vapour,
Extinguish'd sooner than a taper;
How soon, alas! a tale is told,
As soon time flies and we get old.
- 6 Yet here, alas! I fix'd my heart,
The world and I were loath to part,
I sought its smiles, I lov'd them well,
Till just upon the brink of hell.
- 7 As soon as Jesus chang'd my heart,
I felt the world and I must part,
I found 'twas sin that spoil'd my joys,
The world was trash, with all its toys.
- 8 Ah! now I mourn what I have been,
For now I feel the plague of sin,
The world has lost its charms for me,
I'd live and die at Calvary.
- 9 Although old nature press me down,
I'm waiting, looking for a crown,
And had I wings I'd fly away,
To joys in everlasting day.
- 10 But I must wait my Father's time,
It is enough that Christ is mine,
My hand's-breadth life will soon be o'er,
When I shall sin and sigh no more.
- 11 But here, alas! who can but sigh?
But some may doubt the reason why;
I'll tell you why; for my own part,
I feel the plague within my heart.
- 12 My days are running round apace,
And as salvation is of grace;
In living may I die to sin,
In dying may I die in him.

What owest thou my Lord? Luke xvi. 5.

WHAT owest thou my Lord? should any ask,
answer this would be an angel's task,

Nay angels could not tell;
though my debt is large, I've nought to pay,
were summon'd up I've nought to say,

But that I merit hell.
What owest thou to God for choosing thee
and nailing all thy sins on Calv'ry's tree?

He died to pay thy score;
this comes freely from the God of grace,
so snatch'd thee from old Adam's fallen race,
Although thou wast so poor.

What owest thou my God for free salvation,
his unalterable predestination,
Before the birth of day?

What owest thou my God for free redemption!
th a precious Christ there's no prevention,

None else thy debt could pay.
What owest thou my God for calling thee,
and pointing thee to Calv'ry's bloody tree?

'Tis there thy Surety paid;
what all the works of man could never pay;
ne but a precious Christ could take away;

Now Moses can't upbraid.
What owest thou to God for special grace?
thou lay'st dead amongst the fallen race,

And there thou must have laid;
the law condemn'd me ev'ry step I took;
and not my name been written in the book,

My debt had not been paid.
What owest thou to God, who bade thee live,
all thy base ingratitude forgive,

And chang'd thy filthy dress,

And wash'd thee clean in his own precious blood,
That thou might stand before the throne of God,
In Christ's own righteousness?

7 What owest thou, my soul? ah! what indeed!

A sum so great the Son of God must bleed,

This was the very sum;

And this he paid on Calv'ry's cursed tree,

From sin, and death, and hell, to set me free,

All this my God has done.

8 What owest thou my Lord? I cannot tell;

There's none but Christ could save my soul from hell

This cannot be denied:

My soul, for ever glory in the cross;

For Christ I'd count the world but dung and dross

For Jesus crucified.

9 What owest thou, my soul, for love like this?

A sinner rais'd from hell to endless bliss,

And all entirely free:

Had I ten thousand tongues, I'd use them all,

I'd try and raise a higher note than Paul,

To him who died for me.

10 What owest thou, my soul? A debt immense,

Much more than fifty or five hundred pence,

A debtor from the fall:

My debt has been increasing from the womb,

But Jesus when he rose from Joseph's tomb

Completely settled all.

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death. Proverbs xvi. 25,

1 **THERE** is a way that seemeth right to man,
Each one has form'd his schemes and laid his plan,
Though all by nature's wrong, I know it well,
For nature knows no road but that to hell.

2 There is a way that seemeth right to man,
Although God's law his best obedience damn,

- Yet all seems right, it cannot but be so,
 For man is blind and knows not where to go.
- 3 There is a way in which ten thousands tread,
 Who while they live are spiritually dead,
 'Tis nature's way and nature loves it well,
 It is the broad wide road that leads to hell.
- 4 There is a way ten thousands now embrace,
 That man is sav'd by works and not of grace,
 A beaten path in which ten thousand run,
 Who know not God the Father nor the Son.
- 5 There is a way the world at large defend,
 On their own righteousness men will depend,
 'Tis nature's path where thousands run in vain,
 Where ev'ry man will go 'till born again.
- 6 There is a way of merits and free will,
 A nice smooth way and mostly too down hill,
 This is a road that's throng'd by rich and poor,
 But never one this way that found the door.
- 7 There is a way that seemeth right to some,
 Who think they shall be sav'd for what they've done;
 No men on earth than these are more mistaken,
 For ev'ry one of these will be forsaken.
- 8 There is a way that some extol for beauty,
 Where all these pious creatures do their duty,
 These pious souls can always read and pray,
 If call'd upon would pray ten times a day.
- 9 There is a way that thousands always went,
 It is for those who always could repent,
 They are so wise to take the offer'd grace,
 In heav'n they mean to gain the highest place.
- 10 There is a way straight through Arminian street,
 In outside shew are very near complete,
 These are a people who confess their sin,
 But never felt the sad plague sore within.
- 11 There is a way that seemeth right to man,
 Who laughs at being sav'd through Christ the Lamb,

They make him but a creature and no more,
Neglecting him whom heav'n and earth adore.

12 There is a way, some men approve it well,
That Jesus died to save all men from hell,
If they will but repent, and will but run,
God would have all men sav'd would they but co

13 But there's a way, and 'tis the only one,
And that is Christ, Jehovah's equal Son,
He is the Way, the Truth, the Life, to all
That God the Father lov'd before the fall.

14 This is the way God leads his people in,
'Tis only here man can be free from sin,
It is the way Jehovah fore-appointed,
Salvation through the medium, God's Anointed.

15 This is the way God had ordain'd of old,
This is the way that makes poor sinners bold,
For Jesus goes before and leads the way,
And brings all safe to everlasting day.

16 This is the way, 'tis straight by Calv'ry's hill,
This way is not man's reason or free will,
'Tis God's own people only find this way,
'Tis only those can either praise or pray.

17 This is the way that God himself ordain'd,
No other way salvation is obtain'd,
'Tis all of grace, no works in whole or part,
'Tis in this way that God allures the heart.

18 This is the way where Jesus goes before,
And leads the lame, the halt, the blind, the poor
'Tis in this way God brings his chosen sheep,
All those Jehovah has engag'd to keep.

*And Jesus answering, said, Were there not ten cleansed
But where are the nine? Luke xvii. 17.*

1 WE read the character of Christ
Was always doing good,
For all that ever Jesus did
Was worthy of a God.

- 2 And as he once was on his way,
Not far from Galilee,
There met him ten men crying out,
Who had the leprosy.
- 3 Christ bid them go unto the priest
To shew what he had done;
Externally Christ cleans'd them all,
But healed only one.
- 4 Where are the nine? our Jesus ask'd;
Have I not cleansed ten?
But only one poor soul was heal'd,
A poor Samaritan.
- 5 Ah! when this poor Samaritan
Felt what his Lord had done,
He felt his plague sore heal'd by him,
Jehovah's equal Son.
- 6 And oh, how many in this day,
Who wash the outside clean,
Whose filth and rottenness within
By them is never seen.
- 7 They never feel the plague of sin,
They know not what we mean,
And all their works they boast about
Are only to be seen.
- 8 If they are view'd as pious souls,
This is their highest aim,
They'll sneak about the temple door,
And all to get a name.
- 9 Such cleansed ones as these, alas!
Are throng'd in ev'ry place;
'Tis hardly one in ten you'll find
Are heal'd by special grace.
- 10 Because they never felt their wounds,
Old nature's filthy sore,
They get a little dirt rub'd off,
They seek for nothing more.

- 11 These are the people whose outside
Is so extol'd for beauty,
Who think they have a claim on God,
Because they do their duty.
- 12 But what will outward cleansing do?
What did it do for Saul,
Who thought himself a holy man,
Before he felt his fall?
- 13 He was alive without the law,
But black as hell within;
'Till Jesus stop'd him in his way
He never felt his sin.
- 14 So Nicodemus was but cleans'd,
Although an Israel teacher,
He never felt his inward guilt,
Although a famous preacher.
- 15 'Till Jesus told this learned man
He must be born again,
He like our white-wash'd pharisees
Was seeking but in vain.
- 16 So in the temple we behold
That boasting hypocrite,
Whose outside might be very clean,
His heart as dark as night.
- 17 'Till God the Holy Spirit come
This is the state of all,
'Tis none but God's own people feel
The ruins of the fall.
- 18 Unnumber'd thousands in this day
Are cleans'd from vicious evil,
Whose hearts are black as hell within,
And captives to the devil.
- 19 For Jesus wounds before he heals,
He heal'd one out of ten,
The nine had got their outside cleans'd,
That was enough for them.

the following piece was written to an Arminian who warmly attacked me with being an Antinomian; knowing him to be a member of a church made up of Arians, Socinians, Arminians, Free-willers, &c., I in my own defence addressed him in the following way, pointing him to the place where he attends, under the name of Noah's Ark.

- 1 **THIS** is old Noah's ark,
 Where the clean and unclean
 Must all in their places
 Be constantly seen;
 Would you have any favours
 From these pious people,
 You must stick to your place,
 And not go to the steeple.
- 2 You must say as they say,
 Or 'tis best to be mute,
 And on their opinions
 You must never dispute,
 You must stretch out your faces,
 Look solemn and sad,
 Or else from this people
 There is nought to be had.
- 3 You must always look grave,
 And at most only smile,
 And speak to your betters
 With words smooth as oil:
 Whatever is preach'd
 You must hold very good,
 And take what is offer'd,
 And not disappoint God.
- 4 But if any one boast
 Of salvation by grace,
 Don't own him a member
 Of your pious place:

- If you do but your duty
 And be constant there,
 You may be a Socinian
 And need not despair.
- 5 Free-will and man's merits
 Will pass here quite well;
 Abide by old Moses
 And there's no fear of hell:
 Salvation quite free
 Will not do for this place;
 Own yourself as God's chosen
 And they'll laugh in your face.
- 6 I know this is true,
 I have found it just so;
 You may find such as these
 And have not far to go,
 Who stick fast by masses,
 Without Christ can make shift,
 Unless 'tis to help them
 Just at a dead lift.
- 7 Your creed may be rotten,
 Nay worse than a pear,
 It signifies nothing
 If you are but there;
 Keep your outside but clean,
 And act well your part,
 And you'll pass for a christian,
 Tho' rotten at heart.
- 8 Here Arians, Socinians,
 Arminians, sit down,
 They are all pious creatures,
 All heirs to a crown;
 They are all sent to heaven
 As soon as they die;
 But if they get there
 Then God's word's a lie.

- 9 Talk of justification
 Without works at all,
 Tell them Jehovah lov'd you
 Before Adam's fall,
 Chose out by the Father,
 Redeem'd by the Son,
 And sav'd in God's purpose
 Before time begun;
- 10 To hold such opinions
 They think a bad omen,
 If you live like an angel
 You'll be call'd Antinomian:
 Who give me that name
 I can give them the lie,
 Tho' the creed of Arminians
 From my soul I deny.
- 11 If God had not lov'd me
 I had never lov'd him,
 If I'm not redeem'd
 I am dead in my sin;
 If God had not lov'd me
 Before Adam's fall,
 How comes it about
 That he loves me at all?
- 2 Why, God waits to be gracious,
 Yes the Bible says so;
 But how long might he wait
 Ere one sinner would go?
 As soon a dead corpse
 Could arise from the grave
 As a sinner that's dead
 Ask Jesus to save.
- 3 That God who rais'd Laz'rus
 Must raise you and I,
 Or else as we're born
 Just so we shall die;

- But those God has chosen
 At his set time he'll call,
 This was his own purpose
 Before Adam's fall.
- 14 For when did Jehovah
 First think about me?
 That I should be sav'd
 Who made the decree?
 Whose thought was it first
 How to save ruin'd man?
 How came it about?
 And who laid the plan?
- 15 Before God created
 That creature call'd man,
 In the counsels of old
 God had fix'd the plan,
 Just what man should be,
 Both in time, place, and station,
 His fall was appointed,
 So was his salvation.
- 16 Let proud man be silent,
 Let him think oft with awe,
 That he is a breaker
 Of God's righteous law;
 But here angels wonder
 At what God has done,
 Who took the law's price
 At the hands of his Son.
- 17 And when was this settled?
 Ere man was a sinner:
 Tho' he lost all in Adam,
 In Christ he's a winner:
 In his old Adam nature
 View him totally dead,
 But always alive
 And complete in his Head.—(Jesus)

- 18 For whom did Christ stand for
 And in counsels agree
 To die for the chosen
 On Calvary's tree?
 Did Christ die for all men?
 That cannot be true;
 For many are lost
 And the saved but few.
- 19 For those whom the Father
 Gave up to the Son,
 These all were elected
 Before time begun;
 No change in God's mind
 Could ever take place,
 For God had determin'd
 The plan of his grace.
- 20 Before Adam had sin'd
 God knew what he'd do,
 The work of redemption
 Stood full in his view;
 Though poor fallen Adam
 Hid himself in the trees,
 God follow'd the man
 With his purpos'd decrees.
- 21 The Seed of the woman,
 (O wonderful scheme)
 To poor fallen Adam
 How strange it must seem:
 What could Adam think
 Of his own base behaviour?
 What news must this be then
 To hear of a Saviour!
- 22 Yes, God had appointed
 Before Adam fell
 How poor ruin'd man
 Should be rescued from hell;

- This all was agreed on
 By the mysterious Three,
 And Christ seal'd the bond
 When he died on the tree.
- 23 Then where are mens' merits
 That some boast about?
 Pride made angels devils,
 And God turn'd them out:
 The angels can't merit,
 They stand by God's grace,
 They are elect angels,
 So stand in their place.
- 24 So when man was fallen
 They stood in their head,
 Their souls ever liv'd
 For whom Christ once was dead;
 He now lives and reigns
 For his people on high,
 And those he once died for
 They never shall die.
- 25 If Christ paid my debts
 Then I'm a free man;
 If one mite is unpaid
 Then the law will condemn;
 - But Christ paid the whole
 When he died on the tree,
 Then without controversy
 Salvation is free.
- 26 How came the Lord Jesus
 To save but one thief,
 While the other was damn'd
 For his own unbelief?
 Our Jehovah Jesus
 Knew what he had done,
 He agreed with the Father
 To die but for one:

This poor saved thief
 Was the purchase of blood;
 His soul was agreed for
 As the chosen of God;
 In the counsels of old
 Ere creation begun
 The thief was one chosen
 God gave to his Son.
 How came the Lord Jesus
 To stop bloody Saul?
 Because God had lov'd him
 Before Adam's fall;
 The time was appointed
 To stop this mad man,
 All this was to answer
 Jehovah's own plan.
 Then what were Saul's merits?
 Why he merited hell:
 And why not go there then?
 That the Bible will tell:
 God sent Ananias,
 Yes and told him the way,
 Where to find Saul of Tarsus,
 For behold he doth pray;
 At the street called Straight
 Enquire there for Saul,
 At Simon's, the tanner,
 You will find praying Paul:
 How came this about?
 And who taught him to pray?
 'Twas Jesus who stop'd him
 On his blood-thirsty way.
 If God have a people,
 Then how came they so?
 Is this for believing?
 I humbly say, No;

They're eternally loved,
 Eternally chosen,
 Eternally saved,
 Though hell may oppose them.

32 Is God of one mind?
 Then my soul is secure;
 If his love never alter
 Salvation is sure;
 If God chose his people
 In Christ his own Son,
 Salvation is certain
 Through what he has done.

33 All those for whom Jesus
 The God-man was sent
 In time shall believe
 And in time shall repent;
 Because they are sons
 God the Spirit is given,
 Not to make them his sons,
 But to fit them for heaven.

34 'Tis not man's repenting,
 'Tis not man's believing,
 That makes them God's people;
 This is awful deceiving:
 Those God has not chosen
 Will never chuse him;
 And all but the chosen
 Will die in their sin.

35 Who art thou, vain-man,
 That wilt dare to complain?
 Who ever sought Jesus
 And sought him in vain?
 'Tis Jesus seeks first,
 And they know his sweet voice;
 And when he has found them
 Then Christ is their choice.

- 36 All others will never
 Seek Jesus at all;
 All but the redeem'd
 Will lie dead in the fall;
 But those Christ has died for
 Shall seek and obtain;
 But they never seek him
 'Till they're born again.
- 37 Then all is of grace
 From the first to the last;
 Not my hold of Jesus,
 But 'tis he holds me fast:
 He bought my soul dearly,
 He paid down his blood;
 Then all my salvation
 Is wholly of God.
- 38 All praise to that God
 Who has made me to see
 Salvation completed
 On Calvary's tree,
 Chose out by the Father,
 Redeem'd by the Son,
 I am taught by the Spirit
 That the battle is won.
- 39 Then let who will caviil,
 And say, 'Tis not so;
 These truths I'll support,
 Yes, wherever I go:
 God's word is my standard,
 My creed cannot fall,
 For I am exactly
 Agreed with Saint Paul.
- 40 Then read Paul's Epistles,
 You rotten Arminian,
 You'll find not one passage
 Support your opinion;

- Not one, I defy you
 To point it to me;
 I glory with Paul
 That salvation is free.
- 41 When you've read these lines,
 Then read them again;
 Then call upon me
 And my errors explain;
 If you think I am wrong,
 Come, and point out the place;
 You shall talk of free will
 And I'll talk of free grace.
- 42 You'll say you have no wish
 To see as I see:
 Well still, though we differ,
 We still may agree:
 I would only say this,
 And I need say no more,
 If we are both right
 We both came by the Door.
- 43 But if it turns out
 That you climb'd o'er the wall,
 You may build very high,
 But your building must fall:
 No other foundation
 Will stand the law's shock,
 But Christ as my Surety,
 But Christ as my Rock.
- 44 I will now take my leave,
 With this wish from my heart,
 That in Christ's atonement
 You may share a part;
 Then your good works and merits,
 Proud nature's vain bubble,
 These all will be burnt up,
 As wood, hay, and stubble.

Acrostic.

AR Jesus, smile on this my feeble aim,
 crown my efforts to exalt thy name,
 more I want, dear Lord; I ask no more,
 all I do, I would thy name adore;
 nal love, so rich, so full, so free,
 all that want a Saviour look to thee.

I an angel's tongue, how would I speak
 nal love, so infinitely great;
 emption was Jehovah's secret plan,
 re the birth of time God loved man;
 nally the same his word must stand.
 eemed souls are safe in Jesus' hand,
 Christ has paid the Law its full demand.

Salvation Complete.

ALVATION then is finish'd and complete,
 nchangeable God's love to all his sheep,
 etermin'd in his will, fix'd in his plan
 efore the birth of time, to save lost man;
 nsearchable his ways, past finding out;
 edemption's work Jehovah brought about;
 ou need not fear, poor sinner, need not doubt.
 lvation so complete, O glorious plan,
 nfathomable love to ruin'd man,
 or ever be ador'd his precious name
 or love so great, eternally the same;
 look, poor sinner, look to Calv'ry's tree:
 ord, set ten thousand sin-bound captives free,
 eep them, dear Lord, who want to trust in thee.

Sabbath Morning.

1 I'll go unto the house of pray'r;
 Who knows but Jesus may be there
 To bless my soul to-day?

- He knows I long to see his face,
 And taste sweet tokens of his grace ;
 I would both praise and pray.
- 2 O Lord, direct me to the place
 Where Jesus shews his smiling face
 And feeds his chosen people ;
 If in some barn, I care not where,
 It matters not if Christ be there,
 In meeting house or steeple.
- 3 But ah ! I cannot like the place
 Where more is made of works than grace,
 'Tis poor Arminian leaven :
 I want to hear of Christ the Way ;
 Whatever learned men may say,
 Christ is the Way to heaven.
- 4 Where Christ is preach'd I would be found,
 Because I love the joyful sound,
 'Tis precious news to me ;
 To hear redemption's work complete,
 Eternal life for all the sheep,
 All settled on the tree.
- 5 'Tis sweet to hear of love divine,
 To know that God in Christ is mine,
 And I am his by choice ;
 To know salvation's work is done,
 My debts all paid by God the Son,
 'Tis then I can rejoice.
- 6 Lord, send me to some place to-day
 Where I may hear the preacher say
 Salvation is completed
 For all God's royal chosen seed,
 For whom God's Equal stoop'd to bleed,
 And hell's dark plan defeated.
- 7 But some pretend to preach, and say
 That God's elect may fall away,
 God chose them on condition,

- That if they don't perform their task,
 They may, and will be lost at last,
 And drop into perdition.
- 8 But God, they say, would save all men,
 But some refuse Jehovah's plan,
 And won't to grace resign,
 God waits, and knocks, and knocks again,
 He strives to save, but all in vain,
 They upset God's design.
- 9 Some offer Christ, some offer grace,
 For God would save all Adam's race,
 There's some men tell us so ;
 'Tis those Jehovah never sent,
 Who say a dead man can repent ;
 With such I would not go.
- 10 O Lord, direct me to the place
 Where Christ is preach'd, there turn my face,
 O guide my footsteps there,
 And through the preacher speak to me,
 Knock off my chains, and set me free,
 And ease my ev'ry care.
- 11 Some preach the dignity of man,
 Some preach a God without a plan,
 And but at random still ;
 There are but few who preach free grace,
 Ah ! tis but here and there a place ;
 But many preach free will.
- 12 O God, where shall I go to-day ?
 O let thy Spirit lead the way,
 That I may hear from thee ;
 I want to hear that charming sound,
 Behold, a Ransomer is found,
 That Christ has ransom'd me.
- 3 These are the tidings suit my case ;
 I'm lost without an act of grace,
 I'm ruin'd and undone ;

But Jefus died on Calv'ry's tree,
 He died for sinners, why not me?
 Redemption's work is done.

- 14 Jehovah saw what man would be,
 And chose some from eternity,
 And gave them to his Son;
 And Christ agreed to shed his blood,
 A sacrifice that pleases God,
 This mighty work is done.

- 15 'Tis this I want to hear about;
 I do believe without a doubt
 This was Jehovah's plan,
 That those Christ died for on the tree
 From condemnation must be free;
 Who shall their souls condemn?

- 16 Ah! who shall overturn the plan,
 Salvation through a bleeding Lamb?
 Proud man may try in vain;
 Whoever offer Christ to man,
 Are ign'rant of Jehovah's plan,
 They seek, but shan't obtain.

- 17 They preach and say Christ died for all,
 As well for Judas as for Paul;
 A scheme God never plan'd;
 For Paul was sav'd by special grace,
 But Judas died in sad disgrace;
 Paul sav'd, and Judas damn'd.

- 18 God owes salvation to no man,
 He knew his own eternal plan,
 He saves just whom he please;
 All those united to the Son,
 For them the mighty work is done
 To answer his decrees.

- 19 Let parsons preach just what they please,
 They cannot alter God's decrees,
 God knows his people well;

- Though men and devils may agree,
The souls Christ died for on the tree
Can never go to hell.
- 20 The price is paid, the price of blood,
A price acknowledged by God,
That he requir'd no more ;
Then let poor sinners go to him
Whose blood aton'd for all their sin,
The wretched and the poor.
- 21 This must be love, eternal love,
That brought a Saviour from above
To die for such as me ;
'Tis through his death the sinner lives,
'Tis for Christ's sake the Lord forgives,
All absolutely free.

Sabbath Evening.

- 1 ONE sabbath more is gone, and gone for ever,
And I remain more wretched sure than ever ;
I've been to-day amongst the praying throng,
I tried to praise, and pray, and raise my song ;
- 2 But as I went, alas ! I came away,
I could not hear, I could not praise, or pray ;
The preacher told me what I ought to do,
But did not tell me where for strength to go ;
- 3 The rule to work by was Jehovah's law,
I must make brick and find myself the straw ;
Get into Christ, get into Christ to-day,
Accept the offer'd grace, make no delay,
- 4 For God is willing if you are willing too,
What God commands that you must strive to do,
You must repent, indeed you must repent,
To warn you of your danger I am sent.
- 5 God is with you if you abide with him,
But if you disobey you'll die in sin ;
Now is the accepted time, take Christ to-day,
Accept the offer ere you go away.

- 6 If you obey, God will reward you well,
 But all impenitents will go to hell;
 Christ willingly, my friend, would save you all,
 And Christ is waiting to receive your call.
- 7 No longer then delay; Why will you die?
 You may be sav'd if you will but comply;
 If you refuse the offers of his grace,
 You can't expect to see the Saviour's face.
- 8 How long has Christ been knocking at the door!
 Then open now, lest he should knock no more:
 This is the preaching I have heard to-day;
 How often did I wish myself away;
 Such preachers too as these there are a plenty,
 Just such as these are nineteen out of twenty.

The Righteous shall hold on his way. Job xvii. 9.

- 1 **THE** righteous shall hold on his way,
 Though hell, sin, and Satan oppose,
 For God is his prop and his stay,
 To bless him wherever he goes.
- 2 **The** righteous shall hold on his way,
 Though often next door to despair
 Because he forgets what his God,
 His covenant Father declare.
- 3 **The** righteous shall hold on his way,
 Though weak as a poor bruised reed,
 Though bow'd down with doubts and with fears,
 He prays and is sure to succeed.
- 4 **The** righteous shall hold on his way,
 Though oft dark as midnight within,
 And plagued with his body of death,
 And often get wounded by sin.
- 5 **The** righteous shall hold on his way,
 For God is his guard and his guide;
 The righteous are safe and secure,
 Though tempted, distressed, and tried.

- 6 The righteous shall hold on his way,
For Christ and his people are one,
For God will complete his own work
In those he has chose in his Son.
- 7 The righteous shall hold on his way,
The word of his God doth declare,
The weakest believer in Christ
Have no cause at all to despair.
- 8 The righteous shall hold on his way.
Their debts were paid off long ago;
The weakest shall baffle all hell,
And stand against every foe.
- 9 The righteous shall hold on his way,
However distressed or poor,
Though billows roll over his head,
Each wave drives him nearer the shore.
- 10 The righteous shall hold on his way,
This truth is by many rejected;
The righteous must hold on their way,
For they are Jehovah's elected.
- 11 The righteous shall hold on his way,
Jehovah himself is their friend,
His love for them never began,
His love for them never can end.
- 12 The righteous shall hold on his way,
They ever stood so in God's view,
For Jesus stood forth as their head,
And paid down to justice its due.
- 13 The righteous shall hold on his way,
Because they were chosen in him
Who bore all the curse that was due,
And wash'd away every sin.
- 14 The righteous shall hold on his way,
Through what the Lord Jesus has done,
And God is well pleased with those
Redeem'd by Jehovah the Son.

*Faith Triumphant over Fear : or, a Soul reasoning with
itself respecting the Groundlessness of its Fears.
Isaiah xli. 10..*

- 1 FEAR not, my soul, why should I fear,
Since God himself is on my side ?
Why should I fear, since on the cross
My Advocate, my Surety died ?
- 2 Fear not, my soul, be not dismay'd,
There is no cause to cherish fears ;
Thy God that's held thee up 'till now
Has been thy help for many years.
- 3 Fear not, for God is with me still.
Who tells thee not to be dismay'd ;
Of all the pow'rs of earth and hell,
My soul, thou need not be afraid.
- 4 Fear not ; what can there be to fear,
Since God Jehovah is thy stay ?
His arms are underneath thee still,
And he will help thee in the way.
- 5 Fear not ; 'tis base ingratitude
To doubt the love of God at all,
Because his love was fix'd on thee
Before thy father Adam's fall.
- 6 Fear not ; although thy debt was large,
Thy Jesus paid it ev'ry mite ;
Though poor and wretched in thyself,
For ever precious in his sight.
- 7 Fear not ; who bids thee not to fear ?
It is thy God that speaks to thee,
Who took thy ransom at Christ's hands,
Who paid it down on Calv'ry's tree.
- 8 Fear not, thy soul was settled for
Before creation's work began ;
Fear not ; to save my soul from hell
Was in Jehovah's ancient plan.

- 9 Fear not, because I am thy God,
 And thou shalt feel my helping hand,
 I'll bring thee through the storms of life,
 I'll guard thee safe to Canaan's land.
- 0 Fear not ten thousand foes without,
 And strong and mighty foes within,
 That God will never let thee sink
 Who pardon'd freely all thy sin.
- 1 Fear not, redemption is complete,
 Salvation's work completely done,
 A work contriv'd by God himself,
 And finished by God the Son.
- 2 Fear not, my soul, thy debt is paid,
 And not one mite is left to pay;
 O glorious everlasting truth,
 Christ is my life, and Christ my way.
- 3 Fear not, my soul; rejoice and sing
 At such a glorious plan of grace;
 But those who trust to works for life
 Will never, never reach the place.
- 4 Fear not, my soul, but hope and wait
 What God has promis'd he will do;
 Though hell and sin assault my soul
 My God will surely bring me through.
- 5 Fear not; though Satan plague my soul,
 And vex and tempt me day by day;
 The Lord has brought me safe thus far,
 The Lord will surely guide my way.
- 6 Fear not, my soul, since God is love,
 His love is everlasting too;
 Then sure the Lord will save my soul,
 Almighty grace will bring me through.

Soliloquy.

- 1 **WHY** all this restlessness within?
 Why am I plagued to death with sin?

- For as my sins are blotted out,
 Why am I still perplex'd with doubt?
- 2 Why thus distress'd from day to day?
 Why can't I trust? Why can't I pray?
 From whence arise these anxious fears?
 Why all these sobs, these sighs, these tears?
- 3 Why grope I at the noon of day?
 I know Christ is my life, my way,
 But I can't see his lovely face;
 I want fresh tokens of his grace.
- 4 Why can't I cast my all on him
 Who knows I feel the plague of sin?
 Why can't I triumph as before?
 Why sneak I thus at mercy's door?
- 5 Why does my heart so hard remain?
 Why should such trifles give me pain?
 Why do I feel so prone to range,
 Since God is love, and cannot change?
- 6 Why am I thus? O! Jesus, say,
 Why go I mourning all the day?
 Sometimes I fear my Father's rod,
 Although my Father is my God.
- 7 Why can't I trust as I have done,
 In God the Father, God the Son,
 Who paid my debts on Calv'ry's tree?
 For there he shed his blood for me.
- 8 Why can't I then rejoice and sing?
 Lord give me faith to spread my wing
 And fly from self, the world, and sin;
 I feel, alas! the load within.
- 9 Why can't I trust almighty grace?
 I have beheld his lovely face;
 But now he hides himself from me,
 He knows I'm groaning to be free.
- 10 Why can't I lay my burden down,
 Since I am heir unto a crown;

Why should a King's son mourn and weep?

Christ is my Shepherd, I his sheep.

- 11 Why can't I then in this rejoice,
 Redeem'd by blood, Jehovah's choice;
 O let this thought be my relief,
 'Tis no more I, 'tis unbelief,

o a dear young Friend leaving London and taking possession of a little Country Cottage.

- 1 I Trust the Lord has heard my pray'r,
 And answer'd my request,
 In bringing you just where you are;
 And there may you be blest.
- 2 The little cot wherein you dwell,
 It is my earnest pray'r,
 You may enjoy the smiles of heav'n
 To soothe your ev'ry care.
- 3 I know you love the calm retreat;
 Such is the place for me;
 The silent vale, where Jesus dwells,
 'Tis there I wish to be.
- 4 And where you dwell may Jesus dwell
 And be your constant Guest,
 Then let the world go as it will
 You must and shall be blest.
- 5 Jehovah be your constant guard,
 Your guide, and your protector;
 The God of grace and providence,
 I pray, be your protector.
- 6 Ten thousand foes are still alive,
 And will be here below;
 But law or justice cannot strike,
 For Christ wards off the blow.
- 7 But 'tis a wilderness at best,
 'Tis not your resting place;

- But bless the Lord who call'd you out,
A trophy of his grace.
- 8 All things shall work together then
For your eternal good ;
It shall be so,—it must be so,
For 'tis the will of God.
- 9 Though unbelief may oft disturb,
Sad peevish unbelief ;
When ev'ry door seems shut and barr'd,
Christ flies to our relief.
- 10 What has God wrought ? O bless his name !
What wonders has he done ?
To make you see salvation your's
Before you're twenty-one.
- 11 You highly favour'd, honour'd girl,
Whom God has call'd so soon,
While thousands mope 'till almost night
God call'd you out at noon.
- 12 Whatever lies across the path
That you may have to tread,
The Lord will guide and guard you safe,
No foes you need to dread.
- 13 If God is your's, then all is your's ;
Ah ! what a portion this !
The path you travel here below
Is but the path to bliss.
- 14 Let devils roar, let worldlings frown,
Let friends suspend their love,
Thy God will overrule it all
To draw thy soul above.
- 15 The noisy town, the silent vale,
Are not exempt from cares,
No situation here below
But has a thousand snares.
- 16 God be your counsellor and guide,
Your constant friend and prop,

And crown your efforts with his grace,
And bless your little cot.

7 In town or city, high or low,
All is an empty bubble ;

God be your portion and your hope,
Your Friend in time of trouble.

8 If friends should frown, if foes should smile,
There's nothing here complete,
I've found it so, and so will you,
The world is but a cheat.

Acrostic

—Jehovah—Alpha and Omega—The First and the
Last—The Almighty.

US, Jehovah, O what a glorious name,
Eternal God, eternally the same ;
Creation was his plan ere time began ;
Raising praise to him, both God and Man,
O my soul, redemption's work is done ;
I my pray'rs I'll worship God the Son :
Eternal honours be to God the Lamb ;
Eternal be to God for such a plan :
Would ten thousand thousands trust in him !
Are men's hopes to wash away their sin.
Praise, bless'd Jesus, who hast done the deed ;
We'll adore the Lamb, who stoop'd to bleed ;
How'er in heav'n and earth belongs to him ;
Heaven's sinners worship God, who took their sin :
Heaven is full and free through Jesus' blood ;
He's the man who trusts him as his God :
Angels cast their crowns at Jesus' feet,
How well may I,—salvation is complete :
Nought but his blood could ever cleanse from sin ;
And are the souls that will not worship him :
Would poor sinners know what Christ has done,
Thousands of souls redeem'd by God the Son.

Eternal love lay hid within each mind,
 God was in Christ both merciful and kind,
 Ah! what a price did man's redemption cost?
 Take Christ away and all the world were lost.
 Hosanna to his name who bled and died!
 Enough is done,—God's Equal crucified,
 Finish'd the work, and hell was overthrown,
 Jesus hath shed his blood to save his own.
 Rejoice, poor sinner, in his precious blood,
 Salvation is alone the gift of God,
 Ten thousand thousand souls can prove this true,
 And if you're taught of God then so may you.
 Not works of man, salvation is of God;
 Dearly has Jesus bought them with his blood;
 The Father gave them up unto his Son:
 Hallelujahs now, the song's begun,
 Eternal honours to the Eternal Three!
 Let sinners look to Christ upon the tree;
 Ah! there the work, the blessed work, was done,
 Salvation was the work of God the Son;
 Tell to the world this Saviour you have found,
 Tell how you love the gospel's blessed sound;
 Happy the man who humbly seeks his face,
 Endless glory's the effect of special grace.
 At Calv'ry's cross Christ paid the mighty sum;
 Let ransom'd sinners glory in the Son;
 My soul, rejoice, salvation is completed;
 I will rejoice, for Satan is defeated,
 Glory, glory, to the Eternal Three!
 Happy is the man that's led to see
 The love of God eternally is such
 You cannot go to God and ask too much.

*Prayer of every Soul that's born of God.
 lift up the light of thy countenance upon me.
 Psalm iv. 6.*

How sweet are the moments when Jesus is near;
 As nothing disturbs, for there's nothing to fear;
 Angels then around are but trifles to me,
 My prison is open, and I am set free.
 When I am longing to bow at his feet
 And in the chorus Salvation complete;
 What a sweet song will poor sinners sing then,
 Giving salvation to God and the Lamb.
 Jesus is absent, what can I do then?
 Exiled, tormented, a poor wretched man;
 Sad, and my heart, and my soul, all confusion,
 Still I have trusted in seems a delusion.
 What can I do in this sad situation;
 Exiled with sin and the devil's temptation?
 How art so deceitful I can't find it out,
 Agued with sins and tormented with doubt.
 I look for a promise, but none suits my case,
 Though evil he tells me I'm not call'd by grace;
 Still I must venture, I'll try him again,
 For none ever sought the Lord Jesus in vain.
 Alas! when I go I have nothing to say,
 With my doubts, and I bring them away,
 Still I am longing to see his dear face,
 Though he should slay me I'll trust in his grace.
 'Till I must perish, then let it be there;
 While he saves sinners I will not despair;
 Good is my plea, and this plea I will make,
 For poor seeking sinners God will not forsake.
 No unbelief, and perplex me no more;
 I venture to leave my sad tale at his door,
 Though he refuse me and will not be seen,
 I'll look through the key-hole and try and see him.

- If I catch but a glimpse I will urge my petition,
 I'll tell of my wretched, my woeful condition ;
 Lord Jesus, come save me, come open the door,
 And grant me a smile and my soul asks no more.
- 10 Ah ! will he reject such a suitor as me ?
 Then what did he groan for on Calvary's tree ?
 It was for lost sinners, and that is my case,
 I put in my plea, as 'tis all of grace.
- 11 And if I am lost then, I will be the first ;
 But no souls can be lost that in Jesus trust ;
 No never, no never, that never can be,
 He finish'd salvation for such on the tree.

*Nothing but the omnipotent power of God the Holy Gh
 can make a man repent.*

Without Me ye can do nothing. John xv. 5.

- 1 AH ! what can break the heart of stone,
 Or melt the adamant ?
 It is the pow'r of God alone
 Can make a man repent.
- 2 As soon could stinking Laz'rus rise
 And burst the bars of death :
 Before a man can call on God
 The Lord must give him breath.
- 3 How can a man that's dead repent ?
 What can a dead man do ?
 Jehovah makes the man alive,
 Then tells him where to go.
- 4 He sets the man upon his legs
 Before he bids him run ,
 Jehovah knows the man can't move,
 He knows he cannot come.
- 5 God gives the man a will to come,
 Then sets him on his feet ;
 This is the way Jehovah deals
 With all his chosen sheep.

- 6 'Tis God puts words into the mouth,
 Then bids the man to pray,
 He brings the beggar to his door,
 But never turns away.
- 7 He holds the blessings in his hand
 He means to give to man,
 And for them teaches man to pray,
 This is Jehovah's plan.
- 8 For though the man was dead and blind,
 He makes him live and see,
 And by his Spirit leads the man
 To see the bloody tree.
- 9 And when the Lord has brought him there,
 He wonders at the plan,
 To see the God-Man bleeding there
 For ruin'd wretched man.
- 10 'Tis there he sees what sin has done,
 He'll wonder and adore;
 The man that has a view like this
 Will boast of works no more.
- 11 To see what man's redemption cost,
 The price immense indeed,
 To save my guilty soul from hell,
 The Son of God must bleed.
- 12 And did Jehovah take my flesh,
 And bleed and die for me?
 And shall I be ashamed to own
 Salvation wholly free.
- 13 How base the wretch that dare to put
 To grace his helping hand;
 The man that is not sav'd by grace
 By law will be condemn'd.

*In hope of eternal life, which God that cannot lie hath
promised before the world began. Titus i. 2.*

- 1 **IN** hope of everlasting life,
Which God will give to those
Whom he had fore-ordain'd to save,
Elected, lov'd, and chose.
- 2 Chose in his Son, the glory Man,
Both God and Mediator,
Slain in Jehovah's fix'd decrees
To ransom man, his creature.
- 3 Slain in the purposes of God
Before creation's birth,
Slain to redeem the chosen race;
And who can tell his worth?
- 4 This was the plan decreed of old
Between the sacred Three,
That Christ should burst the prison doors
And set the captives free.
- 5 In hope of everlasting life,
Which God that cannot lie
Promis'd before the world was made,
That Christ for man should die;
- 6 Hope here, my soul, nor hope in vain,
Redemption's work is done,
'Tis what God had determined
And promis'd to his Son.
- 7 God ask'd the blood of his dear Son
To pay his peoples' score;
Emmanuel agreed to this,
And God could ask no more.
- 8 So when the settled time was come
The great Messiah came,
Who was Jehovah's equal Son.
The great I AM by name.

- 9 Wrapt in a body made of flesh,
 The Man, the Mediator,
 And though he lay in Mary's womb
 He was the world's Creator.
- 10 And why all this? My soul, admire,
 How glorious the plan!
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God in saving man.
- 11 Though one in three, and three in one,
 One God, there is no more;
 And Jesus is the very God,
 Whom heav'n and earth adore.
- 12 The Father chose, the Son redeem'd,
 To make the whole complete;
 Jehovah gives eternal life
 To all the chosen sheep.
- 13 Then when I see a mourning soul
 Who worships God the Lamb,
 I'll say to him as Nathan did,
 I'll say, Thou art the man.

*d, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or
 the son of man, that thou shouldest visit him?*
Hebrews ii. 6.

- 1 **LORD**, what is man? A guilty wretch;
 For hell he's full upon the stretch,
 'Till stop'd by special grace;
 And then, alas! what is he then?
 A poor, distressed, mourning man,
 He feels himself so base.
- 2 Lord, what is man? No man can say
 Now far the wretch is gone astray,
 And never would return.
 Was not the Lord by sov'reign grace
 To stop him in his hell-bound race,
 In hell the wretch must burn.

- 3 Lord, what is man, unthinking man?
 Who eagerly pursues his plan,
 And thinks all will be well;
 But man would never find the way
 That leads to everlasting day,
 But find eternal hell.
- 4 Lord, what is man, poor fallen man,
 That ever God should lay the plan
 To save a wretch like this?
 O blessed scheme! amazing grace!
 That some amongst the fallen race
 Made heirs of endless bliss.
- 5 Lord, what is man? Do all he can,
 The law his best deeds will condemn,
 All these won't hide his shame;
 The man must go to Calv'ry's tree,
 'Tis only there he can be free,
 There is no other name.
- 6 Lord, what is man? what was he first,
 When form'd and fashion'd from the dust?
 A pure and holy creature,
 With will and pow'r to stand out well
 Against the subtlety of hell,
 And worship his Creator.
- 7 Lord, what is man? What has he done?
 Despist'd the Father and the Son,
 And merited perdition;
 So hell is now his just desert,
 For Satan now has gain'd his heart,
 Ah! this is man's condition.
- 8 But long before this was the case
 The Lord had plan'd the scheme of grace,
 That scheme is now completed;
 God view'd man as a ruin'd creature,
 But he had found a Mediator,
 And hell is now defeated.

- 9 For Christ was the imputed sinner,
That poor lost man might be the winner,
And that entirely free.
How did Christ pay this vast amount?
He took each chosen soul's account,
And nail'd it on the tree.
- 10 And who shall bring a second bill?
The law can't touch, the law can't kill,
The law has had its due:
Then come, poor trembling sinner, come,
Redemption's work's completely done,
Completely done for you.
- 11 This was the way God had decreed
That his own chosen should be freed
From hell's infernal fetters;
But what had man to do in this?
'Tis all of God, the praise is his,
And we eternal debtors.
- 12 Lord, what is man? The best of men,
Had not Jehovah laid the plan,
Had been undone for ever:
O may I never then forget
The grace that snatch'd me from the pit,
O never, never, never.

*And when he saw a mighty wind, he was afraid, and as
he began to sink, he cried, Lord save, or I perish.*

Matthew xiv. 30.

- 1 LORD save, for I'm sinking apace,
I soon must be lost in the deep;
Lord, stretch forth thy hand for my help,
Thou wilt not lose one of thy sheep.
- 2 I thought my faith stronger by far,
I thought I could walk on the sea;
But ah! I sunk down in the deep,
Because my faith lost sight of thee.

- 3 How vain were my efforts to save,
 I felt myself sinking so fast ;
 O God, were it not for thy grace,
 Poor sinners must perish at last.
- 4 But none ever sunk in the deep
 Whom Jehovah chose in his Son ;
 Of all God the Father hath lov'd
 Our Jesus has never lost one.
- 5 Poor Peter could never be lost ;
 And why ? Was he better than you ?
 No, he was the purchase of blood ;
 Salvation was poor Peter's due.
- 6 For nothing more free than a gift,
 And Peter knew this to be true,
 That all whom Jehovah has lov'd
 The Lord has engag'd to bring through.
- 7 Were God to leave you to yourself,
 You soon would sink down in despair,
 And though on the mountain to-day,
 To-morrow like Peter would swear.
- 8 Dear reader, don't think me too rash,
 Poor Peter found this was the case ;
 And where would poor Peter have stop'd
 Had not the Lord stop'd him by grace ?
- 9 Ah ! where was his promise and vows,
 His God he would never desert ?
 He little thought what was within,
 He knew not the plague of his heart.
- 10 Poor Peter could never have thought
 That he should have acted so base ;
 But Peter, and Paul, and the thief,
 Were all alike saved by grace.
- 11 The weakest believer on-earth
 Is equally dear as the strong,
 And when the redeemed get there
 They'll all sing the very same song.

- 12 For all are the price of his blood
 Who once hung on Calvary's tree;
 Poor Peter, Manassa, and I,
 Will sing a salvation so free.

*ist longed for,—Christ looked for,—Christ trusted in,
 —Christ all. Psalm cii. 13.*

- 1 COME, my Lord, thy love reveal,
 Come and melt my heart of steel,
 Come and draw my doubts away,
 Come and teach me how to pray.
- 2 Come, thou long'd for, blessed Friend,
 Come, my Hope, my Way, my End,
 Come, my Jesus, and my all,
 Come and hold me, lest I fall.
- 3 Come and bring the blessing now,
 Come and guide and lead me through,
 Come and bid my sorrow cease,
 Come and make my faith increase.
- 4 Come, I want to see thy face,
 Come with tokens of thy grace;
 Come, dear Lord, no longer stay,
 Come and bless me, Lord, to-day.
- 5 Come and bless what I may hear,
 Come and wipe away the tear,
 Come and ease the wounded heart,
 Come and bless us ere we part.
- 6 Come with comforts from above,
 Come and make us sick with love,
 Come my inward wound to heal,
 Come and make my heart to feel.
- 7 Come and make the foe to fly,
 Come, and unbelief will die;
 Come and all our sins forgive;
 Come and make the dead to live!

*Oh, how I long to see thee face to face,
 To stand before thee, O my God, and praise thee!*

- 8 Come and shew thy lovely face,
Come and manifest thy grace,
Come and make the blind to see,
Come and set the captives free.
- 9 Come and make the mourner glad,
Come, our hearts are very sad,
Come, our hearts are quite unstrung,
Come and touch both heart and tongue.
- 10 Come, or we shall come in vain,
Come, and let each one obtain,
Come and bring the blessing down,
Come, our poor weak efforts crown.
- 11 Come and cause our faith to spring,
Come and make the dumb to sing,
Come and shew us Christ the Lamb,
Come, and we will say, Amen.

*Turn ye to the strong Hold, ye Prisoners of Hope.
Zechariah ix. 12.*

- 1 YE prisoners of hope, who now
Your wretchedness deplore,
Tis Christ must make the bolts give way,
And ope the prison door.
- 2 When he appears, not sin nor hell,
Nor wretched self, can let;
Christ will not let the soul lay long
For whom he's paid the debt.
- 3 When he who burst the bars of death
And made the tomb give way,
When he appears, poor prisoners,
He'll turn your night to day.
- 4 Almighty Jesus, quickly come,
And take our chains away;
Since thou hast paid our mighty debt,
Why should we longer lay?
- 5 Lord, bring us out and grant a smile,
And change our prison dress;

- Lord, strip off all our filthy rags,
Put on thy righteousness.
- 6 Then shall we look more fine than those
Who never sin'd at all,
For they must raise the highest note
Who're ransom'd from the fall.
- 7 For when Emmanuel appears,
He makes the prison shake,
The prison doors fly open then,
The iron fetters break.
- 8 But 'till my precious Jesus come,
I feel so cold and dead;
Ah! Lord, I have no pow'r to move,
Nor burst a single thread.

*careless, unfeeling, and hard-hearted, is Man, and
no insipid all the Ordinances of God without his divine
presence.*

*I fainted in my sighing, and I find no rest.
Jeremiah xlv. 3.*

- 1 **H**OW strange it is, although I feel
My heart is like the very steel,
And I in sad dismay,
Yet feel so careless and supine,
And know not whether God is mine,
And yet I cannot pray.
- 2 O what will move a heart to love?
The pow'r I'm sure is from above,
It is the work of God;
His frowns they make me harder still,
I feel no pow'r, I have no will,
Yet tremble at the rod.
- 3 When Jesus hides his face from me,
I feel my chains, but can't get free,
I seem to nurse despair,

- I hardly care to move or try,
 My faith, my hope, my courage, die,
 I go, I know not where,
- 4 But when my Jesus shines again,
 Ah! then I see my doubts were vain,
 That Jesus is the same;
 He bears with my base unbelief,
 How oft he comes to my relief,
 O blessed be his name:
- 5 Sometimes I think I'll doubt no more,
 But leave my all at mercy's door,
 And trust him in the dark;
 But soon as e'er the sun is set
 I soon begin to pine and fret,
 And cannot see my mark.
- 6 But when it is full blaze of day,
 Then I can trust, and sing, and pray,
 And all seems very well;
 No sooner clouds o'erspread my sky,
 Down drop my hopes, my prospects die,
 And I as black as hell;
- 7 Sure none but me was ever thus,
 Sometimes the devils can't be worse,
 For they have only sin'd;
 But I have sin'd ten thousand times,
 I own the baseness of my crimes,
 The blackest are within.

Then came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me. Matthew xv. 25.

- 1 LORD, help me! was the cry of one
 In sore and sad dismay;
 But ah! it must be well with those
 Jehovah teach to pray.
- 2 Lord, help me, was a little prayer,
 But great was its effect;

The pray'r of faith God always hears,
And never will reject.

Although at first no answer came,
God gave her faith a trial,
She knew that only Christ could help,
And would take no denial.

And though God seems to put her off,
With sour upbraiding too,
Lord, let me have the fare of dogs,
O help me ere I go.

But when she heard the Master say
He came the lost to save,
She urg'd her plea with double force,

Let me the blessing have,
And did she supplicate in vain?
No more, my soul, shall you;

praying soul cannot be lost,
The word of God is true.

Then O my soul, take courage then;

Lord, help me. was a pray'r
That God did hear and answer too;

Then why should you despair?
So then and make the same request,

For Jesus is the same;
Lord, help me, is a pray'r will do,
If made in Jesus' name.

Lord, help me! 'tis a time of need,
I want thy helping hand,
Smile upon my troubled soul,

For I am self-condemn'd.
But as thou art the sinner's Friend,
And giv'st thy blessings free,
Lord, help me in my sad distress,
Thy mercy is my plea.

Soliloquy.

- 1 **WHAT** aileth thee, my soul, why so dismay'd?
Who dare arrest that man whose debts are paid?
Why take up troubles more than for the day?
Those dreaded most the Lord may take away.
- 2 Fear not, thou shalt not starve; I hear thy cry;
I'll tell thee where to find a fresh supply;
Then don't despair, I'll tell thee where to go;
Trust then thy God, and where he bids thee, go.
- 3 Though all things seem against thee, what of that?
Of God's designs man's blinder than a bat;
All things shall work for good, the Lord says so;
O unbelief, thou most infernal foe.
- 4 Trust then thy God, and leave thy all with him;
What won't he do that pardon'd all thy sin?
Who knows what God may shortly bring about?
Belov'd of God, and yet give way to doubt?
- 5 O base ingratitude, to doubt thy God!
And while he smiles yet seem to dread his rod;
Sure unbelief must be a brat of hell,
To doubt a God who has doné all things well.
- 6 But O my God, without thy special grace
I cannot trust thee when thou hid'st thy face;
I can't believe unless thou give me pow'r,
I cannot trust my God a single hour.
- 7 Then give me, Lord, out, grace from day to day,
And let me never wander from thy way:
O shine, dear Lord, in providence and grace,
And where thou fix my lot, there fix my place.
- 8 There would I stay 'till Jesus bid me come
And take my seat in my eternal home,
There to behold my everlasting Friend,
With him in glory that shall never end.
- 9 Alas! my soul, and can all this be true?
And has the Lord ordain'd all this for you?

more than this,—no eye did e'er behold,
 & estate exceeds the worth of gold.
 Let the wheels of time, with rapid pace,
 Or still, and bring me to the place
 Jesus reigns, who died upon the tree;
 That is best of all, he died for me.
 Shall I tell him when I reach the place?
 Of him of his love and matchless grace;
 & this song, Christ has done all things well,
 At his praise who snatch'd my soul from hell.

The Modern or Fashionable Preacher.

LAS! my soul, where can I go?
 How wretched is my case!
 Stay at home, then rove abroad,
 And hunt from place to place,
 Often mix amongst a throng;
 But ah! what get I there?
 I hear sometimes what makes me mad;
 And sinks me in despair.
 I hear the creature much extol'd,
 What wonders he can do;
 Christ's holiness is made his rule;
 By which the man must go.
 And he must tread in all his steps;
 Take Christ as your Example,
 For Christ would have all men be sav'd;
 Take this but as a sample.
 How long must Jesus knock in vain,
 And you won't let him in?
 Though God would gladly save you all,
 Would you repent of sin.
 If you let the Saviour go,
 Perhaps he'll come no more;
 I hear him knock, he wants to save;
 Behold him at the door.

- 7 O wash ye then, and make ye clean,
And cleanse yourself from sin,
And make yourself completely pure,
Then God will take you in.
- 8 But holiness you must obtain,
And make your nature pure,
And get more holy ev'ry day,
Then heav'n you will secure.
- 9 And then expect the Judge to say,
Thou good and holy creature,
Thou hast obey'd thy Lord's commands,
And honour'd thy Creator;
- 10 Come now and take thy sure reward,
For thy reward is due,
For thou didst husband well the grace
That I bestow'd on you.
- 11 This is the preaching of the day,
By nineteen out of twenty;
Such preaching please the bulk of men,
Such hearers there are plenty.
- 12 Of Christ you'll hear but little said,
And less of God the Spirit;
But how they stretch their eloquence
To preach up human merit.
- 13 Well may Socinians so abound,
Arminians so increase,
Such preachers nurse up hypocrites;
And keep their goods in peace.
- 14 My soul, go not amongst this throng;
For Jesus is not there;
Their sandy hopes will soon give way,
And leave them in despair.
- 15 Sometimes I go and hear the truth,
Yes, precious truths indeed;
And yet to me they come so cold,
Because the priest but read.

- 16 Go, preach my word, (thus saith the Lord),
 Not read it, to the people :
 Such drones are got amongst non-cons,
 As well as in the steeple.
- 17 Although the harvest is so great,
 And persons so abound,
 Yet lab'ers are but very few,
 Who know the joyful sound.
- 18 And those who preach salvation free,
 And fear the face of no man,
 If he should like an angel live,
 They'll call him Antinomian.

*Christian's Portion in better Hands than his own.—
 His Portion is on high. Colossians i. 5.*

LAS! my soul, why so oppres'd with care!
 man of royal birth should not despair;
 'Tis sad beyond degree;
 since ev'ry promise is thy Father's bill,
 and is bequeath'd you in your Father's will,
 And all entirely free.

should one that's born to riches so immense,
 who has the Lord of glory his defence,
 Give way to sad despair ?
 see unbelief! O what a foe thou art,
 how treacherous and vile the human heart!

That viper, son, dwells there.
 but still my Father is my Father still,
 he won't revoke what's written in his will,
 His sons he won't upbraid;
 and all his notes are payable at sight,
 o have them carried in is God's delight,
 And each one will be paid.

come then, my soul; and trust the Bible through;
 and see what legacies are left for you,
 A most amazing sum!

Eternal life! What can I wish for more?
 That man who has a God cannot be poor,
 He's heir with God the Son.

5 Attend, my soul; to what thy Father say;
 Come, call on me, I'll hear thee when thou pray;
 Then why go mourning still?

If thou art one with Christ, an heir with him,
 And have his righteousness who bore thy sin,
 To save thee is his will.

6 Whatever be my troubles and distress,
 Since Jesus is my Lord and Righteousness,
 Ungrateful to complain;

'Tis unbelief that spoils my comforts here,
 I sometimes hold the world and self too dear,
 Ah! then I seek in vain.

7 'Tis then I lay my Father's will aside,
 I then forget my Surety for me died,
 And seal'd the will with blood;

'Tis then I mope about without the sun,
 And fear I am a bastard, and no son,
 And not belov'd of God.

8 But God my Father is my Sun and Shield,
 Though hell's assault 'tis cowardice to yield,
 Since Jesus won the day;

My Father's will is prov'd and often tried,
 His legates may go, none are denied,
 He gives them present pay.

9 I know my Father never did engage
 To trust a minor son that's under age,
 With his immense domain;

But mine it is, I know, by covenant right,
 My title deeds are always in his sight,
 It is the Lamb once slain.

10 There's many a minor son without a penny,
 God knows them all, exactly too how many,
 And where they all reside;

knows their sad complaining and their fears,
 say these words dry up their falling tears,

Jehovah will provide.

men let me wait, and long, and hope, and look,
 what is for me is written in his book,

I can't have more or less;

is written, As thy day thy strength shall be;

is is a note my Father gave to me,

The Lord my Righteousness.

men why, my soul so overcharg'd with grief?

God has left thee notes for thy relief,

Enough to pay thy way;

these notes will never, never be rejected,

Jesus' blood they're ev'ry one accepted,

Which God will surely pay.

when I gain the age of twenty-one,

men God completes the work he has begun,

All will be mine for ever:

I will he let a minor son be lost,

ough vex'd, and tried, and oft with tempest tost?

No, never, never, never.

see, a man an heir among prince royals,

w'd down with cares and overwhelm'd with trials,

Is no uncommon thing;

It's chosen sons and heirs are mostly poor,

They're often begging at their Father's door,

Whose Father is a King.

hy does my Father keep me then so poor?

I so often begging at his door,

Yet come always so empty?

Father has appointed and decreed

men I from all my sorrows shall be freed,

'Tis when I'm one-and-twenty.

*I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it,
whose face the earth and the heavens fled away,
Revelation xx. 11—15.*

- 1 O What a dreadful awful day
The judgment day will be
To all but those Christ shed his blood
And died for on the tree!
- 2 But some will say, He died for all,
But that was never prov'd;
He died for those, and only those,
That God the Father lov'd.
- 3 God's word declares Christ died for all,
For all the world were dead,
That those whom God the Father chose
Might live in Christ their Head.
- 4 Christ died for all the royal seed
God fix'd his love upon,
Lov'd with an everlasting love,
Co-heirs with God the Son.
- 5 John saw the great and awful throne,
With thousands standing there,
And those not written in the book
Fell down in dark despair.
- 6 Will any say, Christ died for those?
Alas! they might as well
Declare he died for Judas too,
Who died and went to hell.
- 7 He died for all the Father chose,
For neither more nor less;
To ev'ry one of them he is
The Lord their Righteousness.
- 8 'Tis not the puny works of man
Will stand at that great day,
For works no one was ever sav'd,
God saves another way.

- 9 Ten thousand stood before the bar,
 But stood in sad dismay;
 Those written in the book were sav'd,
 All others cast away.
- 10 John saw in vision, we are told,
 Jehovah's grand assize,
 Where thousand thousands trembling stood,
 With horror and surprise.
- 11 To see the law lay open wide,
 And all with justice plan'd,
 By what is written in these books
 Man will be justly damn'd.
- 12 John saw Jehovah's mighty throne,
 And Jesus sitting there;
 And all who trusted in their works
 Sunk down in sad despair.
- 13 He saw the dead, both small and great,
 At God's tribunal bar;
 And death and hell gave up their dead,
 All nations from afar.
- 14 He saw the books lay open wide,
 Man's works were written there,
 And ev'ry one that's tried thereby
 Will perish in despair.
- 15 Whoever will be sav'd that day,
 'Twill be for Jesus' sake;
 But Christ will frown on all the rest,
 And turn them in the lake.
- 16 But all Jehovah's royal seed
 Will stand before his face,
 And shout in songs of endless praise
 To free and sov'reign grace.
- 17 The sheep shall stand at his right hand
 Who bought them with his blood;
 Their names were written in the book,
 The chosen sons of God.

18 And does my name stand written there?

And did Christ die for me?

Whatever merit-mongers say,

Salvation must be free.

*Come hither all ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you
what he has done for my soul. Psalm lxxi. 16.*

- 1 COME hither, I'll tell you the love of my God,
Who paid down my ransom, the price of his blood;
A poor ruin'd wretch, who had nothing to pay,
God gave me these blessings, then bid me to pray.
- 2 Ah! what cannot Jesus my Lord bring about?
Come hither, poor sinner, you need not to doubt,
Since Jesus has sav'd such a poor wretch as me,
This proves beyond doubt that salvation is free.
- 3 It could not be merit, because I had none,
God never could save me for what I had done;
No, God by his purpose had set me apart,
And by his own grace has conquer'd my heart.
- 4 Then O to free grace what a debtor am I!
What God has done for me I dare not deny;
I sin'd with high hand and lov'd my sins well,
But Christ has redeem'd me and sav'd me from hell.
- 5 But still I am plagued with a base wicked heart,
I'm wounded and bruised in every part,
I'm black but yet comely, a poor wand'ring sheep,
A wretch in myself, but in Jesus complete.
- 6 Come hither, poor sinner, and hear what I say,
No one goes to Jesus that he turns away,
For all those that go, 'tis the Lord brings them there,
And the vilest comer there need not despair.
- 7 Come hither poor sinner press'd down to the ground,
I'll tell you where help for the helpless is found,
'Tis only in Jesus, I tried, but in vain;
Seek any where else and you'll never obtain.

1. Jesus pass'd by me, what was my condition ?
 Or filthy sinner, deserving perdition :
 Did me to live, and I now live to tell
 Jesus, unask'd for, has sav'd me from hell.
 O hither poor sinner, sunk down in despair,
 O hear what I have for my God to declare ;
 Come to save sinners both lost and undone ;
 Knows, my dear reader, but thou may'st be one ?
 Come hither, I'll tell you what Christ did for me ;
 I was in bondage, but Christ set me free ;
 When Jesus found me, how wretched my case,
 Made me to feel the effects of his grace.
 Come hither, I'll tell you the state I was in,
 When Jesus came to me, was dead in my sin,
 Now I'm alive, I would tell all around
 That in Jesus can only be found.

Free without money, no price is expected,
 Brings his salvation to all his elected,
 Opens the blind eyes and makes them to see
 That is equally full as it's free.
 Come hither, I'll tell you this must be the case,
 Those that are saved are saved by grace,
 Not of mere merits, in whole or in part,
 I makes a man feel the sad plague of his heart.
 Come hither, I'll tell you what I often feel,
 That is harder sometimes than the steel,
 Stubborn in will, so perverse in my way,
 No inclination to praise or to pray.
 When I catch a look, as poor Peter once did,
 Then I can weep, but I hang down my head,
 Conscious I feel then for what I have done,
 Can cry, Lord, save me, or I am undone.

*Trust ye not in a friend, put ye not confidence in a friend;
Micah vii. 5.*

- 1 **HOW** many things, alas! beguile;
Sometimes a fascinating smile
Will cheer the drooping heart;
But what, alas! are creature smiles?
They often prove but Satan's wiles,
And prove a secret dart.
- 2 The very man that smiles to-day
Will turn his face another way,
And frown, perhaps, to-morrow;
For man, alas! is so unstable,
If he invites you to his table,
You must not think to borrow.
- 3 A man that's rich has many friends,
If fortune frown their friendship ends,
And you may dwell alone;
That man who stands in need of aid,
And owns he has some debts unpaid,
That man may sigh and mourn.
- 4 But he who has enough to pay,
His friends will pour in ev'ry day,
And promise more to-morrow;
But if ~~some~~ fortune chance to frown,
There's not a friend within the town
Of whom the man can borrow.
- 5 Then who would put his trust in man?
It is indeed a dangerous plan,
Although they promise much;
Such friends as these I have had many,
Who if I wanted but a penny,
Their pockets could not touch.
- 6 Lord help me then to trust in thee,
And from the creature set me free,
Although I now am down;

Lord, thou canst raise me up again
 And make the path before me plain,
 Then let the creatures frown.

- 7 Lord, I would envy not that man,
 Although he prospers in his plan,
 But his God does deny;
 How many such we see around,
 Whose thoughts all center on the ground,
 And so they live and die.

- 8 Ah! such we have, who dare pretend
 To be the Lord Jehovah's friend,
 Yet pinch and grind the poor,
 Who make a god of golden stuff,
 Who get, but never get enough,
 They're grasping after more.

- 9 And these are called christians too,
 And what do these good christians do?
 Why read their book and pray;
 Some go to meeting, some to church,
 Their needy friends leave in the lurch,
 This is their holy way.

Without Me ye can do nothing. John xv. 5.

- 1 O This sad heart, this lump of lead!
 This rock of adamant;
 As soon the frost could melt the ice
 As sinners can repent.

- 2 As soon could stinking Laz'rus rise
 And burst the bars of death,
 As soon as man can pray to God
 That's neither life nor breath.

- 3 No more can I perform a deed
 Without God's special grace,
 But what is poison'd with some guilt,
 I feel this is the case.

- 4 Although I'd give the world to pray,
To trust, believe, and love,
Yet I can't move this sluggish heart,
A rock will sooner move.
- 5 Here must I lie, for ever lie,
Unless my Jesus come;
If he but speak and lift me up,
I then begin to run.
- 6 O would he come and heal my soul
Of this sad malady:
As he has made me feel my wound,
He will not let me die.
- 7 O Jesus, help me quickly, come
And make no longer stay;
Thou know'st, dear Jesus, what I feel,
I would but cannot pray.
- 8 I want to feel as I have done
In some sweet moments past;
But they are gone, O come again,
And make such visits last.
- 9 Thy own disciples without thee
Could do no more than I;
One left a little while alone
Began to swear and lie,
- 10 Lord draw me, or I cannot run,
So weak I cannot stand;
But thou hast promis'd none shall pluck
Thy people from thy hand.
- Lord, lift upon me the light of thy countenance.
Psalm iv. 6.*
- 1 O Come thou Source of all that's good,
And fill this empty space,
Ten thousand things I feel to want,
I want to see thy face.

- 2 I want to feel, I want to love,
I want to sing and pray,
I want to have this darkness gone,
I want to have it day.
- 3 I want to see the Sun again,
I want those clouds remov'd,
I want to call the Lord my own,
And that I am belov'd.
- 4 I want my prison door unlock'd,
I want to be at large,
I want to see my debts all paid,
I want my full discharge.
- 5 Lord, I have seen all this before,
I've seen the book-debt-erost,
Yet unbelief suggests the lie,
I shall at last be lost.
- 6 If Jesus fall, then I must fall,
If Jesus stand, I stand,
Omnipotence has pow'r to save,
And hold me in his hand.
- 7 Then though I want ten thousand things,
My God can give them all;
I'll go and knock at mercy's door,
'Tis there he bids me call.
- 8 And though I want so many things,
'Tis best to want them still,
My Father knows what's best for me,
I'll wait my Father's will.
- 9 O let me taste, and feel, and see,
What I have felt before,
O do but shine upon my soul,
And I can want no more.
- 10 But I can neither feel, nor see,
Nor sing, nor praise, nor pray,
'Till Jesus shine upon my soul,
And turn my night to day.

*No Peace when God is absent from the Soul:
O that I knew where I might find him, that I might com-
even to his seat. Job xliii. 3.*

- 1 O This poor restless heart of mine,
Where would it rove to-day ?
It seems to hover on the wing,
And long to flee away.
- 2 O could I fly away from self,
And find some sweet abode ;
Sometimes I seem to lose my way,
And hardly know the road.
- 3 I know that Jesus is the Way,
But I can't find him out ;
Sometimes I feel a little joy,
Again am plagued with doubt.
- 4 Who can but doubt with such a heart,
Much harder than the steel ?
Thy smiles will melt the adamant,
And make the rock to feel.
- 5 Yes, thou canst still the raging sea,
The tumult of the mind,
And hush my poor distracted soul,
For Jesus can be kind.

*A poor Soul Struggling between Hopes and Fears.
Psalm lxxvii. 9.*

- 1 ALAS ! what ails my soul ?
How wretched and forlorn !
Sometimes I almost wish
I never had been born :
Where are my former comforts gone ?
I seem forgotten and alone.
- 2 I want to feel again
What Jesus felt before ;
O could I see his face,
And find an open door :

But all seems bolted up from me ;
O would the Lord but set me free.

3 I want—I think I want—

O God my want supply ;
I want to ask of thee

What thou canst not deny :
Thou know'st the plea I have to make,
I only plead, For Jesus' sake.

4 I plead thy promises,

Thyself thou can't deny ;
Lord, thou hast bid me live,
And cannot bid me die ;
Then though I feel myself so dead,
Yet Jesus is my living Head.

5 Why then, my soul, so sad,
Since Jesus is the same ?

His stay will not be long
From those who love his name ;
Ah ! Lord, I want to love thee more ;
I've long been waiting at thy door.

6 And shall I wait in vain ?

No, that can never be,
Because I've heard him say,
Poor sinner, come to me.
And such thou ne'er did cast away,
Whom thou hast taught and made to pray.

7 In trouble, call on me,

My Jesus tells me so ;
Then 'till I feel his help
I will not let him go ;
And though he hide his lovely face,
I'll plead the promise of his grace.

8 If thou hadst not design'd

Salvation, Lord, for me,
Why didst thou ever draw
My sinking soul to thee ?

'Tis thou hast brought me to thy feet,
Sure then I am thy chosen sheep.

9 I never had a wish,
Dear Lord, to come to thee,
Nor should I ever come,
Had thou not come to me ;

But sure 'tis thy own special grace
Has made me long to see thy face.

10 Then let me see thy face,
And I'll be sad no more :
Until thou bless me, Lord,
I'll never leave thy door ;
I'll knock until thou take me in,
For thou hast blotted out my sin.

11 I know 'tis all of grace,
I know 'tis wholly free,
Thou finished the work
By dying on the tree ;
And all but Christ I count but dross,
And glory in his bloody cross.

12 Then as my debt is paid,
Why should I lie in chains ?
Thou knowest what I feel,
My agonizing pains,
All dark within, perplex'd without,
I'm plagued to death with fear and doubt.

13 The enemy perplex
And vex me day by day ;
He will not let me sing,
He will not let me pray ;
I go and cry, but can't obtain,
My prayers and tears seem all in vain.

14 One look from thee, dear Lord,
And all my foes must fly ;
One smile from thy dear face,
And unbelief must die ;

ord, shine my doubts and fears away,
 and I will sing, and praise, and pray.

5 Then hasten, Lord, and come,

And make a longer stay ;

I want my nights more short,

I want a longer day :

had I wings, I'd fly from sin and care,

I fly to heav'n, my God, for thou art there.

Verses written on my Birth-day, April 10, 1818!

OW sixty years and more have run their round,

and I still live and walk on praying ground ;

how many on my right and left have fell,

and some have fill'd their cup and dropt to hell.

was God who form'd me in my mother's womb,

and he will watch my steps unto the tomb ;

or when I lay upon my mother's breast,

trust my name was put amongst the blest.

he Lord preserv'd me in my baby days,

efore I knew what 'twas to pray or praise ;

at as my days increas'd I thought all well,

'till I began to hear of heav'n or hell.

efore I reach'd the age of twenty-one,

trust I felt the work of grace begun,

found I was a sinner lost indeed,

ut knew not him who did on Calv'ry bleed.

went to work, of bricks I made my tale,

s though salvation was put up for sale :

he plan of grace I little understood,

read and pray'd, but could not find my God.

went to town, and there I liv'd five years,

ut there I gave up all, both hopes and fears ;

there experienced what I dare not tell,

struggled hard to find my way to hell.

nd yet I could not sin so cheap as some,

or I had light, but knew not where to run,

- And though I crouded with the busy throng,
I felt within that something must be wrong.
- 8 How oft my folly I with tears lamented,
And then I sin'd again, again repented,
Sometimes I thought I heard my Saviour say,
I am the sinner's Friend, I am the way.
- 9 I often roam'd about from place to place,
But seldom heard the plan of sov'reign grace,
I heard of doing much, none told me how,
I often slipt into despondence slough.
- 10 Sometimes I felt this evil was within,
And I a willing slave to flesh and sin ;
Sometimes I vow'd and strove with all my might
But Calvary was never in my sight.
- 11 Sometimes I felt my conscience sound alarms,
And then the world lost all its pleasing charms;
I wanted peace, I strove to get the prize,
But ah ! my search was still below the skies.
- 12 And thus from year to year my busy mind
Was searching what I never once could find;
Sometimes I thought I stood, and then I fell,
I knew no other way but that to hell.
- 13 For all this while I never felt the dart,
I was a stranger to my wicked heart,
I often vow'd that I would sin no more,
I little thought that nature was so poor.
- 14 Temptations were so strong, and I so weak,
I vow'd and broke my vows, ten times a week,
I little thought what lay within my heart,
Sometimes so base I took the devil's part.
- 15 At last I thought I'd leave the busy place,
And in the country cultivate my grace,
To Sudbury I came, there fix'd my station,
And there set out full speed to find salvation.
- 16 I now began afresh to mend my pace,
Still thought salvation was by works and grace,

I strove to do my duty day by day,
 And thought I must be right, for I could pray.
 No one more constant at the temple door,
 I lov'd to meet amongst God's praying poor,
 Where I attended I was much carest,
 I almost thought myself the very best.
 Arminianism was the fav'rite theme,
 I heard Christ died all mortals to redeem,
 If they would but comply, both great and small,
 It was Jehovah's will to save them all.
 Sometimes I heard a boy red hot from school,
 And all his preachments were, The law our rule,
 And offer Christ to all within the place,
 His sermons were mix'd up of law and grace.
 Such mongrel preachers I for years attended,
 Sometimes was satisfied, sometimes offended,
 For I was half a Calvinist and half Arminian,
 Hardly fix'd in any one opinion.
 Now I shall pass o'er many trying years,
 In which I had ten thousand doubts and fears,
 Sometimes I counted all the world a bubble,
 Sometimes distress'd and overwhelm'd with trouble.
 For years I thought prosperity my lot,
 And I quite lifted up with what I'd got,
 But ah! as pride is sure to have a fall,
 I trusted man, and soon I lost my all.
 I put my trust in those I thought my friends,
 They flatter'd me to answer their own ends,
 The promises they made me I believ'd,
 I thought them friends, and there I was deceiv'd.
 God had his plan to humble thus my pride,
 For in prosperity I seldom cried,
 I wonder'd and I murmur'd at the rod,
 God sought me out, that I might find my God.
 I mop'd about, bow'd down and broken hearted,
 My friends look'd shy, by them I was deserted,

- My pride was humbled, and I hung my head,
 And often wish'd myself amongst the dead.
- 26 How vain the world has since appear'd to me,
 God sent a rod to point me to the tree,
 Where Jesus died to ransom all his sheep,
 For through his blood salvation is complete.
- 27 Since God has thus been pleas'd to make me poo
 He's often brought me nearer to his door,
 Now all my self-sufficiency is gone,
 I only have my God to rest upon.
- 28 For when I thought my mountain stood unshake
 How soon, alas! I found myself mistaken,
 'Twas self I trusted in, and not my God,
 Because he lov'd me he has sent the rod.
- 29 Now, bless his name, I'm brought to live on his
 I'm made to feel the sad effects of sin,
 Ten thousand times I've run away from God,
 He fetch'd me back, but with a Father's rod.
- 30 Now my proud heart is humbled in the dust,
 'Tis on his grace alone I dare to trust,
 He overrules my sorrows and my cares,
 Watches my steps, and numbers all my hairs.
- 31 For when he made his providence to smile,
 I boasted in my corn, and wine, and oil,
 But never saw the blessed hand that gave it,
 My Father saw it best I should not have it.
- 32 'Twas what my Father gave he took away,
 On him I wish to trust from day to day,
 And when in trouble on my God I'll call,
 I found not him until I lost my all.
- 33 He casteth down, but he lifts up again,
 The losses I have had were not in vain,
 'Till then I was a poor self-righteous fool,
 'Till I was brought to tribulation's school.
- 34 'Till then I never knew the plague of sin,
 I never felt the cursed thing within,

- I thought I'd been a christian many years,
 For I had pray'd a thousand times in tears.
- 15 I thought my tears would wash away my crimes,
 This was my popish doctrine in these times,
 But now I know 'tis not my pray'rs or tears,
 I had no other creed for many years.
- 16 But now the Lord has taught my soul the way,
 'Tis not because I either fast or pray,
 I have no hand in what the Lord has done,
 Salvation is alone through God the Son.
- 17 Until I found my way to Calv'ry's tree,
 I always was in bondage, never free;
 But when I saw my Jesus bleeding there,
 I found I need no longer nurse despair.
- 18 For I believe what Christ did on the tree
 Was fore-ordain'd; redemption, yes, for me;
 And never 'till I saw this was the case,
 I never saw salvation all of grace.
- 19 I thought there must be merit in my pray'rs,
 Here thousand souls are held in Satan's snare,
 Here I was held for many years a slave,
 I thought for my repentance God would save.
- 20 Now God the Holy Ghost has taught me better,
 I've often been distress'd but knew not what's the
 matter,
 Until I saw my Surety God the Son,
 In whom he view'd me sav'd ere time begun.
- 21 This is the record God himself hath given,
 That life eternal is the gift of heaven,
 To save God's chosen ones, and not one more,
 And only these he brings to mercy's door.
- 22 He gives them grace to pray for what they have,
 'Tis only saved souls cry out, Lord, save,
 'Tis not a goat now turn'd into a sheep,
 In Christ God's chosen ever stand complete.

- 43 Jehovah ever fix'd upon his plan,
And angels wonder at his love for man,
To chodse them in his Son before they fell,
Christ paid their debts, not one could go to hell.
- 44 Lov'd with a changeless everlasting love,
Christ advocates their cause in heav'n above,
Upon the cross, salvation settled there,
At Calvary no sinner need despair.
- 45 And now I feel dispos'd to tell around
What in a precious Jesus I have found,
Some laugh and jeer, some call me Antinomian,
Because I will not pin my faith to no man.
- 46 Ye are complete in Him, God's word says so,
Man is not sav'd for what he say or do ;
If Christ has paid my debt, I must be free,
And that was done completely on the tree.
- 47 If Jesus died, it was that man might live,
And God is just the sinner to forgive,
For Christ paid all the debt, or none at all,
Christ knew the whole amount before the fall.
- 48 A man that's not in debt dreads no arrest,
Ten thousand magistrates can't break his rest,
He knows his Creditor is satisfied,
He knows his debts were paid when Jesus died.
- 49 Some say this is an Antinomian plan,
To own salvation free, then I'm the man,
Though lost in Adam, I was sav'd before,
Sav'd in the man whom heav'n and earth adore.
- 50 Sav'd in this way, Jehovah had decreed,
Christ was arrested that I might be freed ;
He laid in prison, but he burst the tomb,
He seal'd the bond with blood and then went home.
- 51 This was the work he did, to make complete
Salvation for Jehovah's chosen sheep ;
This is the news my soul rejoice to tell,
That only Christ can save my soul from hell.

Self-righteous pharisees may call me Fool,
 While they pretend to make the law their rule,
 Although they break the law ten times a day,
 They boast they keep the law, because they pray.
 The law was made for just such men as these,
 Salvation by it is not in God's decrees,
 It shews mens' debts immense, and that is all,
 But never sav'd a sinner since the fall.
 But he that trusts in Jesus keeps the law,
 For Christ's obedience was without a flaw ;
 God views his people holy in his Son,
 For Christ and all his chosen are but one.
 This is the theme my soul doth much admire,
 Lord grant me grace to raise my notes still higher,
 To sing of grace more sov'reign than the wind,
 Christ paid my ransom price before I'd sin'd.
 Thus fore-ordain'd to be just what I am,
 All my vicissitudes were in the plan,
 My destiny was fixt in God's decrees,
 I live, and act, and move, just as he please.
 That I should live beyond my three score years,
 That I should feel ten thousand doubts and fears,
 That I should be sometimes a happy man,
 That I should mourn and weep, was in the plan.
 Caress'd by some, by others I'm condemn'd,
 By pharisees I'm utterly condemn'd,
 The Arians and Socinians hate my creed,
 For they despise the Man who deign'd to bleed.
 They cannot in atoning blood rejoice,
 They cannot love the people of his choice,
 A free redemption is approv'd by none
 But those who are redeem'd by God the Son.
 All glory to the great mysterious Three,
 One God in essence from eternity,
 Who laid the plan before the birth of time,
 To give me faith to say, This God is mine.

- 61 If God should spare me through another year,
 May Christ's salvation to my soul be dear;
 If I should live to three score years and ten,
 Christ be my portion now, my portion then.
- 62 Armininians say my creed is sad delusion,
 That all my hopes will end in sad confusion,
 I wonder not that they can jeer and mock
 At those whose hopes are built upon a Rock.
- 63 There's many say that I shall one day fall,
 But they forget I stand as safe as Paul,
 For Paul was kept by grace, so all the sheep,
 They all must stand whom God engage to keep.
- 64 But of myself I'm poor and helpless still,
 Without my God I've neither pow'r nor will,
 He draws me by his grace, then I can run,
 'Tis he maintains the work he has begun.
- 65 And since the Lord began that work in me,
 Ten thousand times I've prov'd salvation free,
 How oft my stock of grace has all run out,
 And I a slave in bondage, fear, and doubt.
- 66 Some talk of nature being sanctified,
 Whoever say so never have been tried,
 I am by nature still both vile and base,
 There's nothing conquers nature but free grace.
- 67 But some there are who offer Christ to all;
 And say, Dead sinners should obey the call,
 God stands and knocks, and tries what he can do,
 But they refuse, so God must let them go.
- 68 But some, more modest, try to mend the matter,
 That God begins to love when we get better,
 Of our five talents if we make them ten,
 There is no fear but God will love us then.
- 69 Some others cry, Repent, repent to-day,
 Lest God be weary and he turn away;
 Thus God is disappointed, some men tell,
 For God would save those souls that went to hell.

70 Thus blind men lead the blind, and such are they
Who preach not Christ the Truth, the Life, the
Way:

How many preach, whom God has never sent,
'Tis these who say, A dead man can repent.

71 This is the preaching many thousands hear,
And for such trumpery pay pretty dear;
To have such preachers is a dreadful evil,
For such are faithful servants to the devil.

72 Then let the men be priz'd who preach and say
Christ is the sure, the safe, the only Way,
The way that God eternally appointed,
That Way is Christ, Jehovah's own anointed.

73 There are a few who dare preach Christ alone,
Who did for God's elected ones atone,
But 'tis by many view'd a dreadful omen,
To call the faithful preacher Antinomian.

74 But 'tis a badge of honour, in my view,
Real gospel preachers are but very few;
Whoever preach salvation full and free
Shall have the badge, whoever he may be.

75 Preach God's eternal love and free election,
And you will meet the pharisees' rejection;
Professors of the day, nine out of ten,
Will not approve Jehovah's gospel plan.

76 Were not salvation absolutely free,
For what did Jesus bleed upon the tree?
But what Christ undertook was finish'd then,
That was redemption's glorious, blessed plan.

77 And finished it was for all the sheep,
Salvation is eternally complete;
My soul, rejoice, the blessed work is done,
By Christ as Mediator, God the Son.

78 O could I love my Jesus ten times more,
The great I AM, whom heav'n and earth adore,
For love so infinite, for love so free,
That God should ever love a wretch like me.

- 79 Ah ! should ten thousand sinners wish to see
 The reason why Jehovah loved me,
 The Lord will do exactly what he please,
 And my salvation stood in his decrees.
- 80 Not for my works or worthiness at all,
 Just like the rest I lay in Adam's fall ;
 Before that was the case I stood in Him
 On whom the Lord Jehovah laid my sin,
- 81 But my redemption was no after-thought ;
 Though saved freely, I was dearly bought,
 Throughout eternity belov'd of God,
 Yet my redemption was the price of blood.
- 82 Well might the angels wonder at the deed,
 That God incarnate should for sinners bleed ;
 Stupendous plan ! majestic was the scheme,
 That Christ should die the chosen to redeem.
- 83 Well may the heavens ring in songs of praise,
 Who would not wish their highest notes to raise
 To him who liv'd, who groan'd, who bled, who
 died,
 The great I AM, the Man once crucified ?
- 84 The highest notes of praise become the place
 Where Jesus will unveil his lovely face ;
 Hosannas to the Lamb will echo round,
 Salvation all of grace will be the sound.
- 85 O what a chorus will the ransom'd sing,
 When standing round the throne of God their King !
 Methinks I hear their golden harps' vibration,
 And ev'ry note is, Full and free salvation.
- 86 Ah ! when I reach that glorious blessed place,
 I'll try and raise the highest notes to grace ;
 To him who rais'd me up from Adam's fall,
 O how I long to crown him Lord of all.
- 87 O Lord, increase my faith while here below, . .
 I seem to stand quite still, or move so slow,
 I feel, O God, without thy helping hand
 I cannot run, nor walk, nor move, nor stand.

- 88 But as thou hast engag'd to bring me through,
 O may I keep thy promises in view ;
 Thou art a faithful God, thy promise keep,
 Which is eternal life to all the sheep.
- 89 Ah ! were salvation any other way,
 What should I do when I can't praise or pray ?
 But stupid as a block and hard as steel,
 I can't be dead, for I my hardness feel.
- 90 O my base nature, how it plagues me still ;
 How often I transgress against my will ;
 Like Paul, I would do good, but sins prevent,
 Ten times a day I sin, ten times repent.
- 91 Sometimes I think old nature almost dead,
 Again with double pow'r he lifts his head ;
 But bless the Lord, it is my firm opinion,
 Though sin may plague it shall not have dominion.
- 92 My Jesus from the law has set me free ;
 The whole demand was paid upon the tree :
 Though I believe my ransom price is paid,
 Yet still of sin and self I am afraid.
- 93 Whence all these changes in my troubled breast ?
 'Tis when on something short of God I rest,
 Although from year to year, from day to day,
 I've found the world to be but vanity.
- 94 Ill natur'd world, I well can bear thy frown,
 When I can read my title to a crown,
 Prepar'd for me before the world's foundation,
 By him who died to free me from damnation.
- 95 The world may frown or smile, just as it please,
 Both frowns and smiles shall answer God's decrees ;
 Let poor ungodly sinners recollect
 God is the portion of his own elect.
- 96 No weapon form'd can do the christian harm,
 He is protected by Jehovah's arm ;
 For 'tis a truth, though thousands may deny,
 God guards them as the apple of his eye.

- 97 O why, my soul, should you give way to
 Since God has brought you through so man
 And rais'd you up above a thousand storms
 And made your shoes as brass to tread the
- 98 When in the storm I'm looking out for lam
 But often overlook the helping hand
 That snatch'd me from the dangers of the
 None can be safe but those Jehovah keep.
- 99 But oft, like Peter, I am fore'd to cry,
 Lord, save my sinking soul, or I must die
 Though God has sav'd a thousand times be
 I go with hesitation to his door.
- 100 Sometimes I go with blushes on my face,
 When I've been trusting something short of
 Perhaps I've found a liberty in pray'r,
 But little thought the enemy was there.
- 101 How pleas'd is Satan with a Well done I!
 Self-righteous pray'rs are Satan's fav'rite
 Whoever thinks there's merit in his pray'r,
 Is not alone, for Satan will be there.
- 102 Self-emptied sinners' cries he cannot bear,
 Because he knows the Holy Ghost is there
 He cannot enter where Jehovah reigns,
 And though he tempt, he knows 'tis all in
- 103 He never yet could gain a chosen sheep;
 He knows, in Christ, the chosen are comp
 And though he tempt and-plague from day
 He knows God's people cannot fall away.
- 104 And though they fall, suppose ten times a
 Perhaps it is to make them ten times pray;
 God over-rules the very falls of those
 He for himself eternally has chose.
- 105 But fall to hell, no, never, never one:
 If they go there, then so may God the Son
 For head and members must then dwell to
 Christ from his people hell and earth can't

- 16 Because, before the Lord created day,
 Christ was set up to be the sinner's Way;
 The plan was laid to save the helpless sinner,
 God is the end, as well as the beginner.
- 17 Then O my soul, why art thou so cast down
 Sometimes, because thy fellow creatures frown?
 When faith runs low then doubts and fears croud in,
 Ah! who can say that he is free from sin.
- 18 As well can Ethiopians wash them white,
 As I can do one single action right;
 Without the pow'r of God the Holy Ghost,
 Can hardly keep my outside clean at most.
- 19 As soon can leopards change their spotted skin,
 As I can wash away one single sin;
 I look within, I find the monster there,
 Of creature holiness I quite despair.
- 20 But creature holiness, what can it mean?
 Where was a holy creature ever seen?
 Jehovah, Jesus, God, the great I AM,
 Who in our nature was the holy Man.
- 21 For what, and who, was God the Son made Man?
 What's the design of this mysterious plan?
 Was this that men might strive to do their best,
 And put their trust in Christ to do the rest?
- 22 Is this the plan becomes the great Jehove?
 His people are all drawn, not one is drove;
 He turns their hearts towards mount Zion's hill,
 He gives the pow'r, he also gives the will.
- 23 God never will one sinner overlook,
 Whose name himself has written in the book,
 Where all the names of God's elected stand,
 Jehovah holds the book in his own hand,
- 24 Where not one name was ever blotted out;
 What God decreed, that God will bring about;
 His purposes stand fast and sure for ever,
 I will not lose thee, saith the Lord, no never.

- 115 And shall the weak and puny arm of man
 Upset Jehovah's everlasting plan?
 Ah! shall the Lord, who is the world's creator,
 Be rul'd and over-rul'd by man, his creature?
- 116 I trust my all with my unchanging God,
 Who rules heav'n, earth, and hell, with sov'reign
 nod,
 Who has decreed whatever shall take place,
 Who has decreed to save me by his grace.
- 117 The fall of man was in the eternal scheme,
 However strange to fallen man it seem;
 God left the man to do just as he please,
 And so fulfil'd Jehovah's fixt decrees.
- 118 God view'd in Adam all the human race,
 And in him fell the souls he saves by grace;
 But though in Adam they were view'd as dead,
 They ever live in Christ their living Head.
- 119 Though Adam sculk'd away, as well he might,
 He felt his soul as dark as Egypt's night;
 The plan of God since Adam's fall has been,
 That those he saves should feel the plague of sin.
- 120 O Lord, I feel this plague from day to day;
 What would I give sometimes if I could pray!
 I sometimes go, but feel afraid to knock,
 Because I feel as stupid as a block.
- 121 Sometimes I cry, Lord, melt this heart of steel,
 O cause the sun to shine, and make me feel;
 I want to feel as I have felt before,
 O let me see thy face, I want no more.
- 122 Why must I go for days without the sun?
 Why leave the work, dear Lord, thou hast begun?
 Thou knowest, Lord, I can do nothing right,
 All things go wrong when thou art out of sight.
- 123 Though darkness may endure throughout the night,
 I know when Jesus comes it will be light;

- Come quickly then, I long to see thy face,
 And grant me some fresh tokens of thy grace.
- 4 But why, my soul, why is it thus with thee?
 Why sure I am the change must be in me,
 For God is faithful, loving, kind, and true;
 Then O my soul, the change must be in you.
- 5 For mountains may depart and hills remove,
 My God can never change, for God is love;
 Then though I am so changeable and frail,
 The love of God can never, never fail.
- 6 'Tis I who am so fickle and unwise,
 Who often seek for help below the skies
 And thus I often make myself a rod,
 Because so often I forget my God.
- 7 'Tis I who often feel dispos'd to stray,
 And then I mourn because I cannot pray;
 Sometimes I make my stay a smiling creature,
 And then forget my God, my great Creator.
- 8 Ah! sure this is not, cannot be the case,
 Of all Jehovah's chosen fav'rite race:
 Are these the sad effects of Adam's fall?
 What! has his sin contaminated all?
- 9 Yes, all have sin'd, the word of God doth tell,
 And sins unpardon'd sink the soul to hell;
 In Adam's fall all men are on a level,
 All are, and will be, captives to the devil.
- 10 Had not Jehovah found a ransom out,
 All must have sunk to hell, I have no doubt;
 Man never would have sought for heav'n at all,
 Had not our Jesus rais'd him from the fall.
- 11 Just like a blind man on the brink of danger,
 Ten thousands never think of Bethl'hem's manger;
 There's none but those their danger ever see,
 Until they're led from Bethl'hem to Calvary.
- 12 But some are so refin'd in their opinions,
 (I mean our pious, holy, good, Arminians),

- To talk of God's election and decrees,
 You're sure these pious people to displease.
- 133 Preach God's eternal love and special grace,
 And these good folk will laugh you in the face;
 Free grace they cannot bear a single moment,
 Because they feel no need of the atonement.
- 134 They think and say, Man has both pow'r and will,
 If he will strive he may the law fulfil;
 That man can turn to God just when he please,
 God waits for man, not man for God's decrees.
- 135 But all the chosen of the Lord shall know
 That man to help himself is sunk too low;
 Like stinking Laz'rus, when wrap'd up in death,
 He could not move 'till Jesus gave him breath.
- 136 Laz'rus, come forth! thus spoke the living Head,
 The voice of Jesus rais'd the very dead;
 And all the ransom'd seed, Jehovah's choice,
 Shall hear the voice of God, and shall rejoice.
- 137 What voice was that was heard by mad-brain'd
 Saul?
 What pow'r was that which made him praying,
 Paul?
- The selfsame pow'r that opened the grave,
 'Twas God did that, and God alone can save.
- 138 Go, ask Manassa what he says about it;
 He'll say, 'Tis all of Grace, I cannot doubt it;
 But when in Babylon in fetters bound,
 There was the Saviour by Manassa found.
- 139 The dying thief look'd to his God and cried,
 The other did not so, is not denied;
 This man had never, never pray'd before,
 He cried just at the threshold of death's door.
- 140 And how came this about? if any ask,
 To answer such a question is no task;
 'Twas fore-ordain'd just so, that God the Son
 Should die between two thieves, and save but one.

- 41 Because his name stood written in the book,
And such Jehovah will not overlook ;
In the agreement of the eternal Three
The thief was paid for, in the great decree.
- 42 Just so that curious, rich, and worldly man,
Had no conception of Jehovah's plan ;
He wished much to see that Bethlehemite,
He climb'd the tree that he might catch a sight ;
- 13 He little thought the man he went to see
Would call Zaccheus from the syc'more tree ;
This was the very tree, the very place,
That God had plan'd to manifest his grace.
- 14 No sooner Jesus spoke, but he obey'd ;
Was this because Zaccheus was afraid ?
No, love had found its way into his heart ;
Now with his money he could freely part.
- 15 Zaccheus felt what was not felt before,
No longer now he could oppress the poor ;
There's many now oppress, who are professors,
'Twould not be so were they but made possessors.
- 16 So Saul of Tarsus, thirsting for the blood
Of all who lov'd and trusted in their God,
Yet boasting of the law, his only rule ;
(And this all mankind learn in nature's school.)
- 17 With eagerness sets out to reach the place,
To persecute the objects of God's grace,
All those who held, their blessed Lord was risen,
He wish'd to put them all to death or prison.
- 18 The high priest sign'd and seal'd his writ of pow'r,
And Saul look'd forward to the wish'd-for hour ;
Away he goes, but at the mid of day
Jehovah Jesus stops him on his way.
- 19 Why persecute thou me ? thus Jesus spake ;
This was enough the monster's heart to break ;
He felt the pow'r, he saw the light, and fell :
Why did not Saul of Tarsus fall to hell ?

- 150 He was below'd of God before the fall,
 He was below'd, when persecuting Saul;
 When praying Paul, he preach'd this doctrine well,
 As God's elect he could not go to hell.
- 151 Free grace can never be a pleasing theme,
 Until by faith mount Calvary is seen;
 There to behold the Friend of sinners die,
 This proves free grace; who dare this truth deny?
- 152 O think, my soul, of that amazing plan,
 To save poor ruin'd, lost, and helpless man;
 Mysterious work! a work becoming God,
 That to redeem should be the price of blood.
- 153 Well may the heavens ring with such a Name,
 Whose love remains eternally the same;
 His people chosen ere the world begun,
 All look'd upon complete, in God the Son.
- 154 Is all this true, and can I prove it so?
 The word of God says, Yes; Arminians, No;
 Why should I cherish then such doubts and fears?
 God keeps his promise to a thousand years.
- 155 His purposes stand firm, and that for ever,
 He won't forsake his chosen ones, no, never;
 They are made one with Christ, their King and
 Head,
 He'll own his chosen when he raise the dead.
- 156 Why go I mourning then, if this is true?
 Since Christ has paid for me the law its due,
 No second bill will ever be brought in;
 Christ bore the curse and took away my sin.
- 157 Although I do believe this is the case,
 That I am sav'd, and that alone by grace,
 Yet of myself I have no strength at all,
 I stand alone by grace, and so did Paul.
- 158 If God can change, ah! then I am undone;
 Could God forsake the work he has begun,

Then I am lost ; yes lost, and that for ever ;
 but this was never done, no, never, never.
 Poor Peter fell in cowardly disgrace,
 've often pitied Peter's silly case ;
 'twas but just now he talk'd of jail or dying,
 and now, alas ! the man is got to lying.
 He never knew 'till now what was within,
 He never yet had felt the plague of sin ;
 What Peter vow'd he thought he could perform :
 Arminianism will never stand the storm.
 Although poor Peter sunk in sad disgrace,
 Yet who will say that Peter fell from grace ?
 Or Jesus pray'd that Peter might not fall,
 His pray'r of Jesus did and must prevail.
 Poor Peter never, never knew before,
 What nature was so helpless and so poor ;
 The promises he made he meant to keep,
 But ah ! one look from Jesus makes him weep.
 've often wish'd to feel what he felt then ;
 How must he adore the blessed Lamb ;
 'till might he weep, he'd been a base denier ;
 Love divine that pardon'd such a liar !
 'Tis this free grace ? ah ! let Arminians say,
 Christ saves mankind because they fast and pray ;
 For Peter had done that, I dare declare,
 And yet can praying Peter lie and swear.
 Yet those who think they stand read this one case,
 Then say what saved Peter, works or grace :
 The Lord permitted Peter thus to fall,
 That I might know 'twas not by works at all.
 Ten thousands now are just in Peter's case,
 No trust to frames and feelings more than grace,
 No keep their outsides clean, and that is all,
 No never felt the ruins of the fall.
 Were such as these within the high priest's hall,
 They'd do as Peter did, like Peter fall ;

- For man's free will and outward reformation
 Never saved one sinner from damnation.
- 168 The strongest saint would not one moment stand,
 Did not Jehovah hold him in his hand;
 'Tis not of him that will, nor them that run,
 God keeps all those redeem'd by God the Son.
- 169 Lord, keep me then, will be the Christian's pray'r
 'Tis grace that brings the man to self despair;
 Poor Peter's pride was humbled in the dust,
 His vows, and pray'rs, and tears, no more he'll
 trust.
- 170 Is this the only solitary case?
 Is this the only proof of special grace?
 The man that's taught of God will answer, No,
 I'll own I'm freely sav'd, where'er I go.
- 171 Were David here, he'd own the very same;
 Were Peter here, he'd own no other name;
 Were Paul to come, he'd back the same opinion,
 Because in heav'n there is not one Arminian.
- 172 On earth there are ten thousands, I've no doubt;
 Where Jesus comes Arminians must turn out;
 The goods are all in peace 'till Jesus come;
 The mighty Conqueror is God the Son.
- 173 Where Jesus reigns there sin can reign no more,
 And Jesus saves the helpless and the poor:
 The rich, in their own vain imagination,
 Have never felt the want of free salvation.
- 174 I will rejoice, for that is not my case,
 For God has giv'n me grace to beg for grace;
 A beggar I must go to mercy's door,
 Since God pronounces blessings on the poor.
- 175 What I have written, many won't believe it;
 What I have writ, there's few that will receive it;
 What I have written, I believe is true;
 Poor helpless sinner, it will do for you.

*My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation
is from him. Psalm lxii. 5.*

- 1 **MY** soul, wait thou only on God,
For my expectations are there;
Were he not my prop and my stay,
My soul must sink down in despair.
- 2 **But** he is my Rock of Defence,
My Shelter, my Hope, and my Stay;
God has been my Helper before;
O God, be my Helper to-day.
- 3 **My** soul, trust thou only in Him;
He knows thy distresses and fears;
I'll venture my soul upon God,
Who measures my days and my tears.
- 4 **My** soul, wait thou only on H:m,
Who turns all events for the best,
And makes them to answer his plan,
In bringing his chosen to rest.
- 5 **Trust** then in the Lord at all times,
Though wave seem to roll upon wave,
And troubles roll in thick and fast,
Thy Jesus is mighty to save.
- 6 **Then** though he should slay all my hopes,
And blacken my prospects still more,
My soul, wait thou only on him,
And leave thy sad tale at his door.
- 7 **Did** ever one seek him in vain?
If one such a case were made out,
My soul must sink down in despair,
Then I should have reason to doubt.
- 8 **My** soul, wait thou only on him,
And cast all thy care at his feet,
And he who finds ravens their food,
Will never starve one of his sheep.

- 9 And as that was never the case,
 I'll try him again and again ;
 Since God has inclin'd me to seek,
 My soul cannot seek him in vain.
- 10 Thy promises just suit my sad case ;
 O help me to take them as mine,
 And all that concerns my poor soul
 I will to my Father resign.
- 11 Lord, hast thou not promis'd thine aid,
 To hold me up by the right hand,
 And bring me through billows and storms,
 And pilot my bark to the land.
- 12 Ah ! wast thou to let go thy hold,
 I am so impotent and weak,
 Those billows that roll o'er my soul
 Would plunge my poor soul in the deep.

*For mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts.
 Isaiah vi. 5.*

- 1 MINE eyes have seen the Lord of hosts,
 Jehovah, great I AM ;
 But who can see the Lord and live ?
 It was the God, the Man.
- 2 The God and Man, the Man and God,
 Was whom the prophet saw ;
 Well might he say, I am undone,
 For I have broke his law.
- 3 Ah ! woe is me, I am undone ;
 Alas ! what have I seen ?
 I've seen the King, the Lord of hosts,
 I am a man unclean.
- 4 He saw the glory Man set up,
 Who was ordain'd to be
 The glorious Mediator Man,
 And die upon the tree.

- 5 Before creation work began,
 The scheme was fully plan'd,
 That God should take a human form,
 That man might not be damn'd.
- 6 Eternal Jesus, God and Man,
 As man he bled and died,
 As God he spoil'd the pow'rs of hell,
 And Satan's craft defied.
- 7 The King of kings, the Lord of lords,
 The great Jehovah still,
 As made he died on Calv'ry's tree,
 To do Jehovah's will.
- 8 As Mediator Man complete,
 And Jesus was his name;
 As God in Christ, and Christ in God,
 Eternally the same.
- 9 When was the mighty scheme contriv'd?
 Who brought the scheme about?
 It was Jehovah's only Son
 Was born, but to redeem.
- 10 Who in Jehovah's bosom lay,
 Before all time conceal'd;
 In time he took our flesh and blood,
 'Tw'as then he was reveal'd.
- 11 Before this lower world was made,
 Before God's works of old,
 The God Man, Jesus, was set up,
 The prophets have foretold.
- 12 He was begotten ere the deeps
 Had broken up their spring;
 He was the Man appointed then,
 To be mount Zion's King.
- 13 This is the Jesus we adore,
 Who was, and is to come;
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The undivided One.

- 14 'Twas God the Father laid the plan,
 And God the Son completed,
 And God the Spirit crowns the whole,
 And Satan is defeated.
- 15 My soul, adore a tri-une God,
 One God, in persons three,
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 O blessed Trinity!
- 16 Well might the prophet stand amaz'd,
 And wonder, and adore,
 At such a glorious mystery,
 That angels can't explore.
- 17 Proud man will say, I won't believe
 This doctrine can be true;
 As well vain man can comprehend
 The drops of morning dew.
- 18 Who can by searching find out God,
 Or know the great I AM,
 But as he has reveal'd himself
 In the incarnate Lamb.
- 19 There we behold the love of God
 To ruin'd helpless man;
 And when a man is taught of God
 He will admire the plan.
- 20 But 'till a man is taught of God,
 How can a blind man see?
 How can proud reason comprehend
 The glorious mystery.
- 21 As soon the dead can rise and walk,
 As carnal man can see
 Salvation finished and done
 On Calv'ry's bloody tree.
- 22 All this the holy prophet saw;
 A most mysterious scene!
 And those who have a sight like this
 Will cry, Unclean, unclean.

- 23 Lord, grant my soul a view like this,
 By God the Holy Ghost,
 And when I join the ransom'd throng
 I'll try and praise thee most.
- 24 But while I am in this dark land,
 So far remote from thee,
 Help me to worship thee, my God,
 The glorious One in Three.

*poor Sinner hopeless in himself, yet hoping in Jesus.
 Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I
 hope in him. Lamentation iii. 24.*

- AH! why should I cherish despair?
 My Jesus has pow'r to relieve me:
 My nature is sunk down so low,
 It is my own heart that deceives me.
- I know my dear Jesus is kind,
 But I am so fretful and base,
 I must have sunk down into hell,
 Had I not been saved by grace.
- Ah! could my dear Jesus forsake
 The sinner that dare forsake him,
 And give him just what he deserves,
 I must have been damn'd for my sin.
- But God is a God of one mind,
 Whose purposes stand fast for ever;
 Then will he cast off my poor soul?
 No never, no never, no never.
- Then though I'm a wretch in myself,
 It was for black sinners he died;
 I'll go to him, black as I am,
 Black sinners are never denied.
- Though few are so bad as I am,
 He knew what a wretch I should be;
 He knew that my debt was immense,
 But paid down the whole on the tree.

- 7 And shall I rebel any more?
 Shall I be so wretched and bold?
 Yes, Lord, I shall do worse and worse,
 If thou should once let go thy hold.
- 8 Lord, wast thou to save any way
 But that which is perfectly free,
 Lord, what would become of a wretch
 So vile and so filthy as me?
- 9 I own, my dear Lord, my sad case,
 I own what a sinner I am,
 I own that I nothing deserve,
 I own thou might justly condemn.
- 10 I own that 'tis all of thy grace
 I live such a story to tell;
 I own that 'tis wonderful love
 Has sav'd such a rebel from hell.
- 11 But while I can see on the cross
 That Victim on Calvary's tree,
 For sinners my Jesus hangs there,
 For sinners, and why not for me?
- 12 Let Moses then bring in his bill,
 I'll point him to that bloody tree;
 If justice should bring in its claims,
 Why justice must bid me go free.
- 13 For justice can ask nothing more,
 The law can no longer upbraid;
 Then why should I sink in despair,
 Since both law and justice are paid?
- 14 For had it been left unto man
 To rub off one mite of the score,
 The debt would have never been paid,
 For man is as proud as he's poor.
- 15 So poor that he can't pay one mite,
 So proud that he thinks to pay all,
 So blind that he can't see his debt,
 So ruin'd and dead in the fall.

- 16 But when Jesus quickens the dead,
 And makes a blind sinner to see,
 That man will exultingly say,
 A crucified Jesus for me!
- 17 I once was as blind as a bat,
 I once was as dead as a stone,
 I no longer trust in myself,
 But venture on Jesus alone.

Unbelief the greatest Enemy to the Soul.

Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith wherefore didst thou doubt? Matthew xiv. 31.

- 1 O Could I always trust,
 How happy should I be,
 Believing God the same
 When I can't feel nor see;
 And though I'm so perplex'd with doubt,
 Who knows what God may bring about?

- 2 Though clouds o'ercast my sky,
 And I can't see the sun,
 Jehovah will complete
 The work he has begun;
 His presence only makes it day,
 But in the dark I lose my way.

- 3 And will he always stay,
 And come again no more?
 Until my Jesus come,
 I'll wait at mercy's door;
 His promises are on my side,
 It was for sinners Jesus died.

- 4 Then if I fail at last,
 I then shall be the first;
 I know I am a wretch,
 Suppose the very worst;

My sins are great, I own my case,
But greater is thy matchless grace.

5 If Christ can't save, I'm lost ;

But as he can, 'tis well ;

And as he died to save,

I cannot go to hell :

No, Jesus never lost a sheep,

Whom God himself engag'd to keep.

6 Then who can ever pluck

His chosen from his hands ?

The weakest soul in faith

Upon a Rock he stands ;

Upheld by God's almighty pow'r,

They'll conquer in the trying hour.

7 Then why these slavish fears,

This agitated mind ?

As though thy God could change,

Thy Jesus be unkind :

Though earth should shake from pole to pole,

Thy God has well secur'd thy soul.

8 Then I would fear no more,

But leave my all with Him,

Who took the curse away

And blotted out my sin ;

This God is mine, I will adore,

My portion now and evermore.

9 A few more storms below,

A few more doubts and fears,

A few more cloudy days,

A few more groans and tears ;

When all will be for ever well,

And I beyond the reach of hell.

*to a dear doubting Friend, who sometimes felt
agreement from the argument made use of by the
Manoah to her doubting Husband.*

Judges xiii. 23.

you, my dear friend, like the wife of Manoah,
 stood at his word, and be doubtful no more ;
 Had his design been to cast you away,
 He would have taught you to praise and to pray.
 He would have made you to fall out with sin,
 By your own baseness and mourn what's within,
 That's so sinful, your nature so base,
 Nothing can save you but sovereign grace.
 Had he not lov'd you, were you not elected,
 Prayers and your offerings would be rejected ;
 Jesus has heard you again and again,
 You like Manoah shan't petition in vain.
 He believed, yet base unbelief
 Laid in his heart like a base midnight thief ;
 We shall die, said this poor frighten'd man,
 We have seen Jesus, Jehovah, the Lamb.
 The Lord then design'd (said the wife of Manoah)
 We should both perish, why come any more ?
 His promise is faithful, he cannot deny,
 Have a Samson, Manoah shall not die.
 You, my dear friend, who have tasted of grace,
 Are longing again for your Saviour's embrace,
 When he is absent your soul heaves a sigh,
 Could not feel this if God meant you should die.
 He will finish as he did begin :
 Came you to feel your sad plague sore within ?
 Your own filthy righteousness you can deny,
 Had not he so if God meant you should die.
 The Christ a Saviour : how came that about ?
 Jesus has done it, you have not a doubt ;

- You would never trust Jesus, nor on him rely,
 No, never, my friend, if God meant you should
 9 How come you to mourn so when God hides his
 How came you to know you are saved by grace
 Sweet tokens you have had, you cannot deny,
 You'd never had such if God meant you should
 10 Then when you feel wretched, distressed, and
 Think what the Lord did for the wife of Manoah
 The God of Manoah is the God of my friend,
 That love God has shewn you is love without end

*Herein is love ; not that we loved God, but that he
 us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our*

1 John iv. 10.

- 1 COME, O my soul, what is this for ?
 These sad complaining fears ?
 Ah ! why should one belov'd of God
 Lament and mourn in tears ?
 2 If God had ever chang'd his love,
 And cast away a sheep,
 If you could prove that were the case,
 You'd then have cause to weep.
 3 But was there ever one poor soul
 Who mourn'd, and sigh'd, and grie
 Because he could not love his God,
 And was at last deceiv'd ?
 4 No, search the world from pole to pole,
 And if you find but one
 That ever sought the Lord in vain,
 Ah ! then I am undone.
 5 But can Jehovah change his mind,
 Or alter his decrees ?
 His word more firm than mountains stands
 To save just whom he pleas'd
 6 And who are those he please to save ?
 All those he fore-ordain'd,

- They seek salvation in God's way,
That was by Christ obtain'd.
- 7 It was obtain'd for sinners too,
The very chief of them ;
Herein was love, amazing love,
To ruin'd dying men.
- 8 Take but a view of Calvary,
Ah ! look upon that tree,
And see thy Surety dying there,
A Sacrifice for thee.
- 9 From him the Father hid his face,
From his beloved Son ;
But there the mighty debt was paid,
Redemption's work was done.
- 10 Hell trembled at his dying words,
'Tis finished, he said ;
The trembling earth gave up its dead,
And devils were afraid.
- 11 Herein was love, love infinite,
For hell-deserving man ;
And where this love is known and felt,
They must adore the Lamb.
- 12 For love so infinitely great,
So infinitely free,
Where is the man that need despair,
Since Christ has saved me ?

Lord, when thou hidest thyself my soul is troubled.

Psalm xxx. 7.

- 1 LORD Jesus, teach my soul to pray,
And guide and guard my slipp'ry way,
And keep my wand'ring, foolish heart,
So prone to take the tempter's part.
- 2 O what a stupid fool am I !
How oft I from my comforts fly.

- And seek for peace from earthly toys,
 So leave my comforts and my joys.
- 3 Ah! who can tell what dwells within?
 O what a wretched plague is sin;
 It spoils my peace and mars my joys,
 And oft my happiness destroys.
- 4 Lord make me feel the pow'r of grace,
 Then sin must hide its brazen face;
 But when I trust my foolish heart,
 'Tis then I act so base a part.
- 5 No sooner Jesus hides his face,
 I run the downward road apace;
 Sometimes alas! I lose my way;
 O what a fool I am to stray.
- 6 Sometimes I glory in his name,
 Sometimes I own with blushing shame,
 I own my base ingratitude,
 Yet long to feel my heart renew'd.
- 7 I trembling go to God again,
 And fear I never shall obtain;
 My heart gets hard as adamant,
 I cannot pray, I can't repent.
- 8 In this sad state I often go,
 Perplex'd by that infernal foe;
 As well could hills and mountains move,
 As I can raise my soul above.
- 9 But Jesus knows how weak I am,
 He knows I glory in the plan,
 A sinner sav'd entirely free,
 This suits a poor lost wretch like me.
- 10 I have no pow'r to conquer sin,
 I feel a little hell within,
 But Jesus conquer'd sin and hell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.
- 11 Yes, he has conquer'd all for me,
 This work was done upon the tree;

- Sometimes my mountain stands so strong,
A precious Christ is all my song.
- 12 No sooner I am left alone,
Than I begin to sigh and groan ;
How soon my mountain hopes give way,
Then I can neither praise nor pray.
- 13 These are the ups and downs I feel,
Sometimes like wax, sometimes like steel,
Sometimes the world is but a bubble,
Sometimes I'm overwhelm'd in trouble.
- 14 But when my Jesus shines within,
I feel sweet pardon for my sin,
And know I am Jehovah's choice,
'Tis only then I can rejoice.

*What is man, that he should be clean ? and the son of
man, that he should be righteous ? Job xv. 14.*

- 1 LORD, what is man, poor helpless man ?
A lump of guilt and sin ;
And all the sins that hell contains
An ambush lie within.
- 2 And nothing but the grace of God,
Both sov'reign, rich, and free,
Can ever save a soul from hell,
If sunk so low as me.
- 3 But O my soul, adore and praise,
'The work's already done,
That soul is sav'd, already sav'd,
That's found in God the Son.
- 4 'Tis not our pray'rs, our tears, or vows,
That make us heirs of heav'n ;
How many times our pray'rs and tears
Are mix'd with human leav'n.
- 5 'Tis whom God wills to love and call
By his almighty grace ;

- And whom he wills, they must be sav'd,
And shall behold his face.
- 6 And are you call'd, and am I call'd?
If so, then all is well;
If call'd, we own 'tis special grace
Has sav'd our souls from hell.
- 7 But what a lump of wretchedness
Is that proud creature man!
He often prides himself in what
God's holy laws condemn.
- 8 Sometimes, when calling on his God,
Some secret fiend from hell
Will fill the creature's heart with pride,
That he has pray'd so well.
- 9 And then the Lord withdraws himself,
Then down his comforts fall;
And then he feels ten thousand fears
He never pray'd at all.
- 10 A heart perhaps as hard as flint,
He goes to mercy's door;
But ah! he's nothing there to say,
And thinks to go no more.
- 11 Thus I have thought, nor thought in vain;
Ah! what a fool was I,
To think my mountain stood so strong:
Now all my prospects die.
- 12 Because the Lord unloos'd my tongue
His goodness to declare,
Because I felt my chains knock'd off,
Be proud of my own pray'r!
- 13 Lord, what is man? a fool at best;
There's many know it too;
And he must be the greatest fool
Who boasts what he can do.
- 14 Lord, set me right, and keep me so,
For I am prone to stray;

For of myself I cannot stand,
Can neither praise nor pray.

let by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy, he saved us. Titus iii. 5.

- 1 **LET** man, proud man, say what he will,
It is my firm belief,
The best have no more chosen God
Than had the dying thief.
- 2 He cried, Dear Lord, remember me :
Who made him thus to cry ?
His fellow murmurs and complains,
And as he liv'd did die.
- 3 Who dare dispute the sov'reign pow'r
Of Christ while on the tree ?
He sav'd that helpless, hopeless thief,
To prove salvation free.
- 4 Then O my soul, consider well,
If thou art sav'd at all,
God had decreed thou should be sav'd,
Before thy guilty fall.
- 5 His love was fix'd upon thy soul
From all eternity ;
He saw the thief upon the cross,
And call'd him on the tree.
- 6 Who dare to boast of free-will pow'r ?
Alas ! ten thousands do ;
They think themselves increas'd in goods,
And are so holy too.
- 7 But such as these God's word declares,
Are poor and wretched still ;
They've never felt the plague of sin,
They've neither pow'r nor will.
- 8 They say they love a precious Christ,
And glory in him too ;

- But yet reject his righteousness,
And trust to what they do.
- 9 But if they felt the plague of sin,
They would not dare to say,
By cultivating their own strength
They're holier ev'ry day.
- 10 My soul, beware of such a creed,
Beware of such a man,
Who boasts of creature holiness,
Who hates salvation's plan.
- 11 But Christ is holiness itself,
In him I'm holy too;
But ah! my sins pollute my works
And poison all I do.
- 12 Can that be holy man performs?
Poor sinner, look within;
Can you perform a single act
Entirely free from sin?
- 13 Then where's the holiness (I ask)
Of works perform'd by man?
The best he does, take Christ away,
What says the law?—**Condemn.**
- 14 And dare you venture, O my soul,
And build upon such sand?
A soul embark'd on such a sea
Will never reach to land.
- 15 Take heed of those who dare assert
Salvation is this way;
'Tis Christ and works, not all of grace;
The gospel of the day.
- 16 And how is this accounted for?
Without the Holy Spirit,
The man-made preachers all agree
To preach up human merit.

A remnant shall be saved. Romans ix. 27.

- 1 **SHOULD** kingdoms shake and empires fall,
And mountains quit their place,
Yet there's a few the Lord preserves,
A remnant sav'd by grace.
- 2 A few amongst the human race,
God ever will protect;
He does with a peculiar care
Watch over his elect.
- 3 Midst all the storms of earth and hell
God's bruised reeds shall stand;
And why? Because the Lord himself
Upholds them in his hand.
- 4 And none can pluck them from his hand,
The Lord himself declares;
Then see thy safety, O my soul;
Then why bow'd down with fears?
- 5 Jehovah watches with his eye
The remnant of his choice;
And he will guide, and guard, and save,
And over them rejoice.
- 6 Because he resteth in his love
It knows no change at all;
He had a remnant in his view,
He lov'd before the fall.
- 7 His love for them was none the less
When in their filth and shame;
He sent a Ransomer to die,
And Jesus is his name.
- 8 Ah! this was love, eternal love,
Not merited by man;
'Twas love that brought about the scheme,
Redemption's glorious plan.
- 9 And shall proud mortals dare presume
To offer God a price?

- Sure such a God-provoking sin
From hell must have its rise.
- 10 Behold God's Equal on the tree;
See what redemption cost!
God's chosen are redeem'd by blood,
The rest then must be lost.
- 11 How stands the matter then with me?
How stands the case with you?
Has God been pleas'd to put our names
Amongst his chosen few?
- 12 If so, then this will be our song,
Poor sinners sav'd by grace;
For we lay dead in filth and sin
Amongst the fallen race.
- 13 'Twas grace, and nothing else but grace,
That snatch'd me from the fire,
Just at the very brink of hell,
Without one good desire.
- 14 And why did Jesus seek me out?
Because he'd paid for me;
For Christ will never lose a soul
He died for on the tree.
- 15 And who are those he died for there?
Not all the human race;
'Twas those God fix'd his love upon,
And mark'd them out by grace.
- 16 The soul that's made to mourn his sins,
With Calvary in view;
If this is your experience, soul,
Then Jesus died for you.
- 17 Let Zion's mourners then rejoice,
However plagued with sin;
'Tis only those redeem'd by blood
That feel the plague within.
- 18 I feel my heart deceitful still,
My nature vile and base;

- If ever I am sav'd, I'm sure
It must be all of grace.
- 19 But 'tis for sinners Jesus died;
Then I put in my plea,
For I have not one mite to pay,
What I have must be free.
- 20 For I am poor and helpless still,
No pow'r to will or do;
I go to Christ, the sinners' friend,
I've no where else to go.
- 21 Nor do I wish another way,
None suits my case so well;
For were it not entirely free
My portion must be hell.

11 things are possible to those that believe. Mark ix. 23.

- 1 O Could I but always believe,
How happy my days would go round;
But O, through my sad unbelief,
How often my hope runs a-ground.
- 2 O could I but always believe,
That Jesus to me was the same:
Ah! sometimes I do believe this,
And yet I can't trust in his name.
- 3 How strange is the conflict I feel
Between the old man and the new;
How often I fret and repine
When Jesus is out of my view.
- 4 O could I but always believe,
Then sure this would not be the case;
But, Lord, thou hast made me believe
That I must be saved by grace.
- 5 O could I but always believe
My name stood recorded on high;
But sometimes I fear and I doubt,
And think after all I must die.

- 6 O could I but always believe
That all will turn out for the best,
That for me, a wretch as I am,
Remaineth an eternal rest.
- 7 O could I but always believe
That Jesus, who bore all my sorrow,
That he who has kept me to-day
Will guide and protect me to-morrow.
- 8 O could I but always believe
That mine is an infinite store;
But what a poor beggar am I,
So peevish, so fretful, and poor.
- 9 O could I but always believe,
When troubles my soul overwhelm,
That I shall arrive safe to port,
Since Jesus, my Friend, holds the helm.
- 10 All this I believe, and much more,
All this is enroll'd in my creed,
Each trouble and sorrow I feel,
I have them because it's decreed.
- 11 O could I but always believe
That though my beginning is small,
That joy in the end shall increase,
Since Christ is my All and in all.
- 12 O help me, dear Lord, to believe;
O conquer my base unbelief;
I hang on thy mercy, dear Lord,
Who once sav'd a poor dying thief.
- 13 By law I am damn'd and undone,
And have no more claim than he had;
But, Lord, I'm inform'd in thy word,
I can't come to Jesus too bad.
- 14 O help me, dear Lord, to believe,
And credit Emmanuel's plan,
Which was to redeem the poor soul
That ~~Moses~~ frowns on and condemns.

- 15 This, Lord, I can sometimes believe,
And boast that salvation is free;
Yes, Lord, I can sometimes believe
That Christ paid the ransom for me.
- 16 If Jesus but grant me a smile,
Then I can believe very well;
But when I am left to myself
I then am assaulted by hell.
- 17 O could I but always believe
That I am already a winner,
And glory in sovereign grace,
In saving a perishing sinner.
- 18 Salvation to God and the Lamb!
I'll praise him while I have a breath;
I'd praise him as long as I live,
I'll praise him in life and in death.
- 19 For saving a sinner so vile,
So base and so wretched as me,
Who must have sunk down into hell,
Had not his salvation been free.
- 20 Shall I be afraid to declare
What God in his mercy has done,
In saving my soul from the pit,
A traitor, a rebel,—a son!
- 21 A son by adoption and grace,
My calling proves this to be true;
My God, who has brought me thus far,
Engages to bring me safe through.
- Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him.*
Isaiah iii. 10.

1 'TIS well with the righteous,
The prophet says so;
'Tis well with the righteous,
Wherever they go:

- 'Tis well with the righteous,
 Beloved of God,
 And all that befalls them
 Shall work for their good.
- 2 'Tis well with the righteous :
 But what makes it so ?
 Some say 'tis man's good works :
 I humbly say, No.
 'Tis Jehovah's chosen,
 Eternally lov'd,
 They stand on a Rock
 That cannot be mov'd.
- 3 'Tis well with the righteous,
 It ever was well,
 For God had declar'd it,
 To save them from hell.
 Beloved and chosen,
 God singled them out ;
 'Tis well with the righteous,
 When bow'd down with doubt.
- 4 'Tis well with the righteous,
 They are God's elected ;
 'Tis well with the righteous,
 Though often dejected :
 Though sometimes distressed,
 And often cast down,
 They are joint heirs with Christ,
 To a kingdom and crown.
- 5 'Tis well with the righteous,
 Their foes are defeated ;
 For them Jesus died,
 And salvation completed.
 'Tis well with the righteous ;
 They only repent
 Whose hearts often feel
 Like the hard adamant.

- 6 'Tis well with the righteous,
 Though often in tears;
 With a heart overwhelm'd
 And harass'd with fears;
 'Tis well when they sing
 And tis well when they **mourn,**
 Because they were chosen
 Before they were born.
- 7 'Tis well with the righteous,
 Whatever attends them;
 'Tis well with the righteous,
 For who shall condemn **them!**
 In Christ they are righteous
 Who dare bring a charge?
 The blood of atonement
 Has sign'd their discharge.
- 8 'Tis well with the righteous,
 God views them as such;
 They go to their Father
 And can't ask too much:
 God counts them his righteous,
 For whom Jesus died;
 United to Jesus,
 They are all justified.
- 9 'Tis well with the righteous,
 Whatever men say;
 In Christ they are righteous,
 And no other way:
 God chose them in Christ,
 In the counsels of old;
 Christ bought them with blood,
 Not with silver or gold.
- 10 'Tis well with the righteous,
 Whoever oppose them;
 For God in our Surety
 Eternally chose them:

- 'Tis well with the righteous,
 For they are his sheep;
 Who through the atonement
 Are white and complete.
- 11 'Tis well with the righteous,
 Eternally well,
 Though thousands are fearing
 They shall go to hell;
 'Tis those only mourn
 The effects of the fall;
 'Tis those only hear
 And obey the sweet call.
- 12 'Tis well with the righteous,
 But they can't believe it;
 'Till born of the Spirit
 They cannot receive it:
 By nature quite dead,
 Like the rest of mankind,
 And 'till Jesus calls them
 Are both deaf and blind.
- 13 'Tis well with the righteous,
 For they are God's sons;
 God calls them by grace,
 As his own chosen ones;
 Whose love is for ever
 And ever the same,
 His eyes are upon them,
 And he calls them by name.
- 14 'Tis well with the righteous,
 For God has decreed
 That his sons and daughters
 From law should be freed;
 He laid all their sins
 On his co-equal Son,
 And they are all righteous
 Through what he has done.

'Tis will with the righteous,

Let sinners deride :

'Tis well with the righteous,

For Jesus has died :

Those only are taught

By the Spirit to see

Salvation completed

On Calvary's tree.

16 'Tis well with the righteous :

If any ask, Why ?

They all live in Jesus,

And never can die :

While ungodly sinners

Will drop into hell,

The righteous will own

Christ has done all things well.

17 'Tis well with the righteous,

And ever will be ;

Christ died for poor sinners,

And why not for me ?

I own my salvation

The price of his blood,

As Jehovah's chosen

The beloved of God.

One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see.

John ix. 25.

1 ONE thing I know, I once was blind,

Was blind, but now I see ;

There is no other way to God,

But by mount Calvary.

2 I see myself by nature lost,

And justly stand condemn'd,

Had not Christ finished the work

That God the Father plan'd.

- 3 I once was blind, I never saw
The curses due to sin;
I never felt that brat of hell
That lay conceal'd within.
- 4 I never saw my poverty,
But fancied all was well;
The very ground I stood upon
Was on the brink of hell.
- 5 I never saw my filthy state,
My nakedness and shame;
I never felt my plague of sin,
Nor hardly knew its name,
- 6 I knew not what I owed my Lord,
To him I never went;
I thought I could fulfil the law,
I thought I could repent.
- 7 I thought the whole the law requir'd
Was not beyond my scan;
This was my woeful, wretched case,
This is the state of man.
- 8 But now I see the more I try
To build upon the sand,
I ev'ry moment deeper sink,
My building cannot stand.
- 9 But now I see Christ is the Rock
On which his people stand;
I see, without atoning blood
I am a wretch condemn'd.
- 10 For now I see 'tis all of grace,
'Twas Jesus made me see;
I was both deaf, and blind, and dead,
When Jesus died for me.
- 11 Though pharisees may boast and brag
That they belong to Moses,
They are the enemies of Christ,
They are his worst opposers.

- 12 I see, unless my righteousness
Exceeds these holy men,
If but one single breach is found,
Why Moses will condemn.
- 13 I once was blind, but now I see
I have a better one,
A righteousness that God approves,
Wrought out by God the Son.
- 14 This is that robe, that spotless robe,
A righteousness complete :
This is the dress the Lord puts on;
To all his chosen sheep.
- 15 One thing I know, I once was blind,
Was blind, but now I see ;
That God has put his righteousness
On helpless, worthless me.

*The following Verses were written on the Thunder Storm,
which took place on Sunday Evening, April 26, 1818.*

- 1 O What a dreadful awful scene !
It fills my very soul with wonder,
To see the heav'ns all in a blaze,
Earth seems to tremble at the thunder.
- 2 From east to west, from north to south,
The vivid lightning flashes round ;
How many tremble at the sight,
How many tremble at the sound.
- 3 O ! what a mighty arm has God,
Who thunders when and where he please !
But not a clap of thunder rolls
But answers God's own fix'd decrees.
- 4 Though lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Without a moment's intermission,
Yet not one flash that blazes round
But has Jehovah's own commission.

- 5 And though blasphemers try to laugh,
 They feel a dread, an inward tremor ;
 God's thunder-bolts will crush those down
 Who dare despise the great Redeemer,
- 6 Who, when he comes at that great day,
 With triumphs louder than the thunder,
 With shoutings will the ransom'd stand,
 His enemies with shame and wonder.
- 7 How bless'd and happy then are they
 Who can to God their all resign,
 Who in this thunder storm can say,
 This God, this thund'ring God, is mine.
- 8 How sad a state is that man in,
 Who, when he hears the thunder roll,
 Makes but a mock at that dread scene,
 That speaks damnation to his soul.
- 9 How safe are those whom God protects ;
 How safe the people of his choice ;
 There are no thunder-bolts for them,
 In thunder storms they may rejoice.
- 10 Because the thunder of God's wrath
 Was pour'd on Christ the Surety's head,
 Who groan'd and bled upon the tree,
 For those who lay in Adam dead.
- 11 But now he reigns, Jehovah reigns,
 Upon his own eternal throne ;
 Mount Sinai has no thunders now,
 For those the God-Man did atone.
- 12 Rejoice, ye people of the Lord ;
 No storm shall ever injure you :
 When God shall set the world on fire,
 God then will own his chosen few.
- 13 Bless'd are the souls that know his voice,
 In thunder storms can hear him speak :
 May this be God's appointed storm,
 Sent some poor sinner's heart to break.

- 4 But thunder storms will rage in vain,
 And lightnings flash, alas! what then?
 It is Jehovah's small still voice
 That only can convert the man.
- 15 God has his own eternal plan,
 When, where, and how, just as he please;
 The thunder's roar, the sparrow's flight,
 Are both wrap'd up in his decrees.
- 16 'Twas God who bid this storm arise,
 Who holds creation in his hand;
 No thunder clap, no lightning flash,
 But has Jehovah's own command.
- 17 Ye poor, ye weak, ye helpless ones,
 Who fear God's anger is your due,
 Ten thousand thunder bolts may fall,
 But never one can fall on you.
- 18 And when the last great trumpet sounds,
 And calls the dead from ev'ry tomb,
 With joy they shall behold his face
 Who came to take his ransom'd home.
- 19 Hosannas to the Lamb of God,
 Who sav'd his people from despair,
 Where they'll enjoy the smiles of God,
 No storm or tempest will be there.
- 20 O could I always keep in view
 That glorious blessed happy place,
 Where all with love and harmony
 Will sing of love and sov'reign grace.
- 21 Well may the stoutest heart give way,
 Their face turn pale with inward dread;
 How many sinners in the storm
 Fear ev'ry flash may strike them dead.
- 22 Though fools may make a mock at sin,
 They fear this is Jehovah's rod,
 They tremble at this awful scene,
 They tremble at an angry God.

- 23 But if Jehovah change the heart,
 And fill the soul with joyful wonder,
 They then can see a smiling God,
 And hear a charming voice in thunder.

*I find a law that when I would do good evil is present
 me. Romans vii. 21.*

- 1 **WHAT** makes me feel so sad to-day?
 I hardly know for why;
 Alas! I hardly feel to live,
 Yet feel afraid to die.
- 2 I feel to change ten times a day,
 Unsettled and forlorn;
 Sometimes I know not what I am,
 And wish I'd not been born.
- 3 Sometimes my soul is full of joy,
 Sometimes a happy man,
 Sometimes I would not envy kings,
 I'm truly happy then.
- 4 Sometimes I fret, sometimes repine,
 Sometimes can laugh and sing,
 Sometimes I'm like a lump of lead,
 Sometimes I'm on the wing.
- 5 Sometimes I walk, sometimes I run,
 Sometimes I seem to fly,
 Sometimes I seem to stand quite still,
 My very self deny.
- 6 Sometimes I praise, sometimes I pray,
 Sometimes I talk and chatter,
 Sometimes as stupid as a block,
 And know not what's the matter.
- 7 Sometimes I think that all is right,
 Sometimes there's nothing so,
 Sometimes I feel distress'd at home,
 Distress'd where'er I go.

- 8 Sometimes I feel a love to God,
 Sometimes no love at all;
 Alas! I'm often made to feel
 The ruins of the fall.
- 9 Sometimes I've neither doubts nor fears,
 Sometimes both fear and doubt,
 Sometimes I feel the foe within,
 But cannot drive him out.
- 10 Sometimes I parley with the foe,
 Sometimes I draw my sword,
 Sometimes I conquer sin and hell
 But with a single word.
- 11 Sometimes can neither read nor pray,
 Sometimes both pray and read,
 Sometimes a thousand blessings ask,
 Assur'd I shall succeed.
- 12 Sometimes I get a view of Him
 Who died upon the tree,
 Sometimes I've not one single doubt,
 But Jesus died for me.
- 13 Sometimes again as dark as night,
 No star to guide my way,
 Sometimes the blessed sun appears
 And turns my night to day.
- 14 Sometimes I feel to envy those
 Who're laden down with money;
 Sometimes I loathe the honey-comb,
 Though loaded down with honey.
- 15 Sometimes I could not dare to tell
 One half of what I feel,
 Sometimes I cannot feel at all,
 For I am hard as steel.
- 16 Sometimes I feel my heart alive,
 And darkness fly away,
 Sometimes I mope and grope about,
 Sometimes at high noon day.

- 17 Sometimes I go with trembling steps,
I'm half afraid to go,
Sometimes I feel within my heart,
There lurks the secret foe.
- 18 Sometimes I hasten to his feet,
And there I groan and sigh,
Sometimes I groan and cry to God,
Let not a sinner die.
- 19 Sometimes I'm not afraid to die,
Since Jesus conquer'd death,
Sometimes I've not a word to say,
I pray for praying breath.
- 20 Sometimes I think I can't be right,
Sometimes I can't be wrong,
Sometimes can triumph in my God,
And Christ is all my song.
- 21 Sometimes I wish to fly away
And reach the wish'd-for shore,
Sometimes I've not one doubt remains,
And think to doubt no more.
- 22 Sometimes I would not change my state
With any mortal living,
For though I know my sins are great,
I know they are forgiven.
- 23 Sometimes I see my title clear
Almost in ev'ry leaf,
And though I am a sinner sav'd,
I'll own myself the chief.
- 24 Sometimes the foolish world crowds in,
That soul destroying foe,
I linger after Sodom still,
Sometimes can let it go.
- 25 Sometimes I seem to envy those
Who are not plagued like me,
Sometimes I know the reason why,
They neither feel nor see.

- 26 Sometimes I'm happy and content,
 But for a little while,
 Sometimes I seek for happiness
 From man's betraying smile.
- 27 Sometimes I feel the road I go
 A rough and thorny way,
 Sometimes I go to mercy's door
 And there have nought to say.
- 28 Sometimes the enemy will boast
 And say I go in vain,
 Sometimes I really think 'tis so,
 And cannot but complain.
- 29 Sometimes I think I would do good,
 I feel myself resign'd,
 Sometimes, alas! before I try,
 I've lost my willing mind.
- 30 Sometimes I both believe and say
 All things are order'd well,
 Although I have a thousand fears
 I have no fear of hell.
- 31 Sometimes I'm longing for the end,
 Sometimes I dread the way,
 Sometimes my soul is wrap'd in love,
 Sometimes dispos'd to stray.
- 32 Sometimes how sweet the Bible is,
 Sometimes I cannot read it,
 Sometimes there's not a promise there
 But I can give it credit.
- 33 Sometimes I would but can't believe,
 Sometimes I hardly try,
 Sometimes with blessings in my hand
 The Giver I deny.
- 34 Sometimes, alas! I see myself,
 Of self I am asham'd,
 I sometimes feel within my heart
 What never can be nam'd.

- 35 Sometimes I think I stand alone,
 There is not such another,
 Sometimes I happen with a man
 That is exact my brother.
- 36 Sometimes again I meet with those
 Who scorn to call me so,
 They are so good and I so bad,
 We can't together go.
- 37 Sometimes I like to be alone,
 Sometimes I cannot bear it,
 Sometimes I feel the love of God,
 Sometimes I can declare it.
- 38 Sometimes I know the reason why
 I have these ups and downs,
 My Father sees that smiles won't do,
 He tries me then with frowns.
- 39 Sometimes I'm led to see these frowns
 Are smiles in sweet disguise,
 'Tis not the strong, the rich, the great,
 The lame shall take the prize.
- 40 Sometimes I would not change my case
 With princes on a throne,
 Sometimes I triumph and rejoice,
 Sometimes I sigh and groan.
- 41 Sometimes I wonder at myself,
 At others wonder too,
 Salvation cannot be of works,
 What can the creature do?
- 42 Sometimes I strive with all my might,
 For doing seem inclin'd,
 Sometimes no sooner I attempt
 Than I have lost my mind.
- 43 Sometimes I think to give up all,
 And strive and tug no more,
 Sometimes I think I'll try again
 To get at mercy's door.

- 44 Sometimes I get a smile from him,
 Ah! then the world may frown,
 How little then the world appears
 When I can see my crown.
- 45 Lord, let it not be sometimes so,
 But always thus with me,
 To trust in nothing, O my God,
 In nothing else but thee.

My Desires on a Sunday Morning.

- 1 **WHERE** shall I find my God to-day?
 Where do God's people meet to pray?
 For I would join in praise and pray'r;
 Lord, tell me who, and tell me where.
- 2 I want to go and hear of him
 Who died to put away my sin,
 I seem to feel a heav'nly frame,
 I want to praise my Saviour's name.
- 3 Where shall I go? where is the place
 Where I can hear 'tis all of grace,
 Salvation finish'd and complete
 For all Jehovah's chosen sheep?
- 4 O Lord, direct my steps aright,
 Where I may catch a blessed sight
 Of him who bled upon the tree,
 Of him who bled and died for me.
- 5 No other sight will do for me,
 But Calv'ry's mount, but Calv'ry's tree,
 Because I know my mighty sum
 Was paid off there by God the Son.
- 6 To God's own house I would repair,
 Where Christ is preach'd I would be there,
 I long to hear my Saviour's voice,
 And with God's ransom'd ones rejoice.
- 7 Lord, I've been wretched all the week:
 Where do thy chosen people meet?

- Where can I go to meet with thee,
 Salvation preach'd both full and free?
- 8 O could I find the blessed spot,
 'Tis there I would cast in my lot,
 Where I can go and hear of him
 Who died to put away my sin.
- 9 Because I was belov'd of God,
 I was redeem'd by precious blood,
 These are the tidings suit my case,
 Some like to have it works and grace.
- 10 How I rejoice to hear that man
 Who's not asham'd to preach the plan,
 Redemption's plan, both full and free,
 Redemption settled on the tree.
- 11 Arminians may say what they please,
 God will accomplish his decrees;
 His purpose was to save that man
 He chose in his eternal plan.
- 12 'Tis only those shall see his face,
 'Tis only those he calls by grace,
 Because they were belov'd of God
 Christ hath redeem'd them with his blood.

*As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the Sons
 of God. Romans viii. 14.*

- 1 JEHOVAH, God the Spirit never come
 To none but those redeem'd by God the Son,
 He never sets his seal to that man's heart
 Who never felt conviction's piercing dart.
- 2 He never comes to any but a son,
 Where God Jehovah has his work begun,
 To them Jehovah's secrets he reveals,
 'Tis only such that God the Spirit seals.
- 3 The Spirit makes a man both feel and see
 His Adam wretchedness and misery,

- He makes them know they once in Adam fell,
And makes them feel they justly merit hell.
- 4 It is the Spirit doth convince of sin,
Then shews a man his wretchedness within,
A heart as black as hell, by nature base,
The Spirit shews the man the plan of grace.
- 5 The Spirit comes and finds the sinner dead,
The Spirit points to Christ the living head;
Without Jehovah, God the Holy Ghost,
Man will remain as stupid as a post.
- 6 The Spirit never taught that man to pray,
Although he may say pray'rs ten times a day,
The man that holds not Christ his living Head,
We still may rank that man amongst the dead.
- 7 The Spirit leads a man to Calv'ry's tree,
The Spirit proves to man salvation's free,
The Spirit comes to those belov'd of God,
And seals their pardon with his precious blood.
- 8 The Spirit shews God's chosen ones complete,
Because they are Jehovah's chosen sheep,
'Tis not because they work; or will, or run,
For they are all complete in God the Son.
- 9 The Spirit shews the law so magnified,
All those are free for whom the Saviour died,
He paid the mighty debt, the mighty sum,
Thus was the law fulfill'd by God the Son.
- 10 The Spirit bears his witness to a man,
That he can't save himself, do all he can;
He teaches man all creatures efforts vain,
He can do nothing right 'till born again.
- 11 That man can never be a gospel preacher
To whom the Holy Ghost is not the teacher;
The carnal man is blind and cannot see,
Until the holy Spirit sets him free.
- 12 The Spirit teaches man he is by nature
A poor, polluted, wretched, ruin'd creature,

- Who has no pow'r to help himself at all,
 'Tis only such feel ruin'd by the fall.
- 13 But those the Lord had chosen in his Son,
 The Lord had lov'd before the world begun,
 The Spirit comes and finds Christ's chosen bride,
 Whom Christ was married to before he died.
- 14 He seal'd the marriage settlement with blood,
 Who was the very Man, the very God;
 Herein was love eternal, infinite,
 His bride was ever lovely in his sight.
- 15 Herein was love surpassing angels' scan,
 They look, they gaze, they wonder at the plan,
 That Christ the Son of God, whom heav'n's adore
 Should take a bride so filthy and so poor.
- 16 If God had not lov'd man before the fall,
 How could he love the filthy wretch at all?
 God had his eye upon the chosen race,
 They ever stood the objects of his grace.
- 17 Because he loved me, I live to tell
 The love of him who rescued me from hell;
 Because he loved me beyond degree,
 He paid my ransom price upon the tree.
- 18 Because he loved me eternally,
 This is the cause my soul can never die;
 O could I praise my God with ev'ry breath,
 Who loved me, yea, even unto death.
- 19 Because he loved me before all time,
 All cov'nant blessings were in Jesus mine,
 He fix'd his love on me ere time begun,
 He loved me as early as his Son.
- 20 Because he loved me as one with him,
 Who was set up to bear my curse and sin,
 From all eternity this was the case,
 I view'd in Adam lost, yet sav'd by grace.
- 21 Because he loved me, he laid the plan
 To save a poor, distressed, ruin'd man.

Before he bid the morning light to shine,
 I was the Lord's, and all his blessings mine.
 Because he loved me in days of old,
 'Tis love, eternal love, that makes me bold;
 Ah! when I feel a sweet, a melting frame,
 O how I glory in my Saviour's name.
 Because he loved me I was preserv'd,
 My Jesus took the curse that I deserv'd,
 There never was a curse design'd for me,
 Christ was ordain'd to bear that on the tree.
 Because God loved me, he sent his Son
 To do for me what I could ne'er have done;
 Christ stood engag'd to pay the debts of all
 That God had chose in Christ before the fall.
 Because he loved me, I'm bold to tell
 I stood in Jesus, but in Adam fell,
 Though in my Adam nature lost and dead,
 My life was then secure in Christ my Head.
 Because he loved me he guides my way,
 Teaches my soul sometimes to praise and pray,
 He brings my soul a beggar to his feet,
 Sometimes he brings me to his mercy seat.
 Because he loved me,—some ask me When?
 Before he built the skies, he lov'd me then;
 'Twas not because I loved him at all,
 He loved me when dead in Adam's fall.
 Some say, The Lord will love if we begin;
 But this in fact is adding sin to sin:
 What! must the great Jehovah wait for man?
 And shall his creatures frustrate all his plan?
 No, sooner rocks shall split and mountains shake,
 Than God will e'er the weakest lamb forsake,
 His love is fix'd, he knows his people well;
 In nature lost, by grace redeem'd from hell.
 He knows the strongest, when he's left alone,
 Will soon deplore his wretchedness, and mourn;

He knows the weakest, though he drops his wing,
One look from Jesus and he'll fly and sing.

31 When I am weak, (said Paul), then am I strong:
Ah! one would think that Paul must here be wrong;
But those who feel the ruins of the fall,
'Tis only such that crown Christ Lord of all.

32 Because he loved me, he stop'd my way:
Behold the bloody Saul, now he can pray,
And so will ev'ry one that's stop'd by God,
No more they'll travel in the downward road.

Out of the depths I cried unto God. Psalm cxxx. 1.

1 OUT of the depths I've often cried,
When deeper sunk than Jonah;
And God will hear the poor man's cry,
Though but a secret mourner.

2 Alas! how deep my soul was sunk,
When Jesus found me out,
All overwhelm'd with sin and filth,
With unbelief and doubt.

3 Just at the very gates of hell,
Just ready to croud in,
Jehovah stretch'd his mighty arm,
And snatch'd me from my sin.

4 O precious grace, almighty grace!
What is it grace won't do?
'Tis grace has sav'd my guilty soul
From wretchedness and woe.

5 O had I now a thousand tongues,
I'd sing and talk of him
Who snatch'd me from the brink of hell,
When in the depths of sin.

6 O grace, free grace, almighty grace,
Shall ever be my song;
'Twas grace that stop'd me on my way,
When I was going wrong.

- 7 And now he's brought me to his feet,
 Where I would lie for ever;
 And will he now forsake my soul?
 No, never, never, never.
- 8 And though he sometimes hide his face,
 Then I can't see my way,
 Yet then I sigh and groan again,
 'Tis thus I often pray.
- 9 Out of the depths, ah! that's the place
 Where I am often in;
 That soul has never cried to God
 That never felt his sin.
- 10 Out of the depths I cried to God,
 But not on even ground;
 In depths of sorrow and distress
 God's people may be found.
- 1 'Twas there Jehovah found me out,
 Jehovah found me there,
 He put the cry into my soul,
 And then he heard my pray'r
- 2 I never should have pray'd at all,
 Had not this been the case;
 Whatever others think or say,
 I say 'tis all of grace.

*w of the Wants of all God's People, in a lesser or
 greater degree.*

- 1 ALAS! my soul, I feel to want,
 I want a thousand things;
 My heart feels like a lump of lead,
 I've neither legs nor wings.
- 2 I want, dear Lord, to see thy face,
 I want to hear thy voice,
 I want to feel as I have done,
 I want but can't rejoice.

- 3 I want those smiles which I have had
 A thousand times before,
 But now I feel, alas! I feel,
 / Most miserably poor.
- 4 I want the presence of my God,
 There's nothing else will cheer;
 The soul soon droops and comforts die
 When Jesus is not near.
- 5 I want to praise, I want to pray,
 But cannot pray or praise,
 The sun seems totally eclips'd,
 Or mine are wint'ry days.
- 6 I want my summer times again,
 O how I love the sun,
 When that shines warm upon my soul,
 Then I begin to run.
- 7 I want it summer all the year;
 Well, May is just come in;
 O may I feel the sun to shine,
 I want the sun within.
- 8 I want,—whatever I may want,
 To want is best for me:
 Lord, help me then to leave myself
 And all my wants with thee.

The Prayer Meeting.

- 1 HOW pleasant is the house of pray'r
 To those who find their Saviour there;
 But ah! when Jesus hides his face,
 'Tis but a dead and barren place.
- 2 How often I have met for pray'r,
 But could not pray when I came there;
 Ten thousand souls have found it so,
 And yet they long again to go.
- 3 Where two or three are met for pray'r,
 The Lord has promis'd to be there;

- But some they go to shew their skill,
To boast of merit and free will.
- 4 'Tis such as these can always pray,
If you believe in what they say;
For my own part, I doubt it all,
And think they never pray'd at all.
- 5 Some are from sorrows seldom free,
With such dear souls I love to be,
Where such attend the house of pray'r,
I have no doubt the Lord is there.
- 6 Although he seems to hide his face,
These are the objects of his grace,
Some groan and sigh in sad despair:
Where they resort I would be there.
- 7 But some will pray for half an hour,
And boast of man's free will and pow'r,
Who never felt the plague of sin,
But boast of holiness within.
- 8 But all such praying folk as these,
Who think such pray'rs Jehovah please,
They still remain in Adam's fall,
And never, never pray'd at all.
- 9 God bids the heavy laden come,
Not those who boast of what they've done,
It is the helpless and the poor
That find their way to mercy's door.
- 10 The self-sufficient have no need,
For such Christ ne'er will intercede,
Christ's intercession is for none
But those redeem'd by God the Son.
- 11 'Tis God that teaches man to pray,
God's Spirit tells him what to say,
'Tis God be merciful to me,
It is the blind man's made to see.

- 12 But those who never felt their fall,
 They never yet have pray'd at all;
 The man that feels his self despair,
 The groaning of that man is pray'r.

*Because ye are sons, God hath sent the Spirit of his S
 into your hearts, crying Abba, Father. Gal. iv. 6.*

- 1 BECAUSE ye are the sons of God,
 The Holy Ghost comes down,
 To prove ye are the sons of God,
 And heirs unto a crown.
- 2 Because ye are the sons of God,
 'Tis not to make you so,
 The blessings God bestows in time
 Were fore-ordain'd for you.
- 3 Because ye are the sons of God,
 The Lord the Spirit comes
 And seals the blessings on their hearts
 Who are his chosen ones.
- 4 Because ye are the sons of God,
 You often have lamented;
 There's none but sons that can believe,
 Or ever have repented.
- 5 Because ye are the sons of God
 Amongst old Adam's race,
 There's none but sons are ever call'd
 By free and special grace.
- 6 Because ye are the sons of God,
 You trust in Christ the Way;
 There's none but sons will seek to God,
 There's none but sons will pray.
- 7 Because ye are the sons of God,
 You feel the plague of sin;
 There's none but sons are made to mourn
 The plague of sin within.

- 8 Because ye are the sons of God,
 O glorious blessed name!
 You were, and are, and will be so,
 Eternally the same.
- 9 Because ye are the sons of God,
 He'll bless you from on high,
 By which the sons, and only they,
 Can Abba, Father, cry.
- 10 Because ye are the sons of God,
 And ever were the same,
 'Tis only sons that glory in
 A Saviour's precious name.
- 11 Because ye are the sons of God,
 Made so in God the Son,
 In him ye were the sons of God
 Before the world begun.
- 12 Because ye are the sons of God,
 Not one he'll overlook,
 Because eternally their names
 Were written in his book.
- 13 Because ye are the sons of God,
 'Tis you are made believers;
 For none amongst the sons of God
 Will ever be deceivers.
- 14 Because ye are the sons of God;
 He'll watch you with his eye,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love,
 Not one shall ever die.
- 15 Because ye are the sons of God,
 Eternally elected,
 By all but sons this blessed truth
 Will ever be rejected,
- 16 Because ye are the sons of God,
 By God's predestination,
 Before the fall, ere worlds were made,
 Joint heirs in Christ's salvation.

- 17 Because ye are the sons of God,
 Made one with Christ your Head,
 It was for you, and only you,
 Christ dwelt amongst the dead.
- 18 Because ye are the sons of God,
 God's own adopted sons,
 The holy Comforter is sent
 To seek the chosen ones.
- 19 Because ye are the sons of God,
 And ever were the same,
 They are the only people then
 That call upon his name.
- 20 Because ye are the sons of God,
 You shall not seek in vain,
 Because the chosen sons of God
 Shall all be born again.
- 21 Because ye are the sons of God,
 Your schemes are often crost;
 By all the craft of sin and hell
 A son was never lost.
- 22 Because ye are the sons of God,
 God tries you as his sons,
 There's none more wretched and forlorn
 Than God's redeemed ones.
- 23 Because ye are the sons of God,
 He holds you in his hand;
 Although they all in Adam fell,
 Not one was ever damn'd.
- 24 Because ye are the sons of God,
 I'm not ashamed to say,
 That though they all in Adam fell,
 Not one can fall away.
- 25 Because ye are the sons of God,
 You ever stood complete,

- Christ did not die for all the world,
But only for the sheep.
- 26 Because ye are the sons of God,
The debt you owed is paid;
Though you may mourn your poverty,
God never will upbraid.
- 27 Because ye are the sons of God,
Your riches are in him,
Jehovah Jesus, God and Man,
Has put away your sin.
- 28 Because ye are the sons of God,
Whoever may deny,
They prove they are the sons of God
That Abba Father cry.
- 29 Because ye are the sons of God,
The Lord will make you know it,
And when you feel adopting grace
You will be glad to own it.
- 30 Because ye are the sons of God,
O what an honour this!
To be an heir with Christ the Lord
Of everlasting bliss.
- 31 Because ye are the sons of God,
The Holy Ghost comes down
To make Jehovah's people know
Their title to a crown.
- 32 Because ye are the sons of God,
Mark'd out in his decrees,
The Holy Ghost the tidings brings
Just when Jehovah please.
- 33 Because ye are the sons of God,
Redeem'd by God's own Son,
Who all were sav'd in God's account
Before old time begun.
- 34 Because ye are the sons of God,
Who sadly went astray,

Christ knew what each one's debt would be,
And Christ came forth to pay.

35 Because ye are the Sons of God,
A most amazing scheme,
That Christ should stand their Surety **Head**,
And with his blood redeem.

36 Because ye are the Sons of God,
By Adam have no loss,
Christ guarantees to bear your sins
And die upon the cross.

37 Because ye are the sons of God,
All this was done for you,
In Adam dead, in Christ alive,
Christ paid the law its due.

38 Because ye are the sons of God,
Both weak and strong shall stand,
For all the sons must stand secure,
Safe in their Father's hand.

39 Because ye are the sons of God,
By God's eternal choice,
O let the sons exult and sing,
O let the sons rejoice.

40 Because ye are the sons of God,
All safe in God the Son,
Redemption work Christ undertook,
Redemption's work is done.

A few Verses on the death of a much beloved Friend and faithful Servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, who preached Salvation not of Works, but all of Grace.

1 MY friend is dead, what doleful tidings this:
Where is he gone? To everlasting bliss,
To see his Saviour's face:
But why so hasty, death, to cut him down?
Because his time was come to take the crown,
The gift of sov'reign grace.

- 2 Alas! how many he has left to weep,
 While he is gone to join the ransom'd sheep,
 Where tears are wip'd away:
 We mourn our loss, he can rejoice and sing:
 How oft our souls have been upon the wing
 To hear him preach and pray.
- 3 Lord, make it up to those who mourn and sigh,
 And to the fatherless be ever nigh,
 And be the widow's Friend;
 Her loss is great, but thou art greater still,
 Thou canst her soul with consolations fill,
 And ev'ry comfort send.
- 4 May those who heard him preach from day to day
 Christ as the sinner's Friend, the only Way,
 Remember ev'ry truth:
 Salvation full and free was all his theme,
 And everlasting love did on him beam,
 He felt it from his youth.
- 5 But ah! how soon his blessed work is done!
 He preach'd a precious Christ, and soon is gone
 To take his free reward:
 Mysterious providence, it strikes the mind,
 Why's he call'd home and others left behind;
 That merits no regard.
- 6 Be still and know 'tis God, the great I AM,
 Who call'd him home according to his plan,
 Therefore it must be best:
 He preach'd as long as God had fore-ordain'd,
 And over hell and sin the vict'ry gain'd,
 Then took his flight to rest.
- 7 Methinks I hear his mourning church complain,
 But ah! their loss is his eternal gain,
 Their pastor and their brother:
 Lord, hear their pray'rs, attend unto their call,
 And send them one who'll crown Christ Lord of all,
 O send them such another,

- 8 Jehovah views each sympathizing tear ;
 Although you mourn there's nothing yet to fear,
 He'll make up ev'ry loss ;
 To father, mother, wife, and children too,
 'Tis all in love, 'whate'er Jehovah do,
 'Tis his appointed cross.
- 9 But what you know not now, you'll know hereafter,
 Though now you mourn your dolorous disaster,
 That he should die so soon ;
 God will hereafter make the matter plain,
 How he so soon the vict'ry did obtain,
 And leave off work at noon.
- 10 O may we all who feel ourselves concern'd,
 Be taught of God the lesson he had learn'd,
 And make his God our choice ;
 Then, should we bear the cross beyond his years,
 And labour longer here with doubts and fears,
 With him we shall rejoice.
- 11 Then may we leave our all at Jesus' feet,
 Our joys below will never be complete ;
 Let hope be on the wing :
 Although death takes our dearest friends away,
 And leave us here to mourn, and sigh, and pray,
 We shall hereafter sing.
- 12 And in his steps may thousand thousands tread,
 He preach'd up Christ the chosen people's Head,
 And crown'd him Lord of all ;
 Free grace he preach'd, free grace is now his song,
 He's shouting viet'ry with the blood-bought throng,
 At Jesus' feet they fall.
- 13 May we like him be ready to appear,
 He saw in Christ his title good and clear
 To joys that never end ;
 Then we shall shout the glories of the Lamb,
 And wonder at redemption's glorious plan,
 As well as our dear friend.

- 4 While here below he preach'd Christ crucified,
 This was his theme until the hour he died
 And bid the world adieu :
 Though dead, he speaks to many I've no doubt,
 And what he preach'd I hope will soon come out
 And stand the public view.
- 5 Electing grace, and everlasting love,
 He gloried in below, and now above
 He triumphs in the same ;
 Amongst his flock these blessed truths were known,
 They lov'd to hear the gospel trumpet sound,
 The sound of Jesus' name.

*No Enjoyment in the External of Religion without the
 Presence of God in them.*

- 1 HOW sweet are the moments
 When Jesus is near,
 The world, sin, and Satan,
 Can't put me in fear :
 How sweet is his presence,
 How charming his voice,
 When Christ smiles upon me
 'Tis then I rejoice.
- 2 How sweet is a promise,
 When by him applied,
 When I see the mountain
 Where my Saviour died ;
 How sweet to see Jesus
 My God and my Friend,
 Whose love is the same
 From beginning to end.
- 3 How sweet when by faith
 I can hear him declare,
 Of my word and my promise
 You need not despair,

- I never will leave you,
 This is his own word ;
 How sweet to live trusting
 On Thus saith the Lord.
- 4 How sweet to see Jesus
 On Calvary's tree ;
 How sweet, when I see him
 There dying for me,
 To hear him declare
 It is finish'd and done,
 By the Almighty Jesus,
 Jehovah's own Son.
- 5 How sweet to see Jesus
 Ascend from the tomb,
 Salvation completed,
 Redemption is done ;
 He now pleads his cause
 At the right hand of God ;
 He purchas'd my soul
 At the price of his blood.
- 6 How sweet to see Jesus
 Upon his own throne,
 Who once in my nature
 Did for me atone ;
 He bore in his body
 My sin and my guilt,
 To pay down my ransom
 His own blood was spilt.
- 7 How sweet to see Jesus
 My life and my way,
 Who in my distresses
 Directs me to pray :
 His eyes are upon me,
 He hears my sad cry ;
 While Jesus lives for me
 I never can die.

- 8 How sweet 'tis to pray
 When God tells me how;
 Without him I chatter,
 I promise, I vow;
 But all comes to nothing,
 My pride gets a fall,
 And God makes me know
 That I've not pray'd at all.
- 9 How sweet to lay low
 At the feet of the Lamb,
 A poor saved sinner,
 A poor helpless man;
 Relying on Jesus,
 My Way and my End,
 My Jesus, my Portion,
 My God, and my Friend.
- 10 How sweet 'tis to feel
 The warm beams of the sun;
 And when Jesus draws me,
 How sweet 'tis to run;
 And when he upholds me,
 How bold can I stand,
 For never one sheep
 Was pluck'd out of his hand.
- 11 How sweet to see Jesus
 My Lord and my God,
 Why holds out the sceptre
 And lays by the rod:
 The work is completed,
 The battle is won,
 All belov'd by the Father
 Are redeem'd by the Son.

They shall call upon me. Psalm-xci. 15.

- 1 O Blessed words the Lord declares,
 That they shall call on me;

- Those Christ has ransom'd with his blood,
And died for on the tree.
- 2 That God, who has ordain'd the end,
Also ordain'd the way :
Man is not sav'd because he seeks,
Nor yet because he pray.
- 3 No, God has fore-ordain'd the plan,
Christ was ordain'd to pray ;
'Tis in his purpose and decrees,
To make his children cry.
- 4 They shall, Jehovah has decreed,
They shall be born again,
This is the reason sinners cry,
And cannot cry in vain.
- 5 They all shall cry to God for help
When God the Spirit come ;
They cry for what God had decreed
For ev'ry chosen son.
- 6 What God has fore-ordain'd to be
Shall be, none will deny ;
'Tis he that makes poor sinners seek,
He makes poor sinners cry.
- 7 O blessed shalls ! O sov'reign words !
God's words shall be obey'd ;
God never sav'd a sinner yet
But for salvation pray'd.
- 8 Because God has ordain'd it so,
He makes his children call,
When they are made to feel within
The wormwood and the gall.
- 9 He gives them grace to feel their wants,
Then gives them grace to cry ;
He answers his own gift within,
Himself he won't deny.
- 10 Then why do any cry to God ?
Because God makes them cry :

- He has receiv'd their ransom price,
 Their pray'rs he won't deny.
 11 But they shall cry, and I will hear,
 This is the word of God :
 He brings salvation to the soul
 That is redeem'd by blood.
 12 Then let the crying soul rejoice,
 Since God has made you cry ;
 How came you then to cry at all ?
 You know the reason why.

he Lord is on my side, I will not fear : What can man do unto me ? It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man : it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes. Psalm cxviii. 6, 8, 9.

- 1 THE man that has God for his Friend,
 However distressed and poor,
 That man is a dignified man,
 Who can trust in his God and adore.
- 2 The man that has God for his Friend,
 Whatever his station be here,
 Though clothed in rags and despis'd,
 God notices each sigh and tear.
- 3 The man that has God for his Friend,
 If he in the world have no other,
 His God is for ever the same,
 His Friend, and his God, and his Brother.
- 4 The man that has God for his Friend,
 The Lord watches him with his eye ;
 When sorrows and troubles abound,
 The Lord will attend to his cry.
- 5 The man that has God for his Friend,
 Though all things around him may frown,
 When God grants a smile on his soul,
 He then looks and longs for his crown.

- 6 The man that has God for his Friend,
 Though billows roll over his head,
 Though sorrows and grief break his heart,
 He still may rejoice in his Head.
- 7 The man that has God for his Friend,
 Shall find all is working for good ;
 Although he's distressed and poor,
 That man is beloved of God.
- 8 The man that has God for his Friend,
 A man to be envied indeed,
 He carries his burden to God,
 He asks, and is sure to succeed.
- 9 The man that has God for his Friend,
 That man may be calm in a storm,
 He knows what his Father engage
 His Father will surely perform.
- 10 The man that has God for his Friend,
 Though often o'erwhelm'd in the deep,
 Though sorrows may break his poor heart,
 God ever, for ever, will keep.
- 11 The man that has God for his Friend,
 His God was eternally so ;
 Eternally chosen in Christ,
 He's blessed wherever he go.
- 12 The man that has God for his Friend,
 Has God for his Keeper and Guide,
 He knows that his soul is secure,
 He knows that his Ransomer died.
- 13 The man that has God for his Friend,
 May look on the world with disdain ;
 His portion is safe in his God,
 And God will his title maintain.
- 14 The man that has God for his Friend,
 That man is Jehovah's delight ;
 Though all things may seem to go wrong,
 He knows they are perfectly right.

- 5 The man that has God for his Friend,
 Shall stand, though a thousand may fall;
 Though hell, sin, and Satan, oppose,
 His Father will answer his call.
- 6 The man that has God for his Friend,
 Has God for his Portion, his All,
 United to Jesus, his Head,
 With Jesus must stand or must fall.
- 7 The man that has God for his Friend,
 That man is a hater of sin;
 Though nature remains as it did,
 He feels the sad plague is within.
- 8 The man that has God for his Friend,
 Is taught that salvation is free,
 God's love's the original cause,
 All settled on Calvary's tree.
- 9 The man that has God for his Friend,
 The wonderful, mysterious Three,
 Jehovah has chosen and lov'd,
 And Jesus redeem'd on the tree.
- 10 The man that has God for his Friend,
 The Spirit bears witness within,
 That God is well pleas'd with his Son,
 Through whom he is freed from his sin.
- 11 The man that has God for his Friend,
 Has God for his constant Director,
 In all his sad troubles and woes,
 Still God is his faithful Protector.
- 12 The man that has God for his Friend,
 May safely commit all to him
 Who paid down his ransom with blood,
 And bore both his curse and his sin.
- 13 The man that has God for his Friend,
 May laugh at the winds and the waves;
 Though Satan may tempt and distress,
 His God both delivers and saves.

- 21 The man that has God for his Friend,
Though subject to doubts and to fears,
Though sometimes he mourns his sad case,
He finds some relief from his tears.
- 25 The man that has God for his Friend,
May live upon God by the day ;
And when he sinks deep in distress,
His Father then bids him to pray.
- 26 The man that has God for his Friend,
May leave all his cares at his feet,
And roll all his burdens on him
Who owns him as one of his sheep.
- 27 The man that has God for his Friend,
May sometimes go hanging his head ;
And if you should ask him for why ?
He'd say, -I'm so barren and dead,
- 28 The man that has God for his Friend,
Shall never be left in despair ;
When troubles come into his soul,
On God he may cast all his care.
- 29 The man that has God for his Friend,
Has Almighty arms for his aid ;
His foes may be mighty and strong,
'Tis I, says God, Be not afraid.
- 30 The man that has God for his Friend,
May often feel ready to fall ;
'Tis then the Lord hears his sad cry,
He surely will hear whom he'll call.
- 31 The man that has God for his Friend,
If he should have ten thousand foes,
Whoever speak ill of his name,
God watches wherever he goes.
- 32 The man that has God for his Friend,
Is blessed in basket and store,
He's heir to a kingdom and crown,
Though now both afflicted and poor.

- 13 The man that has God for his Friend,
Looks forward to that blessed day,
When God will pronounce him as just,
While thousands are driven away.
- 14 The man that has God for his Friend,
Is sometimes almost in despair,
Bow'd down with a body of sin,
Sometimes overwhelmed with care.
- 15 The man that has God for his Friend,
Is a man that's beloved of God,
And all the sad crooks in his lot
Shall surely work out for his good.
- 16 The man that has God for his Friend,
Though forc'd both to beg and to borrow,
His God will provide for to-day,
His God will not leave him to-morrow.
- 17 The man that has God for his Friend,
Has no need to vex and complain,
For all things are order'd for him,
His troubles shall not be in vain.
- 18 The man that has God for his Friend,
Is perfectly safe and secure;
A man that's beloved of God
May well a few crosses endure.
- 19 The man that has God for his Friend,
Shall prove all God's promises good;
'Tis God that has brought me thus far,
Because my Protector is God.

Then came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me. Matthew xv. 25.

- 1 LORD, help me, is a common pray'r,
For those in sad dismay;
And that poor soul can never sink,
Whom God has made to pray.

- 2 How many thousands go to God,
 If you could hear them there,
 Lord, help me, is the common cry,
 And keep me from despair.
- 3 And will God hear a pray'r like this?
 He has done so before;
 The Canaanitish woman cried,
 Lord, help,—she said no more.
- 4 And did she cry, Lord, help, in vain?
 Not so: no more shall you:
 God never brings a sinner out,
 But God will bring him through.
- 5 Whoever then can cry to God,
 They never need despair;
 For none will ever cry to God
 'Till God himself comes there.
- 6 Before this woman came to God,
 God had decreed it so;
 'Tis God's design to answer those
 That are inspir'd to go.
- 7 Ah! could ten thousand sinners go
 With this poor woman's cry,
 Lord, help a lost, a ruin'd wretch,
 The Lord would not deny.
- 8 God teaches pray'r, then answers pray'r,
 This is Jehovah's plan;
 Lord, help me, is a pray'r will do,
 If God directs the man.

*God is our Refuge and Strength, a very present Help
 in trouble. Psalm xvi. 1.*

- 1 GOD is my Director
 In all my affairs,
 Who weighs all my sorrows,
 Who measures my cares;

- He knows all my weakness,
 He knows I can't stand ;
 When I am just sinking,
 He puts forth his hand.
- 2 He knows how I'm tempted,
 Perplexed, and tried ;
 He knows how his goodness
 I've often denied ;
 He knows my vile nature,
 How wretched I am ;
 He knows, when he leaves me,
 I'm a poor helpless man.
- 3 He knows all my weakness,
 My folly, and pride ;
 He knows my proud nature
 Can't bear to be tried ;
 He knows, if he leaves me,
 I wander and stray,
 Without heart to seek him,
 Without heart to pray.
- 4 He knows, when he draws me,
 I can then run a-pace,
 I can laugh at my foes,
 When I taste of his grace ;
 I then can do all things,
 I'm strong then as Paul ;
 But if left a moment,
 That moment I fall.
- 5 He knows where I lay
 When he first found me out,
 A ruin'd dead sinner,
 Who wander'd about ;
 And in that sad state
 Must have laid, (O to tell)
 'Till I fill'd up my cup,
 And then drop'd into hell.

- 6 And can I forget him,
 Who thus thought of me,
 And brought me salvation
 So full and so free?
 Yes, Lord, if thou leave me,
 I soon forget all,
 For I am by nature
 Still dead in the fall.
- 7 'Tis grace then must keep me,
 Free grace is my plea,
 I trust in my Jesus,
 Who died on the tree,
 There all my hopes centre,
 I'll trust in his name,
 Whose love is for ever
 And ever the same.
- 8 He knows what a poor
 Changing creature I am,
 Yet knows I would trust
 In Jehovah the Lamb:
 He knows I would seek,
 I would trust, I would pray,
 I would rely on him,
 My Hope, and my Stay.
- 9 I know, when I try,
 I am often defeated:
 He knows, when he smiles,
 I am sometimes conceited;
 When providence frowns,
 I am press'd down with care,
 Ah! then I forget him,
 I sink in despair.
- 10 He knows I can trust him,
 With gifts in my hand,
 But when all is gone,
 I am put to a stand

How well I can trust him,
 At full blaze of day;
 When all things go well,
 I can praise, I can pray.
 11 But when all is darkness
 And deadness within,
 And I plagued to death
 With the world and with sin,
 Still God is my Refuge,
 All else is a bustle;
 My God is my Refuge,
 My Refuge in trouble.

Should such a Man as I flee? Nehemiah vi. 11.

- 1 SHALL I, a saved sinner, flee,
 Since Christ so freely died for me,
 And left no debt to pay?
 No, rather let me gladly tell,
 Christ has redeem'd my soul from hell,
 And set me Zion's way.
- 2 Shall I in bondage mope about,
 A foolish slave to fear and doubt,
 Since my redemption's paid?
 Shall I dispute my title good?
 That title seal'd with Christ's own blood,
 Need I to be dismay'd?
- 3 No, rather let me trust in Him,
 Who died to put away my sin,
 And seal'd the blessed bond:
 The Lord has call'd me by his grace;
 Sometimes by faith I see his face,
 And love is all my song.
- 4 I once was dead, but now I live;
 My Lord did all my sins forgive,
 He laid them on his Son:

As my enormous debt is paid,
My soul, why should I be afraid?

Redemption's work is done;

- 5 That blessed work was done for me;
Christ took the debt, and set me free;

Why should I wear a chain?

I'm authoriz'd to seek his face,
Since God has call'd me by his grace,
And I am born again.

- 6 Then, though old nature's still the same,
Sinful, base, and vile, and vain,

Bless God, 'tis my opinion,
That though sin plague, it can't destroy;
It often interrupts my joy,

But cannot have dominion:

*Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?
Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why
hast thou made me thus? Romans ix. 20.*

- 1 **WHO** dare dispute Jehovah's right,
To do with creatures as he please?
Where is the wretch who dare attempt
To turn or alter God's decrees?
- 2 Behold the haughty creature, man,
Who thinks he is and must be right,
Although he scorns Jehovah's plan,
In turning darkness into light.
- 3 No man could ever fathom man,
Nor know the depth of human nature;
No man would ever turn to God,
'Till turn'd by God the great Creator.
- 4 Lord, turn me, is the cry of all,
Whom God has turn'd, and none but they:
The men whose sins are blotted out,
You'll hear those men for pardon pray.

- 5 The man that has got eyes to see,
Will often of his blindness mourn;
The man that has a heart to feel,
Will of his hardness often groan.
- 6 The man that can both praise and pray,
Will often mourn his wretched fall;
And often, when he's said the most,
He thinks he has not pray'd at all.
- 7 At other times he thinks all well,
Because he feels a soft'ning frame;
The man of God cannot rest here,
He'll trust alone in Jesus' name.
- 8 'Tis grace that brings the proud heart down;
Let man once see the state he's in,
That man will not be proud of self,
Who feels the plague of sin within.
- 9 Who dare reply to God, and say,
He should do this, or should do that?
Poor puny creatures of a day,
The wisest blinder than a bat.
- 10 None ever learn'd the way to God,
By going to our learned schools;
How many letter'd men we have,
And many of them learned fools.
- 11 There's none are wise, 'till taught of God,
To know the ruin'd state of man,
To know salvation all of grace,
And glory in Jehovah's plan.
- 12 Methinks some haughty man will say,
Salvation is not all of grace;
That man was never taught of God,
I'd tell that man so to his face.
- 13 Ah! where's the man, with front of brass,
Will say, Jehovah is unjust?
That God, who is the christian's hope,
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust.

- 14 Then let the potsherds of the earth,
 Who dare oppose Jehovah's reign,
 Jehovah will do as he please,
 But none shall seek his face in vain.
- 15 Rejoice, ye sinking souls, rejoice,
 With thee it ever shall be well;
 Thou shalt rejoice in Christ thy Friend,
 When scorners die and drop to hell.

*And it shall come to pass, when I bring a Cloud over the
 Earth, that the Bow shall be seen in the Cloud.
 Genesis ix. 14.*

- 1 IF but one sinner could be found,
 That ever sought the Lord in vain,
 Ah! then I must give up my hope,
 That heav'n I ever should obtain.
- 2 Because I feel so vile, so base,
 So dark, so dead, so barren, still,
 Sometimes I hardly move to God;
 Sometimes I seem to have no will.
- 3 But look on yonder skies, my soul,
 See what the Lord has placed there;
 Look there, my soul, adore, and look;
 That bow forbids me to despair.
- 4 Look up, my soul; O blessed pledge!
 Ah! sure it was the Lord's design,
 That all his sons might look, and say,
 This God, the loving God is mine.
- 5 The Lord will no more drown the world,
 Jehovah by himself hath sworn;
 No, neither will he chide his sons,
 Because he will be wrath no more.
- 6 No more can God be wrath with man,
 Whose sins by blood were blotted out;
 That blessed bow declares to man
 What God in love has brought about.

- 7 Ah! look, my soul, to Calv'ry's cross,
 There see th' incarnate Deity;
 For sinners had been doom'd to hell,
 But for the God-Man on the tree.
- 8 O look and wonder, look and live;
 No more the overflowing flood:
 Look to the bow, then to the cross,
 There see the pity of a God.
- 9 But when the Son of Man shall come,
 With thousand thousands in his train,
 How will redeemed souls rejoice,
 To see the Lamb who once was slain.
- 10 The King of kings, the Lord of lords,
 Ah! who can bear his wrathful ire?
 He comes to take his ransom'd home,
 And burn this lumber world with fire.
- 11 So when the watery deluge came,
 God had his ark to save his few;
 And you, poor souls, who trust in Christ,
 Christ is the Ark ordain'd for you.
- 12 And will my soul be present there?
 And shall I see my Saviour's face,
 When thousands sink in black despair?
 O how I'll shout in songs of grace.
- 13 Where will the sinner hide his head,
 At that great awful blazing day?
 When God will own his chosen sheep,
 All others will be cast away.
- 14 I know, when God the Judge shall come,
 He will not let poor sinners die,
 He will not cast away a son,
 Who can but Abba, Father, cry.
- 15 All those belov'd and chose of God,
 Shall feel the plague of sin within;
 They all shall reach the heav'nly ark,
 And God himself will shut them in.

- 16 Lord, when I reach that happy place,
 Amongst the people of thy choice,
 Then I shall fret and sin no more,
 But shall for evermore rejoice.

Soliloquy.

- 1 WHY should I doubt the love of God,
 To such a poor vile wretch as me?
 God's love is infinitely great,
 And 'tis as infinitely free.
- 2 Why should I cherish doubts and fears?
 God's promises are on my side:
 What greater proof of love can be?
 That I might live, the Saviour died.
- 3 Why should I nurse a thousand fears,
 Since God himself has bid me not?
 Why go I mourning like a slave,
 A thousand mercies quite forgot?
- 4 Why should I listen to that foe?
 Thou know'st, dear Lord, 'tis my desire,
 To trust in thee, and thee alone,
 And prove old Satan is a liar.
- 5 Why should I fear when clouds arise,
 As though the sun would shine no more?
 When I have found a thousand times
 It has been quite as dark before.
- 6 Why can't I trust my all with Him,
 Who, night and day, is just the same,
 Whose love is constant as the sun?
 The God of Mercy is his name.
- 7 Why should I think my Father frowns,
 Because he overturns my schemes?
 I know he is a God of love,
 Although he sometimes angry seems.
- 8 Why should I think, because 'tis dark,
 It never will be light again?

- Because I think I cannot pray,
 I have been praying all in vain.
 9 Why, O my God, is this the case?
 O God, why is it thus with me?
 As Christ has paid the ransom price,
 O bid my fetter'd soul go free.

My Beloved is Mine. Canticles ii. 16.

- 1 IF I have but Jesus,
 What can I want more?
 How can I be wretched?
 I cannot be poor.
 But oh! without Jesus,
 Ah! what am I then?
 If rolling in riches,
 I'm but a poor man.
- 2 But if I have Jesus,
 In him I have all,
 I'm rich as Saint Peter,
 Nay, rich as Saint Paul.
 For my riches are such,
 That no mortal can tell;
 For Jesus is mine,
 Who redeem'd me from hell.
- 3 Since Jesus is mine,
 I am both grand and great,
 I'm of the blood royal,
 Immense my estate,
 I was born a King's son,
 I am heir to a crown,
 There's nothing I dread,
 But my dear Father's frown.
- 4 If Jesus is mine,
 He's my almighty Friend;
 Our union is such,
 That it never can end.

Before time was born,
 And when time is no more,
 He still will be mine,
 Just the same as before.

5 If I have but Jesus,
 Let the world part their stuff;
 With Jesus my Portion,
 I shall have enough :
 The riches of this world
 Will soon fade away ;
 I know God will give me
 Enough for the day.

6 If Jesus is mine,
 Why do I complain,
 Since God never sent me
 One trouble in vain ?
 He guides all my steps,
 And he numbers my hairs,
 He'll bring me safe through
 All my troubles and cares.

7 If Jesus is for me,
 Then who shall condemn me ?
 My Jesus died for me,
 So Jesus hath sav'd me :
 My Jesus is for me,
 And will be for ever ;
 My Jesus won't leave me,
 No, never, no, never.

8 If Jesus is for me,
 Then all must be right,
 Although I am sometimes
 Much darker than night :
 Although the sun sets,
 It will surely arise ;
 The morning will come
 With delight to my eyes.

9 If Jesus is mine,
Then he ever was so :
What then should distress me,
Whoever my foe ?
While Jesus stands by me,
I'll laugh at them all ;
My God and my Father
Will hear when I call.

THE following Hymns were written purposely for a social meeting, where I with a few of the world's outcasts have for years attended, and where (I trust) I have sometimes been blessed, under the Spirit's divine teaching, to speak a word of fort and consolation to Zion's mourners, to the lovers of . where we have often sweetly experienced the verity of God's promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them;" and I trust we can say "the Lord Jehovah in the midst of us is mighty."*

O that the reader of these lines, if it be the will of my Father, may experience something of that superlative joy that I have in writing, and others when they have made them their own in the house of prayer; so prays

The AUTHOR

*Zephaniah iii. 17.

he Lord will hear the Prayer of the Destitute, and will not despise their Prayer. Psalm cii. 17.

- 1 **COME**, O my soul, I'll go to God,
And at his footstool cry;
Who knows but God may meet me there,
I'll go, I can but try.
- 2 He knows my woeful wretched case,
O may he hear my cry;
He hears the poor and destitute,
I'll go, I can but try.
- 3 And there I'll plead his promises,
And those he can't deny;
Ah! this may be the time to help,
I'll go, I can but try.
- 4 I'll go and plead his precious name,
Who did for sinners die;
And as he saves entirely free,
I'll go, I can but try.
- 5 And as Jehovah bids me come,
Why sure he won't deny;
And though I know not what to say,
I'll go, I can but try.
- 6 He never hears a sinner's pray'r,
Then suffers him to die;
And though I know not how to pray,
I'll go, I can but try.
- 7 As Jesus came to save the lost,
I know no reason why
He should not save a wretch like me;
I'll go, I can but try.

Thou hidest thyself, and we are troubled. Psalm civ. 29.

- 1 **MY** soul, why these distressing cares?
Why overwhelm'd in gloomy fears?
Why so suspicious of thy God,
Who hides his blessings in his rod?

- 2 And will you doubt your Father's grace,
Because thy Father hides his face?
That soul who mourns his absent God,
Need not to fear a Father's rod.
- 3 Thy Father is not far from thee;
Turn but thine eyes to Calv'ry's tree,
And there you'll see what he has done,—
To save thy soul condemn'd his Son.
- 4 Though clouds and darkness spread thy mind,
This does not prove thy God unkind;
His love is fix'd, unmoveable,
He has redeem'd thy soul from hell.
- 5 He hears thy ev'ry groan and sigh,
And he will never let thee die;
'Tis he has put those cries within,
For he has put away thy sin.
- 6 The work thy Father undertake,
He never, never will forsake;
Thou art redeem'd by precious blood,
Because thou art belov'd of God.
- 7 Then though thy Father hide his face,
This is made known by special grace;
God's absence never troubles those,
But such as God himself has chose.
- 8 Though all may now be dead within,
And you bow'd down with guilt and sin,
The Lord is pleas'd to make you groan,
That you might trust in him alone.

*Faith Triumphant over Nature;—The Weak made Strong
by the Mighty God of Jacob.*

*I can do all things, through Christ strengthening me.
Phil. iv. 13.*

- 1 AS Jesus died for me,
What have I to fear?
My God has upheld me
For many a year.

- I've trusted his promise,
 I'll trust him again;
 For none ever trusted
 In Jesus in vain.
- 2 I know Christ died for me,
 For I die to sin,
 Although I still feel
 The sad plague sore within;
 My old filthy nature
 No better at all,
 I still feel the poison
 I got by the fall.
- 3 Though I can do nothing,
 My God knows 'tis true,
 Yet I can do all things,
 When Christ is in view;
 And when Jesus draws me,
 I then run a-pace,
 I know I am saved,
 But wholly of grace.
- 4 The blood of atonement
 Is all I can plead;
 I look to my Jesus,
 And then I succeed;
 For I have no merit,
 I'm a poor helpless man;
 But Jesus died for me,
 And finish'd the plan.
- 5 Though I am by nature
 Not mended at all,
 I feel I am wholly
 Undone by the fall;
 But God in his mercy,
 Before Adam fell,
 Put my name in the book,
 And preserv'd me from hell.

6 All hail, blessed Jesus,
 Who paid off my score !
 The law of Jehovah
 Can ask nothing more ;
 The price was his blood,
 And his blood he paid down,
 And thus a poor beggar
 Is made heir to a crown.

*They shall be mine in the day when I make up my Jewel
 Malichi iii. 17.*

- 1 **THEY** shall be mine at that tremendous day :
 Rejoice, my soul, hear what the Father say,
 Believe it and rejoice ;
 My ransom'd ones before my throne shall stand,
 And all my jewels I'll place at my right hand,
 The people of my choice.
- 2 All that the Father, God Jehovah, chose,
 Though earth, and sin, and hell, their souls oppos
 He'll bring them safely through ;
 They shall be mine, the Lord himself declare :
 Where is the sinner then that need despair,
 With Calvary in view ?
- 3 The Father gave those jewels to his Son,
 And Christ has paid the price of ev'ry one,
 This price was his own blood :
 Father, I will that those thou gavest me,
 All those I paid for on the bloody tree,
 May dwell with me, their God.
- 4 They shall be mine, and all the world shall see
 Those jewels I once paid for on the tree,
 And bought them with my blood :
 Come now, ye ransom'd chosen jewels, come ;
 Come all ye souls I gave unto my Son,
 Ye favourites of God.

- 5 They shall be mine, I'll own them at that day;
 I've often heard them groan and try to pray,
 But could not speak a word;
 I knew their hearts, I knew what was within,
 I knew how they were plagued to death with sin,
 And cried unto the Lord.
- 6 They shall be mine, it is my firm decree,
 To save the souls Christ died for on the tree;
 In him they are complete,
 Their debts are paid, there's nothing more to pay,
 Christ is to them the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 They are his ransom'd sheep.

*The Goodness of the Lord, known, seen, and felt.
 The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and
 blessed are all they that put their trust in him. Nah. i. 7.*

- 1 THE Lord is good, but ah! how good,
 That sinner best can tell,
 That sees and feels that special grace
 That rescues him from hell.
- 2 Good in his purposes of grace,
 In saving ruin'd man:
 The angels would have never thought
 Of such a glorious plan.
- 3 Good to provide a Ransomer
 For Adam's ruin'd race:
 O what a glorious sound to hear,
 Salvation all of grace.
- 4 Good to put down my worthless name,
 To be redeem'd by blood,
 And put his merits down as mine,
 This proves the God of love.
- 5 Good to give up his only Son
 To live and die for me;
 The angels wonder at the sight,
 The God Man on the tree.

6 Herein was love surpassing thought;
 Surpassing angels' scan :
 Well may redeemed sinners sing
 Hosannas to the Lamb

7 Who finished redemption work,
 Which reach'd my wretched case :
 The air we breathe is not more free
 Than are the gifts of grace.

*Happy is that Man who is taught of God to pray.
 They shall call upon my name, and I will hear them
 Zechariah xiii. 9.*

- 1 **AH!** could this world afford us peace,
 How seldom should we think of pray'r;
 For man will never go to God,
 Until he sinks in self despair.
- 2 When all man's fancied props give way,
 When ev'ry brook and stream gets dry,
 When all his look'd for helpers fail,
 Then to his God he's forc'd to cry.
- 3 Why will the great Jehovah hear
 A poor distressed sinner's pray'r ?
 Because before the sinner cries,
 God by his Spirit has been there.
- 4 That man whom God instructs to pray,
 That finds his way to mercy's door,
 God draws the man, and then he goes,
 He prays, who never pray'd before.
- 5 O God, be merciful to me !
 A pray'r that reach'd Jehovah's ear :
 Go, poor distressed sinner, go,
 At mercy's door there's nought to fear.
- 6 God has decreed in his own plan,
 His children shall obey his call ;
 He puts the cry into their souls,
 Or they would never cry at all.

- 7 And have you ever cried to God?
 Then try, poor soul, and cry again;
 For God has pledg'd his precious word,
 That none shall ever cry in vain.

*A precious Declaration for the poor distressed doubting
 Soul.*

*Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Behold, I will save my
 people. Zechariah viii. 7.*

- 1 **WHAT!** has the Lord Jehovah said,
 And has he pass'd his word,
 That all his people shall be sav'd?
 'Tis so,—thus saith the Lord.
- 2 Lord, make me know that I am thine,
 And that thou speak'st to me,
 As one thou covenanted for,
 And paid for on the tree.
- 3 O let me feel that inward grace,
 To slay the man of sin;
 For thou hast conquer'd death and hell,
 O conquer what's within.
- 4 Subdue my unbelieving fears;
 For, Lord, I would believe;
 But oh! my treach'rous wicked heart,
 My very self deceive.
- 5 Save me from evils round about,
 From evil still within;
 O save me from self righteousness,
 That foulest, blackest sin.
- 6 Lord, save me from distracting cares,
 Thy constant help afford,
 And make thy promise my support,
 My trust,—thus saith the Lord.
- 7 Thy promises did never fail,
 Thou never break'st thy word;

Then my salvation is secure ;

'Tis so,—thus saith the Lord.

8 Thy promises are verity,

I'll trust Jehovah's word ;

I must be sav'd, I shall be sav'd,

'Tis so,—thus saith the Lord.

*Sweet are those Anticipations that are grounded upon the
Promises, Word, and Oath, of Jehovah.*

Malichi iii. 17.

1 **THEY** shall be mine, thus saith the Lord,

At my tribunal day,

I'll own my precious jewels then,

All else I'll cast away.

2 Who will appear as jewels then ?

Hear what Jehovah say ;

All those Christ ransom'd with his blood,

'Tis they, and only they.

3 All those the Father ever lov'd,

And gave them to his Son,

Whose names were written in his book,

Before the world begun.

4 Those will be own'd as jewels then,

As God's own chosen few ;

And if you mourn the plague of sin,

The Lord has chosen you.

5 Cloath'd in the righteousness of Christ,

God's jewels will appear,

And not one ransom'd sinner's lost,

That Christ paid for so dear.

6 Though hell, and sin, and death, oppose

Jehovah's chosen sheep,

He holds the jewels in his hands,

In whom they are complete.

7 The bruised reeds and smoking flax,

Are jewels in his view,

Both weak and strong are one in Christ,
 And God will bring them through.
 8 May we be own'd as jewels then,
 Though here despis'd and poor;
 Lord, grant us tokens of thy love,
 And we will ask no more.

*How many of the dear People of God can say, When I
 would do good, evil is present with me.
 Romans vii. 21.*

- 1 LORD Jesus, come and bless us now;
 We want to pray, but know not how;
 We are so dead, so dark within,
 O what a cursed thing is sin.
- 2 Lord, draw our wand'ring souls to thee,
 And lead us up to Calv'ry's tree;
 There would we go and pay our vow,
 We want to pray, but know not how.
- 3 We want to feel as heretofore,
 When we have waited at thy door;
 O come, dear Lord, and help us now,
 We want to pray, but know not how.
- 4 O come, thou Holy Spirit, come,
 Reveal in us what Christ has done;
 We never had more wants than now,
 We want to pray, but know not how.
- 5 We want the tokens of thy grace,
 We want to see our Saviour's face,
 We want the Holy Spirit now,
 We want to pray, but know not how.
- 6 We want to feel our sins subdu'd,
 We want to feel our strength renew'd,
 We want thy special presence now,
 We want to pray, but know not how.
- 7 We want to feel our hearts of steel
 Made soft by grace,—Lord, make us feel,

- O come, dear Lord, and meet us now;
 We want to pray, but know not how.
 8 We want to feel a Christ reveal'd,
 And see our pardon sign'd and seal'd;
 O come, and grant these blessings now,
 Teach us to pray, for what, and how.

*I rejoiced when they said to me, Let us go into the
 of the Lord:—and those who love the Lord, w
 his House, and love his people, and rejoice to me
 them. Psalm cxxii. 1.*

- 1 **H**OW charming is the place,
 Where Jesus shews his face;
 My soul, I would be there,
 I love the house of pray'r,
 Where God's own chosen people meet,
 Who know in Christ they are complete.
 2 Those who have felt their sore,
 Will trust themselves no more,
 But venture all on Him,
 Who bore their curse and sin;
 With such dear souls I can rejoice,
 Because they are Jehovah's choice.
 3 For there are none but those,
 Whom God the Father chose;
 That either praise or pray,
 Nor can they find the way,
 'Till God the Spirit sets them right,
 Christ is not precious in their sight.
 4 But those our God doth call,
 Are made to feel their fall,
 And mourn because of sin,
 And feel the plague within;
 God gave such light, to make them see
 Salvation finish'd on the tree.

5 And as their faith increase,
 Believing, they have peace,
 To know they're justified,
 For whom the Saviour died;
 They live a life of faith on Him
 Who died to put away their sin.

*o, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and
 you that have no money, (no merit), come you, and
 buy wine and milk, without money, or your price.*

Isaiah lv. 1.

- 1 THAT soul that's thirsting for the stream,
 Will hasten to the place
 Where living waters sweetly flow,
 In streams of special grace.
- 2 There's nothing but this stream will do,
 For those who know they must,
 Yes, know that they must drink or die;
 O painful, blessed thirst.
- 3 Where God creates a thirst within,
 That thirst shall be allay'd;
 God never calls a man to come,
 But those whose debts are paid.
- 4 God never calls a man to walk,
 That's neither legs nor feet;
 The blessings of eternal life
 Are only for the sheep.
- 5 He makes the dead in sin to live,
 And then he bids them come;
 No sinner ever went to God,
 'Till God the Spirit come.
- 6 God never bids the blind to look,
 That has no eyes to see:
 None but God's chosen ever look'd
 To Calv'ry's bloody tree.

- 7 None ever ask'd the Lord to save,
 But in a formal way;
 'Tis only God the Holy Ghost
 Can teach a man to pray.

The same.

- 1 **THE** Spirit of the Lord must come
 And give man praying breath;
 The best that nature can perform
 Is wrap'd in sin and death.
- 2 O come, ye helpless, thirsty poor,
 Though destitute of money,
 Come, take Christ's merits in your hand
 And buy both milk and honey.
- 3 The merits of the Son of God
 Will more than pay your way;
 That soul that pleads what Christ has done,
 Ah! that's the soul doth pray.
- 4 This is the money, this the price,
 God gives to his elect;
 The rich, self righteous pharisee,
 Jehovah will reject.
- 5 Come then, the blessings are for you,
 Who feel yourselves the worst;
 The Fountain is design'd for you,
 Who feel an inward thirst.
- 6 A thirst for God, the living God,
 Who long for milk and honey,
 Come, take thy fill, poor thirsty soul,
 Christ's merits is thy money.

The same.

- 1 **COME**, thirsty soul, the waters flow,
 And thou art bid to come;
 The Fountain is both full and free,
 For ev'ry thirsty son.

- 2 What thirsty souls are thirsting for,
 'Tis God designs to give ;
 'Tis God the Holy Ghost creates
 A thirst for God within.
- 3 Come then, ye pennyles and poor,
 Who have no price to pay,
 'Tis beggars get the wine and milk,
 This is the good old way.
- 4 Go thou, and plead atoning blood,
 And thou shalt market well ;
 Christ's blood has pav'd your way to God,
 And rescued you from hell.
- 5 Come, poor distressed thirsty soul,
 The fountain is just by,
 A thousand blessings you may ask,
 For God will not deny.
- 6 Come to those living precious streams,
 And drink and take thy fill ;
 What thou art thirsting for, come take,
 It is thy Father's will.

*many as were ordained unto eternal life, believed, and
 no more, and no less. Acts xiii. 48.*

- 1 AS many as the Lord has chose,
 So many shall believe ;
 Not all the pow'r and craft of hell
 Shall one of them deceive.
- 2 Those God has fore-ordain'd to save,
 They must and shall believe ;
 But those who say 'tis man's free will,
 Their very selves deceive.
- 3 For God eternally has fix'd
 His love upon that man
 Who owns salvation all of grace,
 And worships God the Lamb.

- 4 'Tis not because the man believes,
That he is sav'd at all;
God had ordain'd he should believe,
Though ruin'd in the fall.
- 5 Though in our Adam nature dead,
And dead we must remain,
'Till God the Holy Ghost comes down,
'Till we are born again.
- 6 God has ordain'd it should be so,
It is Jehovah's plan,
To call his people by his grace,
And bring them to the Lamb.
- 7 Before God form'd his creature man,
Before the birth of day,
God had ordain'd redemption's plan,
And Christ the only Way.
- 8 That man that goes to God in time,
Was lov'd ere time began;
The Father's own eternal choice,
Redeem'd by God the Son.

Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.—O the Privilege of Prayer, O that the professors of this day did but receive the blessing, to be taught by the Holy Ghost, when they are to pray in prayer. Matthew xviii. 20.

- 1 **WHERE** two or three together meet
In God's appointed way,
The Lord has pledg'd himself to hear
His children when they pray.
- 2 'Tis God who must dispose the soul
To seek the Lord by pray'r;
Wherever such poor souls are found,
The Lord is surely there.
- 3 The two or three within these walls,
Are in Jehovah's view,

- Who often passes multitudes,
To bless his little few.
- 4 May God the Comforter descend,
Like a refreshing dew,
That this may be a precious time,
To me, and each of you.
- 5 O may our pray'rs ascend on high,
Perfum'd with Jesus' blood;
We have no other plea to make,
The mercy of our God.
- 6 What Jesus did on Calv'ry's cross,
The law requires no more;
This is the plea we bring this night,
And knock at mercy's door.
- 7 Our hearts lie open to our God,
He knows for what we come;
God won't deny that sinner's pray'r,
Whose plea is, God the Son.

When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats.
Matthew xxv. 31, 32.

- 1 O WHAT a world of wretchedness
Is this in which we dwell!
How many snares and crooked paths,
That lead direct to hell.
- 2 Then what's the way in which I go?
My soul, where art thou bound?
When Jesus comes to judge the world,
Oh! where shall I be found?
- 3 For, when the Son of Man shall come,
With his angelic throng,

The ransom'd of the Lord will shout
One everlasting song.

- 4 All nations of the world shall stand,
At that tremendous day,
When God will own his chosen sheep,
And cast the goats away.
- 5 O what a voice will then be heard ?
My Father's chosen, come,
The kingdom is prepar'd for you,
Redeem'd by God the Son.
- 6 Then you who trust in Jesus now,
Will see him at that day.
Who bought you with his precious blood,
And wash'd your sins away.
- 7 Lord, grant that we may then appear
Amongst thy chosen sheep ;
O help us to believe that now
In Christ we are complete.
- 8 That we may know that Christ is ours,
And will for ever be,
Whom God had fix'd his love upon
From all eternity.

Salvation all of Grace.

*Sanctified by God the Father, preserved and chosen in
Jesus Christ, and called. Jude 1.*

- 1 O GLORIOUS, blessed, charming plan !
How can Jehovah save lost man ?
The plan is laid, nay, more than laid,
'Tis finished, the debt is paid.
- 2 The Father gave unto his Son
All those he lov'd ere time begun ;
The Son redeem'd them with his blood,
And reconcil'd them unto God.
- 3 These God the Holy Ghost renews,
Because he paid the law its dues ;

Redemption's price was paid for those
Whom God eternally had chose.

- 4 The Father draws them to his Son,
By whom the blessed work was done;
They hear his voice, they know 'tis He,
Who bled and died on Calv'ry's tree.
- 5 'Tis grace that makes the sinner feel,
Who was before as hard as steel;
He makes the dead to hear his voice,
And calls his own eternal choice.
- 6 Preserv'd and kept in Christ their Head,
He lov'd them when in Adam dead,
He gives them life, and makes them see
Salvation is entirely free.
- 7 And those who bow at Jesus' feet,
They go because they are his sheep;
And those who go, the Spirit say,
The Lord will never cast away.
- 8 For none can go until God call,
Man has no will or strength at all;
But those he has redeem'd by blood,
They, ev'ry one, shall go to God.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and that was God, the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the Almighty : Beside me there is no Saviour. John i. 1. Revelation i. 8. Isaiah xliii. 11.

- 1 OUR God is almighty,
Almighty to save,
Who ransom'd our souls
From sin, hell, and the grave,
Who once in our nature
Appear'd in our name,
Who lov'd us to death,
And still loves us the same.

- 2 Our Jesus Jehovah,
 Before time begun,
 Was Jehovah's Equal,
 Was Jehovah's Son,
 Was born of a woman,
 O wonderful plan !
 When he lay in the manger,
 Was both God and Man,
- 3 O what a fit Saviour
 For ruin'd lost man ;
 The angels adore him,
 And worship the Lamb ;
 And what say poor sinners,
 Redeem'd by his blood ?
 They know he is Jesus,
 They know he is God.
- 4 If Jesus is only
 A man, as some say,
 How is it he is
 Both the Truth and the Way ?
 No way to the Father,
 But by God the Son,
 Set up as man's Surety,
 Before time begun.
- 5 The Father, the Son,
 And the Spirit, agreed,
 That Christ should be Bondsman,
 That man might go free ;
 He took up man's nature,
 Their flesh and their bone,
 Chose out by the Father,
 Redeem'd by the Son.
- 6 They all became guilty,
 In Adam they fell ;
 But Christ took their sins,
 And redeem'd them from hell ;

Thus those God had chosen,
 God gave to his Son ;
 Salvation is finish'd
 Through what he has done.

*How often do God's poor distressed People go to his House
 with a Who can tell ?*

*Who knoweth if he will return and leave a blessing be-
 hind him. Joel ii. 14.*

- 1 I'LL go unto the house of pray'r,
 Who knows but God may meet me there ?
 And should there be but two or three,
 Who knows ? the Lord may meet with me.
- 2 I'll go where I have been before,
 I'll go and wait at mercy's door ;
 And, as he gives his blessings free,
 Who knows ? he may have one for me.
- 3 Who knows but he may shew his face ?
 Ah ! then 'twill be a happy place ;
 I'll go, and try to sing and pray,
 Who knows but God may come that way ?
- 4 Who knows but God may have decreed
 That now some captive soul be freed ?
 God may have fore-ordain'd it so,
 To bless our souls before we go.
- 5 God knows the wish of ev'ry one,
 He also knows for what we come ;
 Those who are influenc'd by grace,
 Ah ! they shall see his smiling face.
- 6 May God the Holy Spirit come,
 And point our souls to God the Son,
 Raise up the poor desponding heart,
 And bless us all, before we part.
- 7 Lord, what we seek, may we obtain,
 That we may long to come again ;

O Lord, we love the house of pray'r,
Because we've found our Jesus there.

- 8 O Lord, accept our humble vow,
O come, dear Lord, and bless us now;
And, though we are but two or three,
O Lord, we put our trust in thee.

*He shall deliver thee in six troubles, and in the seventh
there shall no evil touch thee. Job v. 19.*

- 1 COME, poor, distressed, troubled soul,
Whate'er thy troubles be,
Come, cast thy burden on my back,
And put your trust in me.
- 2 I have deliver'd thee before,
I've often set thee free;
Rely upon my faithfulness,
And put your trust in me.
- 3 Poor troubled soul, read but my word,
And you may plainly see,
I never did forsake a soul
That put his trust in me.
- 4 Six troubles shall not bear thee down,
I'll hold thee up in sev'n;
The thorny road I lead thee in
Is my highway to heav'n.
- 5 Though all is wretchedness within,
And you no help can see;
At my set time I'll break your chains;
Fear not, but trust in me.
- 6 And though your way is hedge'd with thorns
However rough it be,
No foe shall ever hurt thy soul,
Put but thy trust in me.
- 7 Though dark and dreary is the night,
At day-light you shall see,

- I turn their darkness into light,
 Who put their trust in me.
 8 For when my time is come to help,
 You shall rejoice and see,
 'Twas not in vain you cried to God,
 And put your trust in me.

*few poor Outcasts, looking, longing, and waiting for
 the Presence of God where Prayer is wont to be made.*

- 1 LORD, disappoint us not to-day,
 We come to sing, we come to pray,
 But neither can we do;
 Our hearts feel like a lump of lead,
 Ah! who can sing, that feel so dead?
 Lord, help us ere we go.
 2 We have one only plea to make,
 'Tis, Help us, Lord, for Jesus' sake,
 There is no other name:
 Although we change ten times a day,
 Sometimes can neither sing nor pray,
 Thy promise is the same.
 3 Lord, come and string our broken harps,
 O come, and melt our flinty hearts,
 Almighty Jesus, come;
 And as thy grace is free as air,
 Why should we mope in sad despair?
 Redemption work is done.
 4 Lord, give us faith to make our claim,
 The blood of Him who once was slain,
 We plead this at thy door;
 The soul that pleads atoning blood,
 Must have an answer from his God,
 For law requires no more.
 5 Jehovah is well pleas'd with Him,
 Who bore my load of guilt and sin,
 And did atone for me:

O glorious, blessed, great I AM,
 Jehovah, Jesus, God, the Man,
 O bid by soul go free.

- 6 Ten thousand doubts still lurk within,
 O how I'm plagued to death with sin;
 O smile my doubts away:
 If thou wilt come, my fears must go,
 I triumph over ev'ry foe,
 Then I can sing and pray.

What shall we say unto my Lord? Genesis xlv. 16.

- 1 I'LL go unto the house of pray'r,
 For I have found sweet comfort there;
 When I at Jesus' feet could lay,
 I thought I'd something then to say.
- 2 But O, this leaden heart of mine!
 Unless my Jesus deign to smile,
 I feel no heart to sing or pray,
 Alas! I know not what to say.
- 3 But, O my God, thou know'st my case,
 Thou know'st how much I need thy grace;
 I think I feel dispos'd to pray,
 But ah! I know not what to say.
- 4 So dark, so dead, what can I do?
 Lord, melt me down before I go;
 For though I am in Zion's way,
 Yet, Lord, I know not what to say.
- 5 But as thou hear'st poor sinners cry,
 The vilest sinners, why not I?
 Thou know'st I would, I want to pray,
 But, Lord, I know not what to say.
- 6 I know thou art a God of love,
 Come Holy Spirit from above,
 Come, grant my soul a heav'nly ray,
 And give me something, Lord, to say.

- 7 Christ is the sinner's Friend, I know,
 Yet I go mourning here below,
 Because sometimes I miss my way,
 And then I know not what to say.
- 8 This is the state I'm often in ;
 O what a cursed thing is sin !
 But Christ has put my sins away,
 I must have something then to say.
- 9 Yes, this would make the dumb to speak,
 Jehovah saves for Jesus' sake ;
 Lord, loose my tongue, thy love display,
 And give me something now to say.

My presence shall be with you, and I will send peace.

1 Chronicles xxii. 9.

- 1 IF Jesus is with us, all things will go well,
 We can then pray, and sing, and exult over hell ;
 But if left alone, what mortals we are,
 We think all is wrong, and we sink in despair.
- 2 If Jesus is with us, all things will go right,
 The smiles of our Jesus turn darkness to light ;
 But if Jesus leave us, we sigh and groan,
 Because then our hearts get as hard as a stone.
- 3 If Jesus is with us, how sweet is the place,
 How sweet when he looks with a smile on his face,
 And says, Son or Daughter, come, be of good cheer,
 Your sins are all pardon'd, you need not to fear.
- 4 If Jesus is with us, the world then may frown,
 We know, as King's sons, we are heirs to a crown ;
 Though now as poor beggars we lie at thy door,
 If Jesus smile on us, we want nothing more.
- 5 If Jesus is with us to bless us to-day,
 We shall say, It was good to be found in the way,
 The Lord has directed our steps to this place,
 To sing our hosannas, salvation by grace.

Before Sermon.

- 1 **LORD**, give thy servant strength to-day,
To tell poor sinners of the way
That leads to happiness and thee,
And that's to blessed Calvary.
- 2 May God instruct him how to speak
A word of comfort to the weak ;
May God the Holy Ghost direct
Some special word to his elect.
- 3 May those who mourn the guilt of sin,
Who feel the grievous load within,
O break their chains, and set them free,
Lord, make such souls rejoice in thee.
- 4 O may thy dews drop down to-day,
May clouds and darkness fly away,
May mourning souls hear thy sweet voice,
And in thy righteousness rejoice.
- 5 Lord, keep the world and Satan out,
Subdue our unbelief and doubt,
And let us worship thee this day,
With thy sweet presence by the way.
- 6 O may the blessed tidings come,
Salvation finish'd by the Son,
May God the Spirit bless the word,
May we believe, Thus saith the Lord.

Dismission.

- 1 **LORD**, grant a smile before we part,
And warm and animate each heart,
That we may tell our friends around,
We sought our God where God was found.
- 2 Then shall we long to come again,
Because we know 'tis not in vain,
And where we sought our God by pray'r,
We found our precious Jesus there.

Dismission.

- 1 **O** Lord, dismiss us now in love,
Send down thy blessing from above,
For what we have been taught to-day,
Lord, grant, before we go away.
- 2 We have been praying for thy grace,
That thou would'st smile upon this place;
Thou know'st we love thy house of pray'r,
Because we find thy presence there.

Dismission.

- 1 **LORD**, when we leave this house of pray'r,
Then lead us home, and bless us there;
And when we meet together here,
O may we feel that thou art here.
- 2 And though we are but two or three,
Bless God, we often meet with thee;
We love to come, we know for why,
For here the Lord has heard our cry.

Dismission.

- 1 **DISMISS** us, dear Lord,
With a smile on thy face,
And send us away
With sweet tokens of grace;
That we may tell others
How good thou hast been,
To choose us in Jesus,
Who died for our sin.
- 2 We sing of thy mercy,
Thy goodness would tell,
Who shed thy own blood,
To redeem us from hell;

Hosannas to Jesus,
 Who lov'd us to death,
 We'll sing hallelujas
 With every breath.

Dismission.

- 1 **LORD**, now we are about to go,
 Shield us from ev'ry hellish foe,
 And guard our feet from worldly snares,
 And be our Prop in all our cares.
- 2 And may we cast them all on thee,
 Who took the cross to set us free;
 Lord, make our faith and hope increase,
 Be thou to us the God of peace.

Dismission.

- 1 **THE** blessings we have had to-day,
 The world will steal them all away,
 Unless thou seal them on our heart,
 They'll slip away before we part.
- 2 Thou know'st how poor and weak we are,
 We mope sometimes in sad despair;
 But when thou smilest, all is well,
 And we can triumph over hell.

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The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the English language over time. The second part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the English language over time. The third part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the English language over time. The fourth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the English language over time. The fifth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the English language over time. The sixth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the English language over time. The seventh part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the English language over time. The eighth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the English language over time. The ninth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the English language over time. The tenth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the English language over time.